First Call

Arthur Guy Empey

JENNIE
LATHROP
WATSON
HER BOOK

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By Arthur Guy Empey

Over the Top

First Call

The Author Selling Liberty Bonds on the Famous Boston Common.

FIRST CALL

GUIDE POSTS TO BERLIN

BY

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

AUTHOR OF "OVER THE TOP"

940.3473
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7487

WITH 64 ILLUSTRATIONS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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BY
ARTHUR GU[illegible] EMPEY
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To

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

THE KIND OF MAN YOU WOULD SELECT TO GO WITH YOU ON A TRENCH RAID, KNOWING THAT HE WOULD BE "THERE" IN A PINCH, IN OTHER WORDS A "REGULAR FELLOW"

Sammy, old boy, remember that you are going over to France to lick hell out of Germany. You can do it, too.

Just give old Kaiser Bill and his wonderful efficiency stuff such a Yankee walloping that there won't be enough gas left to fill the envelope of one of his baby-killing gas bags called Zeppelins.

Sammy, you've never been licked yet and you are getting too old to learn new habits.

The old folks at home are proudly watching you, so get busy and make this little old world sit up and take notice.

Arthur Guy Empey.

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FIRST CALL

GUIDE POSTS TO BERLIN

First Call

CHAPTER I

AMERICANS ALL

THE United States is at war. To many of us, as yet, the above fact carries no significance; it is merely accepted as something disagreeable which cannot be avoided. In this immense and wonderfully rich country of ours it is hard for the people to realize that they have entered the greatest conflict in history—the bloodiest, the cruelest of them all.

The actual scene of fighting is too far away; all about them is industry and prosperity. Recruiting posters and men in uniform seem strangely out of place. It is hard to reconcile the two. To bring war home to the individual, to make him realize its awfulness, that individual must

suffer; he must *see* war, must *live* war, must *breathe* war.

This war is really not so far away, although thousands of miles separate us from the scene of armies tearing and rending at each other's vitals. The distance is bridged in a few minutes by the cable and telegraph conveying the news that a loved one has fallen on the field of battle. When the casualty lists begin to appear, then, and not until then, will the people as a whole fully realize what this war means to them. It took England more than a year to awake to the seriousness and magnitude of the task before her. It must not take America that long. To win this war every American must do his and her share to help, and *start right now*, because delay means the useless sacrifice of thousands of lives of our best manhood.

We are not fighting an honorable enemy; we are fighting murderers and pirates, and the sooner they are stamped out the safer it will be for civilization.

We are at war with Germany, not only Prussianism and militarism, but with the *German people* and *everything connected with Germany.* The trenches are manned by *the German people;* Prussianism and militarism are supported by the

German people; German people are sinking our ships, killing our boys, and bombing our hospitals. Is Uncle Sam going to sit idly by while this is going on? Not likely, it's against the old boy's nature. So up and at them, America!

The German in the trenches can be handled by our boys at the front, but what about the German at home here in the United States? The one who stabs us in the back! Are we going to let these snakes hinder and undermine our armies at the front or are we going to safeguard our boys and exterminate the pests?

Although we are fighting Germany, German language newspapers are being published all about us.

The Germans in the United States, whether naturalized or not, who are unwilling to renounce their Fatherland and who are unwilling to fight this Fatherland with rifle and bayonet, are our enemies and should be interned immediately.

We have many men who hold high offices of trust who are nothing more or less than pro-Germans or spies in the pay of Germany. They have tried and are now trying to hinder the successful promotion of this war. These men should be hanged as traitors; shooting is too good for them.

Before the United States entered the war, the genuine pacifist was to be respected as one who had the strength of his convictions, but now that the United States *is* at war, it is up to every pacifist to help, not hinder. The pacifist to-day is either a pro-German or a traitor to his country and should be treated as such. Give a few of them jail sentences and see how quickly the rest become patriotic.

The flag flying from the front of your home is your flag, our flag; our fathers shed their blood to put it there; now it is up to every man and woman of us to shed our blood, if need be, to keep it there. If you will not do this, you are not an American and America does not want you. Go over where you belong, under the German flag of murder, rapine, dishonor, and treachery.

Flags of the Barbarians.

CHAPTER II

TO THE MOTHERS

IN a book of this kind there are so many topics to be considered that but little space can be given to each. However, I am going to devote a chapter to the topic nearest my heart —the American Mother. First for a very personal reason, because I have a mother, and know what she has suffered, especially during the time that I was in the trenches and while I was lying wounded in hospitals in England. Second, because I know that every man with an ounce of brains believes that in all ages the burden of war has fallen most heavily on the mothers.

Your boy has entered the army or navy, he has either volunteered or been drafted,—it matters not which. He has performed the noblest act of his life. He is willing to sacrifice his life, his all, for God, Country, Home, and Mother. This is a war of right, therefore it is God's war; if it

were not so, America would not have unsheathed the sword, because America has fought and shall fight only on the side of Right. She could not do otherwise and be America.

Every American mother who has a son in this war should feel proud of him. She should feel proud to know that she has raised a son who is mentally and physically fit to fight the battles of *his* country, *her* country, and that she has given this son to the cause of Justice, Democracy, and Liberty.

It is useless to advise mothers not to worry while their sons are away, because if they did not worry they would not be *real* mothers. My intention is to show the American mothers why they should not suffer *unnecessary* worry. War at its best is a horrible thing, but not as horrible as most mothers imagine. Your son will suffer certain hardships and at times be exposed to danger, but not to the extent that you think. He will be fed and well looked out for. If he falls sick or is wounded, he will receive the best of medical attention and care.

Remember that if he is wounded severely, the suffering is not great—in fact there is very little pain. Severe wounds are usually not as painful as

superficial. To prove this statement all one has to do is to visit any military hospital. You will very seldom see drawn and dejected faces or listen to groans and complaints, but rather will be struck by the sunny smiles and cheerfulness of the patients. A man who is suffering greatly cannot be smiling and cheerful; that would be superhuman. I do not make the above statements from hearsay, but from actual experience, because I myself have been through three military hospitals, not as a visitor either, but as a severely wounded patient.

Another thing for mothers to be thankful for is that their sons are not, except in very few instances, exposed to evil associations. They are mixing with the best manhood of America; they are men among men. They are fast learning the meaning of true democracy, good-fellowship, and self-reliance, being far removed from the evils and temptations that they would ordinarily encounter in civil life. They are profiting mentally and physically, and also spiritually, because they are fighting in the cause of right. Ample opportunity is given for attending divine service,—in fact, the army encourages a man to be religious and God-fearing, because as such,

men make the best soldiers. Each regiment has a chaplain whose duty is to look after the spiritual welfare of the men and to promote harmony,—and, Mothers, these chaplains do their duty,—they are wonderful men.

While your boy is in training and is stationed in the United States, do not, on every stormy and rainy night picture him sitting in a tent, cold, wet, and shivering, miserable in body and soul, because many times he is either sitting with his chums around a hot and glowing stove in a Y. M. C. A. hut or tent, thoroughly enjoying himself, or at one of the numerous writing tables, composing the letter which you are so eagerly expecting. A little later in the evening a concert will be staged by soldier talent, after which a ten-minute religious service takes place. This ten-minute talk does a lot of good to your boy; it is a man's talk from a man to men and has a punch in it. Then the Y. M. C. A. closes and your boy returns to his tent to sleep, well satisfied that he is in the army, and if he has not already written to you, he will do so on the first opportunity the following day.

The Y. M. C. A. is a noble institution and is the true friend of every soldier regardless of his

religion or belief. It is an institution which every mother should thank from the bottom of her heart, because it cares for her son in the right way. Show me a soldier who has a disparaging word for the Y. M. C. A., and I will show you a soldier who is a detriment to the army. Even in France the Y. M. C. A. is much in evidence; it does not hug the safety zones behind the lines, but goes right into shell fire. I have seen Y. M. C. A. huts less than a mile behind the front-line trench; in fact, I have written letters to my own mother in the Y. M. C. A. while occasional enemy shells would go screeching overhead.

When your boy arrives in France, he will not enter the front-line trench and its dangers immediately, but will be stationed miles behind the lines, occupying rest billets. At this point his real training will start. Then, by slow marches, with a rest lasting from a day to two weeks at some hamlet or village, between each march, he approaches the firing line. After a few of these marches he will gradually come within sound of the guns. He hears a deep far-away rumble, similar to a thunder storm. Instead of this sound making him nervous and despondent, it has the opposite effect, exciting in him an eagerness to

go forward, always forward. And each day the sound grows louder and louder. Then some bright morning he will witness his first aëro combat, and another wave of enthusiasm and patriotism goes through him; he chafes at the delay caused by frequent halts and slow marches. From here on you will notice a decided change in his letters.

As he approaches nearer the line, the sounds of the guns take distinct forms, and he will be able to distinguish the firing of a gun from that of a bursting shell. Later on, he arrives at the stations of his own artillery, and is surprised to learn that the sounds to which he has been listening for the last few days were, in the majority of cases, caused by his own artillery, not that of the Germans. He is very curious, eager, and expectant. He is not suffering from fear, but, in a way peculiar to all soldiers, is thoroughly enjoying this new sensation and experience.

Then the order is received to take over a section of the front-line trench. His regiment moves up at night. There comes a rushing through the air, a red glow in the sky, a deafening sound. It is the bursting of a German high explosive shell. A momentary feeling of dread comes over him. He furtively looks around at

his mates, and is surprised to see them looking at him, but the fact remains that they are all moving forward in the right direction. They are not running, there is no wild stampede. Another shell comes over and he casually remarks, "Pretty close that one—Gee! those German gunners must be rotten shots!" and so on until after a while, he looks upon a bursting German shell with the utmost contempt.

Then he comes to the communication trench, dread in his heart, fearing the time when he will at last be in the front-line trench of France. Two or three sharp "cracks" overhead,—a nervous shudder runs through him,—they are rifle bullets passing "over the top" of the trench. He is not hit. Some more "cracks," and at last he realizes that he is safe from harm, because he is down in a ditch—the trench. He stumbles on through the mud, and at last a whispered order is passed down the line: "In entering fire trench, no talking; pay strict attention to orders." Pretty soon he makes an abrupt turn,—in front of him is a ledge seemingly cut into the wall of the trench,—it is the fire step. Standing on this fire step, he sees two or three dark forms looking over the top of the trench, their heads silhouetted against the sky

line. The old regiment is relieved and files out through the communication trench. His regiment at last is holding a portion of the line on the Western Front, and it appears absurdly easy compared to what he had feared.

After two or three days in the trenches the fact that "anticipation is worse than realization" is strongly impressed upon him. Later, relieved from the front-line trench and entering rest billets, he finds many amusements for the soldiers. Right here, I wish to impress upon you the fact that there is certain propaganda in the United States (if its source is traced it will be found that it is of pro-German origin), spreading the report that our boys, when they reach France, will have ample opportunity to mingle with women of questionable character. Nowhere in the world is a stronger line drawn between soldiers and this class of women than in France. In fact, when soldiers are quartered in cities, towns or villages, it is a court-martial offense for them to be found in certain segregated districts. This order or regulation is strictly enforced by provost guards and patrols, which constantly watch these districts and arrest all soldiers found within the prohibited zones, unless they

have documentary evidence to prove that they are there on a specific military duty.

So, Mothers, do not let this worry you in any way, no matter what stories to the contrary you may hear in the United States.

Returning to the topic of amusements—weather permitting, baseball and football games are held; field days or athletic meets are arranged; plays are written and staged;—in fact, there are recreations which will appeal to every temperament.

Your boy has entered a new life. He feels proud of himself. He is doing man's work, and, be he general or private, the feeling is the same—each feels that without him this work of establishing world-wide democracy would be greatly hindered. Your boy is not conceited, he has simply come into his own.

At times, especially before going "over the top" in a charge or engaging in a trench raid, he is going to suffer a short agony of intense fear, but his thoughts are not all for himself, they embrace the people at home as well, so he usually writes a farewell letter home to his mother, wife, or sweetheart, before starting on one of these hazardous enterprises, telling her that he is going "over the

top" and that if his letter is received it will mean that he has been killed.

I am speaking from personal experience, and from what I have observed myself while in the trenches. Before going on my last trench raid, in which I was wounded three times, I scribbled a note to my mother, on a slip of paper, telling her that I was going on a trench raid and did not expect to return. I put this letter in an addressed envelope and turned it over to my captain with a request that it be mailed if I should be killed. Later on in the hospital, while looking over my effects, I came across this letter and preserved it, the captain having sent it with other papers left in his care to the dressing station before leaving France.

Even though I experienced a misery of dread and fear before going "over the top" on this raid, still I had a feeling that at last the chance to do my bit was at hand, and the fear melted away and was replaced by a fervent ardor to die if necessary in the cause that we all know to be right. I am only an average American boy,—no higher, no lower. I have a mother and I know the feelings that I experienced on several occasions will be experienced by hundreds of thousands of American boys when they also go "over the top."

Mother, feel proud that your boy is in the army where he belongs. Do not worry more than necessary over the trials and tribulations that he must endure, but look forward to the time when you and the rest of the community will be lining the curb, greeting him on his victorious return from France.

American Mothers, the American soldier, the Stars and Stripes, Uncle Sam, our Country, God's Country, salute you! We are proud to be your sons! We dip our colors to you, and we hope and earnestly pray that you also are proud that we are your sons.

CHAPTER III

"HORSE SOLDIER," "WAGON SOLDIER," OR "DOUGHBOY"?

ALTHOUGH war is not exactly a "pink tea" and Sherman had the right idea of it, still it is not as horrible as the average civilian imagines. Every man has a dread of going under fire for the first time; way down inside he is asking himself the question: "Have I a yellow streak? Will I prove to be a coward before my mates?" Boys, the yellow streak is missing; you will come through all right. The fact that you suspect and dread this yellow color, is proof that it is not there. Always remember this and it will help wonderfully.

Anticipation is worse than realization. After being under fire for a few minutes, a warm glow of confidence steals over you and you look proudly around at your mates; you have come into your own. After that nothing matters. In a few days you settle down to the routine of

war and laugh at your previous fears. When first coming in contact with the enemy, that is, within the range of his artillery, machine-gun and rifle fire, you are apt to imagine that he is invincible, that you have no chance against him, and consequently lose confidence in yourself, your mates, and officers. But always remember that the enemy is also thinking that *you* are invincible. Be confident, but not so over-confident that you neglect certain necessary precautions; always give the enemy credit for having the same amount of intelligence that you possess.

Next to confidence, the most necessary quality is caution, and a wise precaution on the Western Front is: "Never trust a Fritz." Though he pledge you his honor, do not place yourself in a position where he can "come back at you." The fact that it doesn't pay to trust him has been proven thousands of times in this war.

The passing of the Selective Draft bill was one of the finest and timeliest acts in American history. By this, thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands, of young American lives have been saved. Our country has benefited by the awful example of the failure of the volunteer system in England. If England had followed Lord Kitche-

ner's advice and had put conscription into effect immediately after the declaration of war, consider the lives, suffering, and money she would have saved, and how much nearer the Allies would now be to victory!

Remember it is not a disgrace to be a member of the Draft, it is an *honor*. You are not a *conscript*. Uncle Sam did not give any one a chance to say: "Well, if they want me, let them come and fetch me." He was in a hurry and had no time for arguments, so he resorted to the draft, which in Yankee means: "Come on, boys, we're going 'over the top' for democracy, justice, and liberty—and self-preservation." Did you ever stop to think what it means to us if Germany should win this war? *Think it over* while you are putting on your equipment. But put on your equipment *first*, it is safer.

While lecturing throughout the United States, I have answered, or have tried to answer, thousands of questions about the war. The questions most often asked by the man who is drafted are: (1.) "Which is the safest branch of the service?" (2.) "What are the duties of the different branches of the service while serving in France?" (3.) "If I should volunteer now, instead of waiting

until I am called to the colors, which branch would you personally advise me to enter?"

Of course, after all, the question most often asked is: "How long can a man live in the front-line trench?" This is hardly worth answering, for obviously there is only one answer to it: "Until he gets killed."

But to return to the reasonable questions above, my answer to No. 1 is:

Forget the safety stuff; we are out to win this war, and the only real safety will be attained when Germany is so thoroughly licked that she can never again start anything. Sammy, old boy, just paste this little motto in your hat: "If you're going to get it, you'll get it," no matter whether you are in the front-line trenches of France or in the United States at a training camp. It's a motto that has carried hundreds of thousands through. I know it did me. Besides you'll be so interested in the work when you have lived in the trenches for a while that "Safety First" becomes a forgotten slogan.

For answer to the second question I will give a general outline of the different branches, avoiding details, so that Sammy will know what to expect.

The third question, I cannot answer. Just read over the duties of the different branches and choose for yourself. As an old cavalryman, it would be natural for me to boost the cavalry, but, do you know, after serving in France and seeing the different arms in action, it is impossible to be partial,—each branch is so "darned good," and so ready to do its bit, that it just naturally makes you take off your hat to the whole "bunch."

Engineer Corps

This corps lays out the trenches (Sammy in the infantry will help dig them); constructs dugouts; makes and repairs roads; saps and mines; constructs and repairs barbed wire; builds bridges; blows up obstructions; lays out and constructs camp sites; rebuilds destroyed villages; builds railroads; sends over poison gas; in fact, it is in direct charge of all construction, repairing, and demolishing work, and handles the tools and supplies for this work. The army cannot do without the Engineers.

Don't forget that much of the above work is done under fire.

The engineers, while working in the first-line sector, are generally housed pretty safely and comfortably. They deserve this too, because they build or dig their own homes. Their dugouts

are very deep, from fifteen to forty feet down, very roomy, and are furnished with real bunks which are usually built in tiers against the walls of the dug-out, two and three deep. An engineer has charge of a great assortment of tools and supplies, and would be very foolish if he didn't feather his own nest.

Behind the lines they generally have the best billets, because they get there first. I have seen many envy them while in the rear, but no one envies them their job in the front-line sector, especially during the winter or when it is raining. Mr. Engineer, shake!

Medical Corps

The men of the Hospital Corps are non-combatants. They are doing noble work. It is all right to be under fire and come in direct contact with the enemy, provided you are equipped with arms to defend yourself, to inflict injury on the foe; the "feel" of them always gives you a feeling of confidence. A medical man carries no weapons, yet he goes out at the risk of his life to bring you in when wounded.

The medical unit attached to your regiment will share the hardships and dangers of the front-line trench with you. To help them out, men from

each platoon will either volunteer or be detailed as stretcher-bearers. They are given a course in first aid to fit them for this work.

Their duties are to go "over the top" with their platoons and bring in the wounded. They carry the wounded to the advanced dressing or first-aid stations.

At this point the Medical Corps proper takes them and transports them by ambulances to the casualty clearing stations, ambulance field companies, field hospitals, base hospitals, etc., until the casualties reach their proper destinations. Mr. Medical Man, you are a regular fellow!

Signal Corps

On the Western Front the Signal Corps is always busy, night and day, —in fact without the Signal Corps, trench warfare would be an impossibility. This corps constructs, maintains, and repairs lines of communication. No matter where you go on the Western Front, the work of the Signal Corps is always in evidence. Behind the lines you will see them constructing overhead telegraph and telephone lines, busy as bees running here and there, wigwagging flags, semaphoring, or sitting on the ground with little square boxes between their knees and receivers at their ears. To the

average civilian they may appear to have suddenly gone crazy, but every wave of that flag, every move of the arm, every noise of the buzzer means something important in the directing of the campaign. As you gradually near the front-line sector, overhead wires become fewer and fewer, until, excepting in isolated cases, they absolutely disappear. Your signaller ceases to be an overhead man,—he is now a digger of ditches.

Look out for the Signal Corps men when you go into the artillery zone where your guns are situated. If you aren't very careful in crossing an open field, you will stumble over a signal wire, breaking the circuit, and in a very few minutes a couple of Signal Corps men will appear in the distance and will land on you like a ton of bricks.

Enter a trench,—you will notice many wires strung along the walls and men constantly repairing them. Perhaps in the dark you will stumble over one of these wires, which has become detached and has fallen across the trench. You trip and pitch headlong into about three feet of soft mud. After the splash of your fall, while trying to clear your eyes and ears from mud, a sarcastic voice will greet you: "What's the matter,

are you blind? Can't you see those blooming wires? You have busted the circuit of Observation Post No. 11679163 X. Y. Q., and Battery No. 189×1743 P. D. Q." Of course, you know what the signaller is talking about,—anyway do not argue with him, because he has a very wonderful vocabulary and it will only be a short time before you are completely "gassed."

In every Signal Corps there are many opportunities afforded for the members to distinguish themselves individually, thus winning recommendation for "Mention in Despatches" or Medals of Honor. At night, when the German trenches have been raided by bombing parties, numbering from fifty to two hundred and fifty or more, I have seen Signal Corps men, equipped with field telephone and buzzer, go over with the raiders and establish and keep open communication between the bombing squad and our own front-line trench. It is more or less an easy matter to raid a German trench, because there is plenty of excitement in action,—but picture the lone signaller lying on the wet ground about ten feet from the German barbed wire, sending messages through his field telephone set, expecting every moment to be wiped out by a German bomb or machine gun. This

requires the greatest quick thinking, judgment, and nerve.

I have also seen a Signal Corps man mount the parapet of a captured German trench during an attack, and in broad daylight, exposed to German fire, wigwag back the signal "Ammunition Required." The Signal Corps is always in the van, —in fact, ten or fifteen minutes after a trench has been captured, the commanding officer of the attacking forces is able to communicate with his base of supplies.

The Signal Corps is the nerve system of the army.

My best to you, Mr. Signaller!

Cavalry

The general opinion in the United States is that now war has developed into fighting in ditches or trenches, the cavalry is an obsolete branch of the service, and is practically useless on the Western Front. This is not so. The cavalry, of course, at the present writing is not able to take part in charges, scouting, cutting-out expeditions, etc., because the nature of the ground and entrenchments will not permit. But when we break through on the Western Front (which will not be in the near future, but will happen eventually) then the cavalry will, as of old,

demonstrate to the world its usefulness, dash, and efficiency. The truth of this statement was demonstrated in the fighting around Cambrai.

In the earlier stages of this war the cavalry did wonderful work. It was *the* branch of the service until the armies dug themselves in. Right now the duties of the cavalrymen are similar to that of traffic policemen directing congested traffic in a large city. They are stationed, at some points, within three to four hundred yards of the front-line trench. At every crossroad you will see a solitary mounted man with a red band around his left sleeve on which appear the black letters "M. P." meaning Military Police. He has absolute authority invested in him, and it is his duty to patrol all roads, villages, and keep open lines of communication, arresting all suspicious persons. In fact, he is one of the main spy-catchers on the Western Front.

You must consider that the above mentioned work is done under shell fire, and also that where large attacks are contemplated, the cavalry is dismounted and put into the front-line trench to act as infantry. When this happens, the horse, of course, is left behind, but the cavalryman, to impress upon the infantryman that he is a "*horse*

soldier," wears his spurs, even while sleeping. This fact will be vouched for by many of the infantrymen. In fact, the spurs impress them greatly, particularly when a lone cavalryman is quartered in a dugout to sleep with infantrymen. Somehow or other said cavalryman has plenty of room, especially if he has a bad habit of kicking in his sleep. I quote this from personal experience, having tried to sleep alongside of a man from the Royal Irish Hussars.

Another advantage of being a cavalryman is that, in addition to keeping the rest of his equipment clean while resting, he is allowed to groom and feed his horse. The best of luck to you, Mr. Horse Soldier, when "Boots and Saddles" is sounded for open warfare! Here's hoping it may be soon!

Artillery

The artillery is the battering ram of trench warfare. A soldier loves his own artillery and curses that of the enemy. Without artillery, war on the Western Front would be a rollicking picnic. The individual artilleryman, except in cases where he is detailed as an observer, very seldom gets into the front-line trench. He has too much to do behind the lines. The artilleryman is on duty twenty-four hours a

day,—that is, he does not actually work twenty-four hours a day, but must be ready at a moment's notice to man the guns and open fire. He has it a little easier than the infantryman, because he has greater facilities for keeping clean, longer hours for sleep and amusement, being stationed anywhere from four hundred yards to fifteen miles behind the lines. He usually occupies spacious dugouts. This fact really reflects credit on him, showing his capacity for hustling and industry, as these dugouts are constructed by him in the time taken from his leisure hours. Somehow or other, no matter what the weather conditions, an artilleryman always appears spick-and-span, and takes great pride in keeping his gun clean. In fact it shines like a mirror, except where it is exposed to observation by the enemy.

This unusual sort of mirror is also used to perfect his own toilet. An artilleryman always appears to be cheerful. He has a sort of happy-go-lucky disposition. I have witnessed a battery of "four fives" during a heavy action, men stripped to the waist, sweat pouring from them, and German shells bursting in the near vicinity, singing songs and cracking jokes while "carrying on" with their work of "strafeing Kultur."

In large attacks, where considerable advance has been made into the enemy positions, it is a sight for the gods to see light batteries go into action, galloping across open spaces under heavy fire.

In trench warfare, infantry without artillery would be helpless. Superiority in artillery efficiency will, from the actual fighting standpoint, win this war. If you consider that the main object of the enemy artillery is to smash our guns, then it will be readily seen that the artilleryman's job is not merely a social affair, and that ninety-five per cent. of the wounds caused in the artillery result from shell fire.

The great disadvantage of being in the artillery is that at the actual time of firing you are unable to witness the effect of your bursting shells. The artilleryman seldom sees the objective fired at. Of course, after the line has been advanced, the German trenches taken, and the artillery moved to the captured positions, then a glowing pride of enthusiasm for his branch of the service comes over the artilleryman, because he then witnesses the awful destruction that his fire has caused the enemy.

"Mr. Wagon Soldier," we are looking for-

ward to you to bust up the firm of "Me und Gott."

Infantry

Last but not least we come to the infantry—"The Maid-of-All-Work of the Army." In trench warfare an infantryman can be described as really belonging to the following branches of the service: Engineer Corps, Medical Corps, Signal Corps, Artillery, and Infantry. He has to know and be able to do a little of the work of each. When an infantryman reaches France he quickly learns that in trench fighting "the shovel is mightier than the sword." In comforts, consideration, and courtesies the infantry comes *last*, while in charges, attacks, raids, etc., the infantry is *first*. There is nothing too difficult for the infantryman to accomplish. If it is laying out a ditch or system of trenches, he does it; if it is to take the German lines, build a road, rebuild a village, construct a dugout, dig an artillery emplacement, it requires the infantry to get on the job and somehow or other it is satisfactorily completed.

The infantryman of to-day is as different from the infantryman of old as black from white. There are so many specialized branches, such as bombing, machine gunnery, scouting, sniping, first

aid and stretcher-bearing, etc., that an infantryman has to be up to the mark. His training comprises a smattering of these specialties, and, later on, perhaps a complete course in each subject. The infantry is the backbone of the army and is always in the thick of it. Read an account of an action, see if the infantry is mentioned. If it is not, there was no action, so, "Mr. Doughboy," although you have joined the lowest ranking branch of the service, every one is proud of you, and you can shake hands with the artillery and say: "Well, *assisted* by the other branches, we won the war."

CHAPTER IV

THE HONOR OF KHAKI

YOU have selected the branch of the service which you like best and have enlisted. As you put on your uniform do you really realize what an honor it is? The uniform of the United States Army, Navy, and Marine Corps is more or less respected, still there has been a tendency to regard it from a commercial standpoint, judging the wearer by the salary he receives. As an instance, —I was sitting in the subway next to two prosperous-looking business men; across the way was an old army sergeant, his hair turning gray, six service stripes on his arm, and three campaign ribbons on his left breast; on a line with these ribbons was an expert rifleman's badge. One of the business men whispered to his companion: "See that old corporal across the way [he was even wrong about his rank], *there* is a life wasted,—why, my office boy draws

down a bigger salary then he." The other concurred in this opinion.

The ignorance of it! The pity of it! The *crime* of it! Those two egotistical dollar chasers did not realize that those "wasted lives" were making it possible for them to pursue their even way, maintain their servants and motors, send their children to school, and give them a flag to be displayed from their windows about three times a year.

How many American citizens, by looking at a man in uniform, can tell to what branch of the service he belongs? Very few,—about ten out of every hundred would be a safe guess.

The fact is that the public is ignorant of military matters. They think that all one has to do is to change from civilian clothes into uniform, and behold!—an efficient soldier!

"Officer Stuff"

While lecturing before the Iowa State University, I met a captain from the United States Cavalry (I had at one time served in his regiment) who told me of an incident that happened while he was recruiting for the Officers Reserve Corps in Chicago. It gives a good example of the general public's idea of army training. A certain prominent business man came into the recruiting office, went up to the captain,

and in a self-important, puffed-up manner, asked: "Say, where can I go for a couple of days to learn this officer stuff—I want a commission in the army?"

If I had been that captain I would have told him where he could have gone. Perhaps the captain did recommend him to the same place—at any rate I hope he did.

Do you ever stop to think, Mr. Civilian, you, who expect to rush into the army as an officer, what the responsibility entails? It means that you yourself must be a trained and efficient soldier, one who has the confidence of the men under you; that lives of men, the winning or losing of battles, yes, and the welfare of the nation, depend on your leadership. Are you qualified to look Uncle Sam in the face and tell him, and then *prove* to him, that you are the man he needs in this crisis? If you believe this, go to it, and the best of luck to you, but remember it means good hard work and plenty of "guts" behind it, as the old soldier says.

In no way am I qualified to criticize you, and I do not mean to do so; these next chapters are written for the purpose of giving the civilian and the draft man the benefit of a few tips and pointers, that I myself have picked up in six years' service in

CROSS OF WAR
WITH STAR – FRANCE – WITH PALMS

MILITARY MEDAL
WAR OF 1914 - FRANCE

ORDER OF ST. GEORGE
RUSSIA

MILITARY CROSS
1914 - ENGLAND

ORDER OF LEOPOLD-ALBERT I
BELGIUM

ORDER OF THE CROWN
OF ITALY

MILITARY ORDER OF
SAVOY - ITALY

ORDER OF THE GOLDEN KITE
JAPAN

ORDER OF THE TOWER &
SWORD - PORTUGAL

Military Decorations.

MILITARY MEDAL
REVERSE – ENGLAND – OBVERSE

ORDER OF THE IRON CROWN
AUSTRIA

ORDER OF TAKOVA
SERVIA

ORDER OF MERIT
BULGARIA

ORDER OF DANILO I
MONTENEGRO

ORDER OF THE CROWN
SIAM

ORDER OF THE DOUBLE DRAGON
CHINA

Military Decorations.

the regular United States Army, seven years in the National Guard, and over a year in the English Army, in the trenches on the Western Front, until discharged on account of wounds received in battle.

Campaign Ribbons

Since the recruiting campaign started it has been a common sight to see men in uniform; we meet them everywhere, at banquets, in the best hotels, in churches, on the streets. It is not an unusual sight nowadays to see privates driving high-speed motor cars or occupying boxes in the most select theatres. It is as it should be; the uniform has come into its own. The best manhood of our country is wearing it, proud to display it in public. They have a right to be proud of it.

But what about the man who wears that little colored ribbon on his left breast? Why does he wear it?

A friend of mine recently enlisted; he was in uniform, walking down Broadway with the girl of his choice, when a smart-looking, dapper soldier passed them. Across the left breast of this soldier's blouse could be seen three little colored ribbons. The young lady was greatly impressed and turning to her escort said: "Joe, why don't you

get some of those ribbons; they certainly do set off a uniform. Please get some, will you?"

Joe, blushing a little, informed her that next day he would stop in and get some from his military outfitters. She was satisfied and Joe was highly amused.

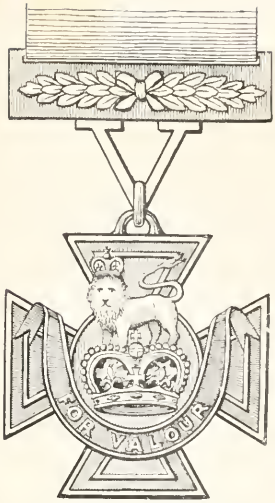
Those little ribbons on a soldier denote that he has been through campaigns, has been under fire, and perhaps has won a medal for personal bravery.

If you see a soldier wearing a little light blue strip decorated with white stars, go up to him and shake his hand, because he has won the greatly coveted Medal of Honor of the United States.

A white and red strip means that the wearer has served in the Philippine Insurrection. A strip of two bands of blue and gray denotes service in the Civil War. Two strips of blue separated by yellow shows service in the Spanish American War. Red, yellow; blue, yellow; and red, bordered with blue, means service in the Cuban Occupation. The ribbon of yellow edged with blue denotes service in China, during the Boxer Rebellion.

Sammy, there will be many different medals of honor and campaign badges issued for bravery and

MEDAL OF HONOR
VITED STATES OF AMERICA



VICTORIA CROSS
ENGLISH

LEGION OF HONOR
FRANCE

Given to Soldiers of English Army who have received wounds under fire and have been discharged as physically unfit.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER
ENGLISH

Military Decorations.

ORDER OF MEDJIDIE
TURKISH

THE IRON CROSS
GERMAN

ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE
GERMAN

Military Decorations.

service in this war so go to it and get some. After the war is over don't have your girl tell you to buy some, because they cannot be bought with money, —bravery and patriotism is their price.

CHAPTER V

"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW"
Old Song

YOU are to be one of a million men, a tiny cog in a great machine, yet you still have your individuality, so upon enlistment, or a couple of days later, the government will issue to you an identification disc. This will be round, about the size of a half-dollar, made either of red fibre or aluminium. There is a little hole in the disc through which a piece of tape is passed. The disc is worn around the neck by means of the tape, underneath your uniform. Stenciled on one side of the disc appears your rank, name (perhaps company number), and regiment. These discs are used for the purpose of identification in case you are killed or wounded.

Indentification Discs

The "Tommy" in the English Army, before leaving for France, either made or bought an

additional disc to be worn around the wrist by means of a chain and snap hook. This disc was of metal, oval-shaped, and had the same stenciled information as the one issued by the government.

ENGLISH IDENTIFICATION DISC

Sometimes while in the trenches identification discs become lost either through accident or carelessness, so it is a good idea to provide yourself with the extra one to be worn around the wrist. Many times, either while behind the lines, or in the trenches, especially when your regiment has taken over a new and strange section, you are stopped by military police or officers. They ask you to show your disc to prove your identity. Perhaps you are in heavy marching order,—if so, it is a case of stop, drop a lot of your equipment, unbutton your blouse, and show the disc worn around

the neck. If you have one on your wrist it saves all this trouble.

A good idea is to stencil on the opposite side of the disc worn around the wrist, the name and address of the person whom you wish to be notified if you are killed or wounded.

Sammy, no doubt you wish to appear "up to date" in the eyes of our Allies when you land in France,—therefore get this additional disc and it will help produce this effect.

Khaki the Leveller

The first and paramount thing for a recruit to learn upon enlistment, is that the uniform is a great leveller. It places the millionaire, the coal heaver, the highbrow, the "rough neck," the learned and the ignorant on the same plane. They receive the same pay, allowances, equipment, and treatment until, after a time, superior qualities assert themselves and the possessor of these rises to his proper level or rank. In no institution in the world is merit recognized and appreciated more than in the army and just promotion quickly follows.

When a recruit takes the oath of allegiance he starts on a new life, and an impassable chasm yawns between the old and the new. It is not

what he has already accomplished that matters,—it is what he will accomplish in the future.

The race is open to all and every man starts from scratch, with fair and just judges along the track, clocking him as he passes the different training periods.

The success, efficiency, and force of an army are due to one thing:

Discipline

To a recruit discipline is a nasty medicine and seems unnecessary. To an old soldier it is a nectar of the gods and indispensable.

And remember that at one time the old soldier was a recruit. *Do not forget this.* He went through the trials and tribulations that you are now enduring.

Do not grumble, growl, or grouse.

Be cheerful, even if it hurts you.

Do not knock the army, your officers, or non-commissioned officers. It will get you nothing but trouble. An officer or "non-com" will generally go out of his way to "rub it into" a sullen recruit. It is one of the indoor sports of the army.

Rookie Tips

Do not try to curry favor with the man over you by trying to bribe him into showing you more consideration than the rest. You are only entitled to the same treatment as the other recruits. The man you try to bribe has the utmost contempt for you, and if he accepts the bribe you have nothing but contempt for him. Even though he shows you more consideration, it makes your road harder, because the rest of the "non-coms" and men soon "get wise" to what is going on, and they will take especial pains to make your road a rocky one. *And they can do it.*

Keep the good opinion of your officers, "non-coms," and mates and you soon will learn with pleasure and surprise how easy and enjoyable army life really is.

Perform willingly every duty and fatigue for which you are detailed. Take care of your own rifle and equipment; do not hire one of your mates to do it. He is not your servant,—he is your comrade. By hiring him you demonstrate to the rest of your outfit that you are a lazy and incompetent soldier. When you enter the army the dollar mark loses its value.

A recruit who tries to buy his way or hangs

around an officer or "non-com," waiting to do his bidding, toadying to him, is known as a "handshaker." In the army a "handshaker" ranks lower than a worm and is respected accordingly. If you must curry favor with somebody, get in with the cook!—it will help you later on.

Never borrow or loan your rifle, equipment, or uniform. It is also bad policy to borrow money from your mates,—they draw no more than you. Use your own judgment in lending money and personal belongings. *Do not be a "tight-wad,"*—be human; then, too, sometime you may want something, and want it badly, and you won't get it.

Treat all of your mates with respect, because that is fair, and, moreover, before this war is over, your life may depend upon the help of the most despised man in the battery, troop, or company.

Join no clique or "gang" in your outfit, because sooner or later it will "bust up," and the rest of the outfit will be the clique and you will be a rank outsider.

Keep off the sick report; do not try to dodge drills, fatigues, etc., by hiding behind the skirts of the doctor unless you are really ill. Remember sick call is not mess call.

If a man is foolish enough to disregard all army

regulations and contracts a venereal disease, he must not treat it himself but should go on sick report immediately.

As soon as possible, buy a set of drill regulations and study them; it will help you wonderfully, but after reading a few pages, do not start criticizing your officers and "non-coms,"—they have forgotten more than you know about the army.

Equipment

After being sworn in, your uniform and equipment will be issued. Sign for it; carefully checking your equipment as listed on the sheet you sign,—generally the two don't jibe and the mistake is not in favor of the recruit. Some quartermaster sergeants have a way of making errors when dealing with recruits. If you sign without reading, and, later on, one or two articles are missing, don't worry,—you will "find them on the pay roll"—that is, they will be issued to you and the price of same will be deducted from your next pay.

Try on your uniform when it is issued to you, and see that it *fits;* don't let the sergeant hand you a 6¾ hat when you wear a 7½, or vice versa. Remember a blouse is not an overcoat.

Immediately after drawing equipment, mark it with your battery, troop, or company number,—

each man is given a number. Stencils are provided for this purpose. Look with suspicion on the old soldier who volunteers to help you mark your equipment. Watch him closely, because he is liable (by mistake, of course) to mark some of your belongings with *his* number, and later on, when he claims them, the evidence is there and cannot be disputed.

After being outfitted, go to the regimental tailor. For a couple of dollars he will alter your uniform so that it fits, and you won't look like a sack of oats with a belt around the middle. Always be neat and clean. If your captain sees that you are a smart-looking recruit, he immediately says to himself, "I'll keep my eye on that man, we need 'non-coms.'"

Guide Posts

Learn how to salute properly and smartly. Do not neglect this. Always salute officers in a soldierly manner. You are not belittling yourself—it is simply military courtesy and discipline. Remember that the officer must also return the salute, but if he sometimes fails to do so, do not remind him of the fact.

Nothing advances a soldier so quickly as proper military courtesy. An officer is quick to notice

a smart salute, and good will result to you from this notice.

Never tell a "non-com," no matter how small he may be, that if it weren't for his "stripes" you would "beat him up." Generally this statement lands you in the guardhouse, and then, too, the "non-com" may take off his blouse and "wallop the daylights out of you"—before he puts you in the guardhouse.

Always get up at "First Call" in the morning,—don't wait for the march, or "Reveille," or you'll be late for the roll call and this means extra fatigue and after repeated offenses, a court-martial.

A few more tips before this chapter is closed:

Do not be afraid to ask questions. If possible, ask a "non-com." It is best. If a non-commissioned officer is not at hand, ask *two* old soldiers, and then weigh their answers,—if they jibe, you are generally safe from doing something ridiculous. Do not pester a "non-com" with a lot of silly or useless questions or he will get sore at you.

In each company, there is a bulletin board. Look at this three or four times a day to see if your name is posted for any specific duty, detail, or fatigue. Men are not notified individually, and ignorance of a detail is not accepted as a valid excuse.

Always ascertain from the orders posted what uniform, arms, etc., are required for the next drill or formation and get your equipment ready in advance.

Learn the list of bugle calls, their time and meaning, as soon as possible. It will help you wonderfully. (See Chapter VII.)

CHAPTER VI

OLD SOLDIER AND ROOKIE

THE following are a few tricks played on recruits, so remember and avoid them, but if you get stuck on one which is not mentioned here, don't get "sore,"—laugh it off and lay for some recruit who is not "wise."

A "non-com" or old soldier, perhaps twenty minutes before drill call, will rush up to you and in an excited manner ask if you will do him a favor. In your eyes an old soldier is something wonderful, and you will be very willing to accommodate him. Then he hands you this: "Run over to the quartermaster sergeant of 'D' company and get me the 'key to the parade ground'; it's nearly drill time and some d——d fool locked it last night. The captain is in a terrible sweat." If you fall for this the quartermaster sergeant in "D" company will say he is sorry, but the key is in the orderly room of "M" company. At the orderly room,

you are told to go to the sergeant of the guard. After looping the loop around the camp several times, if you do not "get" wise to the game, you generally land before the adjutant. On leaving the adjutant, your face is a brick-red color, and with murder in your heart you feel like crawling into some hole away from everyone for duration of the war. Just remember that in the army they do *not* lock up parade grounds at night.

"Old Stuff"

Do not accommodate any one by going after a "pint of Reveille oil." You will never get it.

Another foolish errand is trying to borrow from the next company "about ten yards of skirmish line." Skirmish lines do not come in yards.

When requested, never try to wind the "wind clock" on the target range. These clocks refuse to wind.

Never go to the quartermaster sergeant to exchange your hat cord for a 6-7/8 one. They don't come in sizes, and if he happens to be busy, he will let out a little "religion" in your direction.

The most popular form of amusement to be avoided by a recruit is "snipe hunting."

This hunting party is generally scientifically worked up to by the older men in this manner:

"Snipe Hunting"

A couple of old soldiers will saunter into a tent or squad-room occupied by recruits, and, apparently oblivious to the fact that others are around, will whisper, just loud enough for the recruits to hear, this interesting dialogue:

"Jim, do you know that snipe are running? Last night I scared up more than a dozen."

Jim gets very excited and whispers:

"On the level, Bill, did you actually see them?"

BILL: "Of course I didn't *see* them, but I *heard* them. Don't you suppose I know a snipe when I hear it? I tell you there's *hundreds* of them about."

JIM: "Let's go hunting to-night."

BILL: "Not so loud, do you want everybody to get wise, and spoil it?"

By this time the recruits within hearing are eagerly sucking in every word.

JIM: "That's it; the last hunt was spoiled because the whole company got on to it. We only had about half a snipe per man. And believe me, I can eat a half-dozen alone!"

BILL: "Well if we can get about six men beside

ourselves to help out, we ought to have a good find to-night. Of course, we have let the two cooks in on the game, so they can fix up the spread. Just like those two guys; they get all the cream and none of the work!"

JIM: "Yes, but if you get some of the company men to go, they'll ring in their bunkies and it'll be like the last hunt,—not enough snipe to go around."

Bill in a lower whisper, but perfectly audible:

"Jim, do you know I've half a mind to take some of the new men along; they might not be experts at snipe hunting, but they know enough to keep their mouths shut—let's go over to No. 2 Platoon and ask some of them."

By this time the recruits have made up their minds; they are all aglow with enthusiasm; *they* are going to be the invited ones on that hunt if they can possibly manage it. Generally one recruit butts into the conversation with an excited and eager voice:

"Say, I'll go!"

This is immediately followed by a chorus of "So will I!"

Jim turns around in assumed anger and disgust, ejaculating:

"Good-night! It's all off now. The cat's out of the bag, just the same as last time."

But Bill interposes:

"Why not take them, Jim? There's only six, and we can tell them what to do."

The recruits immediately look upon Bill as their champion and each one *just loves* him.

After a little argument Jim agrees. The recruits are sworn to strict secrecy, with orders to report, after lights out, to the cook-shack. The party breaks up. Bill and Jim leave to have a quiet little laugh, while the recruits in undertones, constantly looking around to see that no one is in hearing, excitedly discuss the pleasures in store for them that night.

All that day they make constant mysterious signs to each other and look with contempt on the other recruits.

At last the long-looked-for "Tattoo" is sounded by the trumpeter and the camp is in darkness.

They silently sneak out and report to the cook-shack for instructions. Sure enough, Jim, Bill, and the two cooks are on the job. Then the plan of campaign is laid out. While the recruits are listening to instructions, sundry little snickers can be heard in the darkness around them, but the

The Author Serving in Texas with 11th U. S. Cavalry, 1911.

© U. & U.

National Guardsmen Wearing Complete Outfit.

snipe hunters don't "get wise" to the fact that all of the old men "are on" and are lying around the cook-shack, taking in everything.

This is the way the "snipe hunt" is conducted:

Four of the recruits are detailed as "beaters." They are to go about a mile down the road and start "beating" from a well-known object,—generally a bridge or a barn. Each man has been instructed to carry a watch. Exactly at 10 o'clock the "beaters" must start "beating" the fields on each side of the road, with sticks, while walking toward the camp. The other two are "bag men." They have oat sacks, which are placed on the sides of the road, near an opening in the fence. The mouth of the sack is held open by an upright stick. The two "bag men" are placed out of hearing of each other. (It's safer for the success of the scheme.)

Then each "bag man" is told to lie down about ten feet behind the sack. He is given two stones which he must constantly hit together. This is in imitation of the cry of the male snipe, while occasionally they must "cheep-cheep" to imitate the female.

The "beaters" drive the snipe ahead of them, and by "cheep-cheeping" and clicking the stones

together, the "bag men" entice the snipe into the bags. The two old men and the cooks say they will "beat it" from the other end of the road and leave. They "beat it" for their *bunks* and have a good laugh, and, what's more important, a sleep.

The "beaters" and "bag men" have been instructed not to give up the hunt until they are told to do so by the old soldiers.

About three o'clock in the morning the recruits "get wise," and, tired out and drenched with dew, sneak into their respective bunks.

Next day the "snipe hunt" is known all over the regiment and the recruits feel like deserting.

"The Saber Ghost"

If you are in the cavalry keep your weather eye open for the "saber ghost" trick. It is engineered as follows:

In barracks, the saber is loosely strapped to the foot of the trooper's bunk or bed. A long piece of black thread is tied to the end of the saber scabbard and passed around one of the legs of the bunk, while the other end is tied around the finger of some old soldier several bunks down the squad-room. This is done after "Lights out" or "Tattoo" has sounded. The squad-room is dark. Pretty soon the victim comes tip-toeing in, undresses quietly and jumps into bed. After a few minutes, when the old soldier

thinks the recruit is about to doze off, he gives a gentle tug to the thread and the saber rattles in an uncanny manner. The recruit listens attentively,—pretty soon another rattle. Generally the recruit sits up in bed and stares in the direction of the noise. Rattle! He is now nervous; he gets up and investigates, but does not see the black thread in the darkness. He is convinced that he was mistaken and turns in again. Another rattle! Sits up again and is frightened. A few more rattles are generally followed by a scream or a mad stampede out of the squad-room. Then a roar of laughter from nearly every bunk and Mr. Recruit returns to his bunk thoroughly ashamed and crestfallen.

If an old soldier insists on saddling your horse for drill, mistrust him, especially if you are riding a "goosey" horse because he is liable to put a burr or small pebble under your saddle blanket, which usually results in the recruit landing "somewhere in the corral" while Mr. Horse takes up the gallop for parts unknown.

Be careful when returning to your bunk, after lights out, because there is a trick of stretching a lariat about six inches from the floor, one end tied around the gun rack and the other to a bunk

leg. This means a nasty fall and a loud noise, waking the occupants of the squad-room,—then a volley of curses and boots. It generally ends in a fight.

Other Snares

Look out for the "French bed" stunt. This consists in doubling the top sheet. The recruit lifts the covers, holding the end of the sheet in both hands and is surprised to find that he cannot stretch out his legs. It means making over your bed in the dark, waking the man on your right and left and submitting to a tirade of impertinent remarks, all about your intelligence.

If you have a habit of sleeping until "Reveille," watch out for the shoe trick. This consists in stuffing your socks into the toes of your shoes. You jump up in a hurry to make roll call,—your socks are missing. After a fruitless search in which precious seconds are wasted, you decide to go sockless and try to put on your boots but your feet won't go in. After you fish out the socks, "Assembly" sounds and you have missed "Reveille," which results in an extra fatigue.

At 11 P.M., or a minute or two before "Taps," the "non-com" in charge of quarters takes "check" —that is he examines the squad-room to see if

all men not on guard or pass are in bed. Perhaps the man next you wants to beat this inspection. He changes bunk tags, putting his tag on your bed and yours on his. The "non-com" comes to his bed, and notes the name on the tag (*your* name) and next morning you are haled into the orderly room to explain why you were absent from "11 P.M. inspection." It takes a lot of convincing on your part to get out of the mess, because before you get up in the morning the real offender has returned and again changed the bunk tags.

Sometimes to beat "check," soldiers put dummies in their beds and "get away" with it, but if caught, the consequences are serious. Don't get caught. The safer way is to stand "check."

There are many more snares laid for unsuspecting recruits, but the ones above mentioned are generally used.

If anyone wants you to do something that sounds "off color" just tell him that you are sorry but you're busy, that he had better ask Smith or Jones to do it. He will immediately tumble to the fact that you smell a rat and will leave in quest for one who will swallow his bait.

CHAPTER VII

WATCH YOUR STEP

I AM not a preacher and do not intend to preach, but here is a small, but valuable friendly tip:—

Do Not Gamble

There is a certain element in a company, which looks upon the successful and no doubt crooked gambler (because a gambler cannot always be successful without being crooked) with respect, awe, and admiration. They ape him, toady to him, and feel proud to be seen in his company. Then they try to follow in his footsteps, with disastrous results to themselves.

The self-respecting element—the part that counts in an outfit—looks down on him in disdain or with a feeling of contempt and pity.

Remember "easy come, easy go." There never yet has been a successful gambler in the army

who made his mark,—he is always in trouble; the officers despise him, and his army career generally ends suddenly by his being "bobtailed" or kicked out in disgrace.

Army Sharks

The draftman with no experience in gambling who enters a concentration or training camp is liable to be the prey of the "army shark." Many snares are laid for him and he must be pretty wise to avoid them all.

Avoid crap games,—you can never tell when loaded, shaped, or "tops and bottoms" dice are being rung into the game by these sharks.

Another trick of theirs is to persuade the victim to shoot craps on a blanket, army cot, or bunk, because on these soft smooth surfaces dice can be thrown so that only four sides will touch the blanket. In this system the shark uses the following combination: Starting his shoot, he picks up the dice with a six and an ace together, or two aces, or two sixes touching. He then (as you think) shakes the dice, but the rattle you hear is caused by one dice being firmly held in his hand while the other dice rattles against this stationary one without losing the combination. Then he rolls the dice over his finger tips on to the blanket. The dice appear to be rolling properly, but in fact

they do not turn inward and outward, but just revolve in the same direction and preserve the combination.

Using this combination on the first throw, it is impossible to throw a crap, that is two aces, an ace or deuce, or two sixes.

After the shark has a point of six or eight, in his roll he places an ace and deuce together or an ace and five. This gives him the advantage of a great percentage in making his point.

If his point is nine or five he places an ace and four together.

If his point be ten or four he places an ace and trey together.

By placing deuce and five together it is impossible to make a nine or five. So when the shooter has nine or five for his point, his confederate in the game offers big odds that he cannot make it, and usually someone falls for this bet because the shooter is lucky (as he thinks) having made many passes on this shoot. The outsider loses.

Never shoot where newspapers or canvas are spread on a flat smooth surface because these sharks can spin their dice, and ninety times out of a hundred are able to throw any combination on the dice they desire.

Think over the foregoing carefully. What chance do you stand to win? *Absolutely none.* Send your money home where it will do the most good. The old folks need it, or, if they don't, they will save it for you.

If you gamble and lose, don't borrow money with the hope that your luck will change next time and square matters. It will change all right, change for even *worse*, and you will find yourself in a deep hole. Instead of sending money home, no doubt in desperation you will think out some plausible lie and write home for money, and that will follow the other losses.

A self-respecting soldier has no use for a man who is always down and out through gambling.

Look out for the "under, over, and even" game. The banker has the greater percentage and if you buck this game, in the long run your are *sure* to go broke.

In poker, full houses, in some games, have a habit of bobbing up against your flush, and the holder of the full house doesn't always get it by *luck*. He has also a system. Remember friendship ceases in love—and a poker game.

Refuse to take chances on a raffle unless it is

for a worthy cause. Raffles are the pest of the army.

If you put the time you waste in gambling into reading and studying the drill regulations, you will be surprised how quickly you will get your "stripes" (promotion).

CHAPTER VIII

BUGLE CALLS AND RATIONS

THE new recruit has gotten down to business and is studying hard. One of the first things to tackle is the list of army bugle-calls, so they are given below with their various meanings.

Bugle Calls

First Call.—Sounded early in the morning by the trumpeter of the guard, generally from ten to fifteen minutes before gun-fire. It is to awake the camp and warn the men to get ready for reveille. It is also used as a warning call before a parade or inspection.

Gunfire.—In military posts there is a saluting gun. At a designated time after "First Call," the colors are raised to the top of the flagstaff. The company buglers and the band have assembled. They play a march, on the first note of which the gun is fired, saluting the flag as it ascends the flagstaff.

Reveille.—Warns the men to fall in for reveille roll call.

Assembly.—Sounded a few minutes after reveille, this means that every man must be in ranks. Used after a warning call for a formation or drill, it means "fall in." It is also used to assemble scattered troops or units; these troops or units must proceed without loss of time to the point from which the call is sounded.

Fire.—A warning call for troops to fall in, unarmed but prepared for fighting fire in a post or camp. Standing regulations or orders covering the duties for each unit in case of fire are issued by the Commanding Officer.

To Arms.—A warning call for troops to fall in immediately, under arms at designated points. Only the sick, and prisoners with their guards, are excused from this call.

To Horse.—A warning call used in mounted organizations for troops to assemble under arms, saddle and mount up.

Retreat.—A long bugle call sounded at sundown at the lowering of the colors. In posts, on the last note of this call, the gun is fired and the band starts playing the *Star Spangled Banner* or the trumpeters sound "To the Colors."

Tattoo.—Sounded in an army camp or post, it means that lights must be extinguished in sleeping quarters and quiet maintained. It is generally sounded at 9 o'clock at night.

Call to Quarters.—Warns all troops not on pass or duty, to repair to their quarters; in army posts it is generally sounded at 10.45 P.M.

Taps.—Bugle call warning troops to extinguish all lights and to turn in. It means the day's work is ended. It is also sounded at the funeral of a soldier, and is conceded to be the most beautiful and sentimental call in the Army.

Mess.—Bugle call warning troops that it is time to eat.

Sick.—Summons troops who have reported "sick" to repair to the hospital, there to be passed upon by the Medical Officer.

Church.—Bugle call warning troops that divine service is about to take place.

Recall.—Notifies troops that drills, parades, formations, fatigues, etc., are ended. When sounded between a warning call and assembly it means that that particular drill or formation is *not* to be held. Also used to terminate sham battles, maneuvers, etc.

Issue.—Announces that the Quartermaster is

ready to issue rations, clothing, small stores, etc.

Officers' Call.—Bugle call for officers to report immediately to Headquarters.

Captains' Call.—Bugle call for Captains to report to Headquarters.

First Sergeants' Call.—Orders First Sergeants to report to Headquarters; sounded daily, generally at 11.30 A.M.

Fatigue.—Troops must commence whatever fatigue or work they have been detailed to do.

School.—Warns troops that it is time to report for school.

Commence Firing.—Bugle call, used generally on target ranges during rifle firing practice, ordering troops to commence firing. The firing can commence on the first note of the call.

Cease Firing.—Troops must cease firing; all firing must cease on the last note of the call.

Adjutant's Call.—Bugle call warning squadrons, battalions or guard details to form.

To the Color.—Blown when the color salutes or is being lowered at sunset.

Guard Mounting.—The warning call, blown about fifteen minutes before the guard is mounted, ordering the men detailed for guard to get ready

and to fall in on their respective parades, in charge of the First Sergeant at the place of guard mount.

Full Dress.—The warning call blown before a ceremony or parade, informing the troops that the full-dress uniform will be worn at this formation.

Overcoats.—A call to warn troops that overcoats will be worn at the next formation,—usually drill or guard mounting. Ample time is given between "Overcoats" and "Assembly" to enable the men to put on their overcoats.

Drill Call.—Warns troops to prepare for drill.

Stable.—A bugle call mostly used in mounted organizations, ordering the men to water, groom, and feed their horses.

Water.—Commonly used in mounted organizations, announcing that it is time to water the horses.

Boots and Saddles.—Means "saddle up"; or sounded after a warning call signifies that the formation is to be mounted.

The General.—A bugle call blown for the breaking up of camp. Upon the first note, troops must unloosen guy ropes and tents in such a manner that upon the sounding of the last note the tents

will come down, all falling in the same direction.

Attention.—A bugle call to troops in ranks which means "Come to the position of 'Attention,'" or, if out of ranks, to fix the attention in the direction from which the call sounded.

"Eats"

What he eats is of interest not only to the rookie but to the folks at home. His diet is sufficiently varied and highly nutritious. If you don't believe it, glance over this list of his rations.

A ration is the allowance for the subsistence of one person for one day.

The garrison ration is intended for troops in garrison, and, in time of peace, for troops in maneuver camps.

COMPONENT ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.	SUBSTITUTIVE ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.	
In Garrison		
Beef, fresh.....20 ounces	Mutton fresh.....	20 ounces
	Bacon*.....	12 ounces
	Canned meat, when impracticable to furnish fresh meat	16 ounces
	Hash, corned beef, when impracticable to furnish fresh meat.....	16 ounces
	Fish, dried.....	14 ounces
	Fish, pickled.....	18 ounces
	Fish, canned.....	16 ounces
	Turkey, dressed drawn on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, when practicable.....	16 ounces

COMPONENT ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES	SUBSTITUTIVE ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.	
In Garrison		
Flour.....18 ounces	Soft bread.....	18 ounces
	Hard bread, to be ordered issued only when the interests of the government so require.....	16 ounces
	Corn meal.....	20 ounces
Baking powder.... 0.08 ounce	.....	
Beans.....2.4 ounces	Rice.....	1.6 ounces
	Hominy.....	1.6 ounces
Potatoes.....20 ounces	Potatoes, canned*....	15 ounces
	Onions in lieu of an equal quantity of potatoes, but not exceeding 20 per cent. of total issue.	
	Tomatoes, canned, in lieu of an equal quantity of potatoes, but not exceeding 20 per cent. of total issue.	
	Other fresh vegetables (not canned)* when they can be obtained in the vicinity or transported in a wholesome condition from a distance, in lieu of an equal quantity of potatoes, but not exceeding 30 per cent. of total issue.....	

* In Alaska, 16 ounces bacon, or, when desired, 16 ounces salt pork, or 22 ounces salt beef.

18 ounces canned potatoes instead of 15.

24 ounces fresh vegetables instead of 20.

COMPONENT ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.	SUBSTITUTIVE ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.
In Garrison	
Prunes.....1.28 ounces	Apples, dried or evaporated.....1.28 ounces Peaches, dried or evaporated.....1.28 ounces Jam, in lieu of equal quantity of prunes but not exceeding 50 per cent. of total issue.
Coffee.....1.12 ounces	Coffee, roasted not ground.....1.12 ounces Coffee, green..... 1.4 ounces Tea, black or green....0.32 ounce
Sugar..... 3.2 ounces	.....
Milk, evaporated unsweetened.... 0.5 ounce	.....
Vinegar.....0.16 gill	Pickles, cucumber, in lieu of an equal quantity of vinegar but not exceeding 50 per cent. of total issue.
Salt.....0.64 ounce	.....
Pepper, black.....0.04 ounce	.....
Cinnamon.....0.014 ounce	Cloves.....0.014 ounce Ginger.....0.014 ounce Nutmeg.....0.014 ounce
Lard.....0.64 ounce	Lard substitute..... 0.64 ounce
Butter..... 0.5 ounce	Oleomargarine..... 0.5 ounce

COMPONENT ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.		SUBSTITUTIVE ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.	
In Garrison			
Sirup	0.32 gill	.....	
Flavoring extract, lemon	0.014 ounce	Vanilla	0.014 ounce

NOTE: Food for troops travelling on United States Army transports will be prepared from the articles of substitute stores, which compose the ration for troops in garrison, varied by the substitution of other articles of authorized subsistence stores, the total daily cost per man of the food consumed not to exceed 20 per cent. more than the current cost of the garrison ration, except on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas when 60 per cent. increase over the same current cost is authorized.

The travel ration is for troops travelling otherwise than by marching and separated from cooking facilities.

Travel Rations

COMPONENT ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.		SUBSTITUTIVE ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.	
Soft bread	18 ounces	Hard bread	16 ounces
Beef, corned	12 ounces	Hash, corned beef	12 ounces
Beans, baked	4 ounces	.....	
Tomatoes, canned	8 ounces	.....	
Jam	1.4 ounces	.....	
Coffee, roasted and ground	1.12 ounces	.....	
Sugar	2.4 ounces	.....	
Milk, evaporated, unsweetened	0.5 ounce	.....	

The reserve ration is carried on the persons of the men and in the trains and constitutes the reserve for field service.

Reserve Ration

COMPONENT ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.		SUBSTITUTIVE ARTICLES AND QUANTITIES.
Bacon	12 ounces	.....
or meat canned	16 ounces	.....
Hard bread	16 ounces	.....
Coffee, roasted and ground	1.12 ounces	.....
Sugar	2.4 ounces	.....
Salt	0.16 ounce	.....

Field Ration

The field ration is the ration prescribed in orders, by the commander of the field forces. It consists of the reserve ration in whole or in part, supplemented by articles of food requisitioned, purchased locally, or shipped from the rear, provided such supplements or substitutes correspond generally with the component articles or substitutive equivalents of the garrison ration.

Emergency Ration

The emergency ration is furnished, in addition to the regular ration, as required, for troops on active campaign or in the field for purposes of instruction, and will not be opened except by order of an officer or in extremity, nor used when regular rations are obtainable.

CHAPTER IX

"BARNDOOKS" AND "HIKES"

THE two most important items of a soldier's equipment are his rifle and shoes. Many of the men in our new armies never have handled a rifle before entering, so a brief description of the American Springfield rifle and the English Lee–Enfield rifle may prove useful.

Although the American Springfield rifle is a wonderful shooting instrument, many think it is too delicate for trench work. When you arrive in France you will undoubtedly be equipped with the Lee–Enfield trench rifle. This is a very strong, handy, and useful firearm, well able to withstand the rough usage of the trenches.

The American Springfield

It is known as the United States magazine rifle, 1903, caliber .30. Its length is 43.21 + inches, weighs without the bayonet 8.69 pounds and with the bayonet about one pound more. It is sighted up to 2850

yards, the extreme range being over 5000 yards, that is if the rifle when fired is elevated at an angle of 45 degrees. The bullet has a muzzle velocity of 2700 feet per second and is fired by a charge of smokeless powder. The bullet is of cupro-nickel with a lead core and is pointed. The magazine holds five rounds and is loaded with a clip containing five cartridges. Your drill instructors will explain how to properly care for and clean this rifle. A few tips nevertheless may help out.

Care of Rifle

After cleaning your rifle never put a cork or jam a rag into the muzzle. This will cause sweating in the barrel, resulting in rust.

If it rains while on the march, carry the rifle muzzle down. After returning to barracks, billets, or dugouts, get a soft rag free from oil and thoroughly dry the rifle, especially the bore. A rifle cannot be dried with an oily rag, because oil and water do not mix. After you have thoroughly dried your rifle, take an oily rag and rub every part. This will also save you hours of toil and plenty of "cussing."

Remember red rust can easily be, and *should be*, removed as soon as practicable, because if it is

allowed to remain it will soon turn into black rust which eats in and pits the metal parts, especially the bore, thereby causing erratic shooting. Remember your rifle is your best friend and treat it as such.

Lee–Enfield Long

The Lee–Enfield Long weighs 9 pounds 4 ounces, and is 4 feet 1½ inches in length. With bayonet fixed, it measures 5 feet 1½ inches. The caliber is .303. There are five riflings or "turns" in the bore. The magazine holds ten rounds (two clips of cartridges, five cartridges to a clip). The sight is graduated from 200 yards to 2800 yards, *with no wind gauge.*

Lee–Enfield Short

The weight of the Lee–Enfield Short, without bayonet is 8 pounds 2½ ounces; weight with bayonet fixed 9 pounds 9½ ounces. The length without bayonet is 3 feet 8½ inches; the length with bayonet fixed 5 feet $1\frac{7}{10}$ inches. The caliber is .303, rifling five turns in bore. The magazine contains ten rounds (2 clips), no magazine cut off; this insures a cartridge in the chamber at all times. It sights 200 to 2800 yards with *no wind gauge.*

The cartridge is the same for both models. It is 3.05 inches in length and weighs 415 grains.

The bullet has a round nose and is coated with

cupro-nickel, is 1¼ inches in length, and its greatest diameter is .311 inches; it weighs 215 grains.

It is fired by a charge of cordite (smokeless powder) weighing 31.5 grains. The velocity of the bullet as it leaves the muzzle is 2050 feet per second. It does not possess the velocity and penetrating power of our Springfield bullet.

Shoes

A badly-shod army loses fifty per cent. of its efficiency. So be absolutely sure that your shoes fit and are comfortable. Do not wear shoes that are too tight and cramp the feet, because you will suffer on a march and will no doubt be required to go on sick report. You must also avoid a too roomy shoe,—that is, one that rubs and chafes, because it will be only a short time before your feet are blistered and you are incapacitated. Whenever shoes are issued you, they should be broken in immediately. Wear them about camp as much as possible, saving the old and comfortable ones for marches. It is not wise to try the new shoes until they are thoroughly broken in. Change off occasionally. A good stunt is to walk in water for a few minutes, being careful that the water is not more than two inches deep. This will make the leather pliable. Then walk around for an hour or so, giving the shoes a

chance to dry while wearing them. This will mold the leather to fit the foot. After taking them off, get a little neat's-foot oil and rub the shoes thoroughly. Do not use the oil too freely because it will cause perspiring of the feet.

Socks

Remember that all socks must be made of wool. Wear the heavy sock. It is more comfortable, and does not wrinkle as easily as the lighter one. It will last longer and absorb perspiration freely. Also be very careful to change your socks as often as possible. Do not wear stiff or sweaty socks.

Care of Feet

Keep your toe nails cut. It is best to have them close and square. Be very careful in cutting the toe nails not to remove too much of the sides, as this will cause ingrowing toe nails and you will suffer in consequence.

Be very careful to wash the feet every night. If there are no facilities for doing this, rub them well with a damp cloth, finishing up with a dry cloth. Continue this rubbing for about ten minutes until the feet glow. Before going on a march rub the feet with whale oil or grease. Be careful not to use grease containing salt, as this will irritate the skin. If no grease or oil is handy, use

hard soap. It is best to rub the soap on the socks.

Be very careful in opening blisters. If you do not know how, see a hospital corps man and he will do it for you, but do not go on sick report to have this done. It is a good idea to harden the feet by using foot-ease powder. Before going on a long hike see that your shoe laces are good and strong; it is a wise precaution to carry an extra one with you.

Hikes

Before going on a long march do not fill up with a heavy meal but do not leave the camp hungry. It is best to carry a couple of sandwiches with you. While marching occasionally take a bite, masticating it well. Never take deep draughts of water while marching or during rests. If you are thirsty take a little water in the mouth, just enough to wet the throat; keep it in your mouth awhile and then spit it out. Chew gum to allay the thirst, but do not keep a piece in the mouth for hours at a time, because this will exhaust the salivary glands and will cause craving for water. In using gum, chew it until the flavor disappears, then spit it out. But do not use a fresh piece until the mouth again becomes dry.

Be cheerful while on the march. It is a good plan to place singers, musicians, and jokers at the head of a column. A mouth organ is a great help. These optimists will start a tune and the men in the rest of the column will pick it up and will sing, joke, and be merry, and the mile posts will glide by unnoticed. Keep the men in good humor and the march will be a pleasure. Get them "grouchy" and they will complain and "grouse" during the whole hike.

Never ask inhabitants the distance to a certain point, because you will never get correct information, and nothing puts a marching soldier out of good humor so quickly when he figures that he has only a mile to go, as a civilian's telling him that it is about five miles farther down the road.

After the March

When you return from the march, even though you are tired, sore, and dusty, put all of your equipment in order and then get busy on your bed. Make it as comfortable as possible. A good sleep is very important to the health, comfort, and staying ability of a soldier. You will be thankful on the next day's march. Pass a wakeful, cold, and damp night trying to sleep on a hard bed and see how sore and unhappy you will feel the next day.

About an hour after the march has commenced you will curse the army and everything connected with it, while in fact you should be cursing your own carelessness or laziness of the night previous.

CHAPTER X

"SENTRY GO" AND COLD STEEL

HAVE you ever, on a Sunday or a holiday, visited an army camp or post? We will assume that you have. Sundays and holidays in the army are generally off days—that is, usually there are no drills, fatigues, or parades. The soldiers are allowed to amuse themselves as they see fit, provided they do not violate certain camp and post regulations that are laid down for their behavior and guidance.

What impresses you most on your visit? This is a hard question to answer. Everywhere you see soldiers "taking it easy." There seems to be a lack of discipline and efficiency. In your mind the question arises,—what would happen right now this very minute, if the enemy should suddenly attack? Every one seems to be *playing* at soldiering.

How would the alarm be given? How would the men be assembled?

How would the situation be handled?

The answer to these questions is simple.

The Sentry

Have you noticed that solitary figure silhoutted against the sky, with rifle at the shoulder? He doesn't mingle with the crowd, nor engage in conversation with the passers-by. To the average observer, he is aimlessly walking back and forth along a well-trodden path. Every two hours you see a squad of men in command of a corporal halt a few paces from him. He faces outward, comes to the "port arms," while another soldier in company with the corporal detaches himself from the squad and approaches him, he also coming to "port." They appear to be talking, the corporal listening intently. After a minute or so, the man from the squad comes to "shoulder arms" and marches along the well-trodden path in the same manner as his predecessor, while the soldier who has been relieved falls in the rear of the squad. A sharp order from the corporal and the squad moves forward until it comes to another one of these aimlessly plodding figures. Your questions are answered. You have just witnessed the relief of a sentry on guard, the watchdog of an army camp, or post.

These men for twenty-four hours are responsible for the maintenance of order, discipline, and the safety of the frollicking soldiers on this holiday. If the camp or post were to be stationed at this particular site for one hundred years or more, a blade of grass would never grow on these laid out paths, or posts, as they are called in the army. Never, unless through a grave breach of discipline, does a sentry leave his post unguarded. In peace time the rules and regulations covering breaches of guard duty are severe; in war time, the rules, regulations, and penalties are doubly severe, a grave breach of guard regulations ofttimes resulting in a sentence of death.

When a soldier in war time is posted as a sentry, it entails a grave responsibility; the lives of his mates and the safety of his company rest upon his vigilance and intelligence. It is the duty of such a sentry to safeguard his post, and, in case of approaching danger, warn his comrades, even though by doing so he sacrifices his own life. To the recruit, after a few days' service, a sentry appears to be something wonderful, and in his heart he despairs of ever acquiring that high degree of ability and efficiency necessary to this exalted position.

A Grave Responsibility

When he mounts guard for the first time, he does so in fear and trembling. All self-confidence has vanished. The most commonplace question from the officer or non-commissioned officer of the guard will elicit a stammering and confused reply, but after his twenty-four hours' tour is over, when he has been relieved, and is sitting on his bunk or cot, he will look back at his previous fear in an altogether different light. The things which at that time seemed so important will shrink into insignificance, and he will look forward to his next "Sentry Go," not as something to be dreaded, but as a welcome change from the ordinary routine of the camp. He has learned the lesson that a soldier is at his best when individual responsibility is placed upon him. It gives him the feeling that he is no longer a private in the rear rank, or a mere cog in the army machine. He is, in fact, in command. The general or colonel is asleep. There, in the early hours of the morning always on the *qui vive*, the sentry is safeguarding the sleeping officers and his mates. The general is the private; the private is the general. But next morning, he omits mentioning this fact to the general, because sentries also guard prisoners.

A Chance for Promotion

A few pointers to the recruit mounting guard "at home" for the first time will not be amiss. Remember that a soldier who is so efficient on guard that the officer of the day remarks on this efficiency, is the soldier who later becomes a non-commissioned officer. Guard duty is the real test of soldier efficiency. On this detail his good and bad qualities are very apparent. No. 1 Post is the coveted post of the guard. It is an honor for a soldier to be No. 1, because that position requires more intelligence and efficiency than all of the other posts combined. Soldiers will figure out in advance the manner in which their details are to be mounted, so that when the guard is counted off into reliefs, they will be the men who number "one" at the guardhouse. Among the new guard you will see a shifting and changing of places in ranks, the poor soldier swapping No. 1 Post for an easier one. Don't be a swapper, unless you are the one that accepts the "No. 1" offer. A recruit generally knows a few days in advance when he is likely to be detailed for guard. Get out your Guard Manual and get busy. Learn these General Orders by heart. Keep on pounding at them so that you will be able to say them backwards. This will help you.

My general orders are:

"General Orders"

1. To take charge of this post and all government property in view.

2. To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

3. To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.

4. To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.

5. To quit my post only when properly relieved.

6. To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me, all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.

7. To talk to no one, except in line of duty.

8. In case of fire or disorder, to give the alarm.

9. To allow no one to commit a nuisance on or near my post.

10. In any case not covered by instructions, to call the corporal of the guard.

11. To salute all officers, and all colors and standards not cased.

12. To be especially watchful at night, and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all

persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

Then, after studying these carefully, if possible, take a run down to the guardhouse, and ask the corporal or sergeant if he will let you study the special orders issued for the posts. Read them all, so that you will intelligently understand them, because you can never tell to what post you will be assigned, after the guard is mounted.

Orderly

The cleanest man at guard mount is selected by the Adjutant to be Orderly for the Commanding Officer. This is a great honor. In addition, the orderly also "gets all night in"—that is, he attends the Commanding Officer—generally the Colonel—during the day, and sleeps in quarters at night, while the rest of the soldiers are walking or riding their posts. You will appreciate this, especially if the night is cold, stormy, or rainy.

See that your equipment is in perfect order according to the regulations issued by the Government. Go out after Orderly and pretty soon you will be a non-commissioned officer. At guard mounting during the inspection of the guard by the Adjutant, a soldier must be alert and wary for many tricks are used. If the Adjutant is

closely inspecting you with a view of picking you for Orderly and he asks, "What is the matter with your shoe, your belt, your bayonet (or any part of your equipment?)" do not look down at that particular piece of equipment. Answer him with your head and eyes straight to the front. If you have relinquished the position of attention in any way, your chances of Orderly will quickly fade.

On Guard

On guard be self-confident; remember that you and you alone are in charge of your post, and that no one in the post has authority to give you orders, except a commanding officer, an officer, or non-commissioned officer of the guard. You are the "Boss" and should be strictly following your general and special orders. While walking post at night, especially if it is cold and black and stormy, you will be sorely tempted to take a chance and leave your post for some quiet shelter, figuring out that the officer of the day or non-commissioned officer of the guard will not be around,—but remember that when you take this chance *then* is the time that the officer of the day or "non-com" hits your post. "Your belt is pulled" and into the guard-house you go,—then comes a court-martial, followed by a severe sentence of fine or imprisonment.

While walking post at night do not look at your watch, because the time will seem twice as long. Be cheerful on guard, because a grouchy guard means twenty-four hours of confusion and misery. But in France will come the real responsibility of guard duty. Do not forget that there a negligence which seems trifling in your eyes, may result in valuable information to the enemy, the loss of the lives of your comrades or the destruction of your command,—and do not forget that this dereliction of duty is *punishable by death.*

The Bayonet

Before he gets through with his training period in the United States, many a draftman will heartily curse that knife-like contrivance which so snugly fits on the end of his rifle. It has a habit of getting rusty, and causing the owner to land on fatigue. If it is rusty on too many occasions the owner is liable to view the outside world from behind the bars of the guardhouse. If he does land in the "mill," strange to say, he does not blame his own carelessness but shifts the responsibility of his imprisonment on the Government, censuring it for not issuing a non-rustable bayonet. Then again, while drilling with fixed bayonets, if he is in the rear rank it will need constant dodging on his part

to avoid the bayonet of the man in front of him. Perhaps during bayonet fighting drill he will be required to hold the position of guard, while the instructor is explaining to some "juniper" that a bayonet is not for the purpose of stabbing custard pies, but is to be used only to let daylight through a German; therefore it is up to said "juniper" to get a little weight behind his thrust. The man in the position of guard is just beginning to discover that he possesses muscles that he never before dreamed of. These muscles are under quite a strain and hurt worse than a toothache.

Trench warfare is like fighting over the long distance telephone, until the soldier gets the chance to go "over the top" in a charge and comes face to face with the enemy. When this happens and he sees a great big German in front of him that bayonet instead of being a heavy, clumsy affair seems to the man like a needle stuck in a cork. Then, perhaps, while in this unenviable position, a feeling of regret and remorse passes through him that he did not put his whole heart and soul into his bayonet fighting back in "Blighty." When you are hand to hand with an enemy, your life depends on the quick and proper use of your bayonet, so therefore my advice to you is: *while in*

training put your whole heart and soul into bayonet drill.

When engaged with an enemy, you do not remember points, thrusts, jabs, and guarding, as laid down in your training, but these things will come to you mechanically. You just naturally do them,—that is, if you have not shirked on your training.

I do not intend to go into the methods of bayonet fighting, because it is unnecessary. You will learn that in your training from much more competent instructors than I. But I must speak of one great advantage we have: the German is *deathly afraid* of cold steel. He is a good artilleryman, machine gunner, bomber, and long distance fighter, but when he sees that polished knife in front of him, it is generally "both hands up in the air." Squealing like a pig he will shout,—"Mercy Kamerad"; *but* when he surrenders take no chances,—do not in any way put yourself at a disadvantage, because if he has a chance he will get you—that is one of the lessons he has learned from Kultur. Sometimes it is necessary to kill a snake so I will leave it to your own judgment.

CHAPTER XI

"WHAT SHALL I SEND HIM?"

YOU are sitting in your tent in Spartanburg, Yaphank, or any one of our North American camps; the Mail Orderly throws in a large parcel from home,—you are delighted, the rest of the fellows crowd around as you open up the package. You feel kind of chesty attracting so much interest—yes, even the corporal is looking on. Into the parcel goes your hand, out it comes, and in your fist is a pair of pink pajamas. A snicker runs around the circle of onlookers, then it bursts out into a barrage of jokes all aimed at you and your *pink pajamas!* It makes you feel "punk"; in anger you throw them at the bunch; there is a scramble for them. You are surprised that they want them.

Don't Send Pink Pajamas

Later on you find out the reason. Pink pajamas make excellent gun rags. It wasn't the fault of the people at home,—your dear old mother did not want you

to appear ridiculous in the eyes of your mates, she just didn't know what to send.

A list of the things that experience has proven useful may be a help to the mother and the rest of the family, and a godsend to the boy in camp and at the front, so I append it.

(But don't overload yourself, pick out a few that you want and need most. You won't have to throw them away when leaving for France. If you do, you are a mighty poor soldier and have not learned the tricks of the trade. A word to the wise is sufficient.)

Really Useful

Balaclava helmet. Belts (leather). Books (military and otherwise). Brushes (hair). Buttons (patent bachelor press). Candy (chocolate, licorice gum drops). Canned heat. Cascara pills. Chewing gum. Cigar case. Cigar lighters. Combs. Compasses. Diaries (leather or cloth). Envelopes. Eye rings (to fasten military buttons). Field glasses. Flash-lights. Fountain pen with safety clip. Gloves (woolen, with thumb and fingers cut off at second joint for drill, also warm woolen gloves for off duty). Handkerchiefs (red, blue, or khaki). Housewifes. Jack-knives with can opener attached. Lanyards (braided

leather). Match-box (metal, to hold ordinary box of matches). Mirror (small, metal trench mirror). Money. Money belts. Mouth organs. Nail clippers. Neckerchiefs. Note-books (leather). Pencils (indelible). Pipes. Playing cards. Powder (foot ease). Pocket chess and checker boards. Razors (safety, old-fashioned and corn razors). Razor strap. Rubber attachment for Bull Durham sacks. Safety pins. Safety razor blades. Sauce "A 1." Scissors (pocket, with blunt tips). Shaving sets. Shaving-soap, stick. Shaving glass (heavy). Shoes (tennis or gymnasium, high, white or black, canvas-topped, rubber-soled). Shoe-laces (leather). Sketching materials and outfits. Spirit stoves. Soap, Ivory. Socks (wool). Soap box. Sponge (rubber, for bathing). Stationery case (khaki—containing paper, envelopes, and diary). Sweaters and sweater coats. Talcum powder. Thermos bottles. Tobacco pouches. Tooth-brushes and holders. Tooth-paste. Towels. Underwear (light, sleeveless knee-length for summer, and wool for winter). Vaseline. Watch chains. Watch cases (Aluminum preferred to gold or silver watches). Whetstone (for razor blades and knife). Wrist watches, with illuminated dials. Wrist-watch straps. Wristlets.

Writing paper (tablets, narrow-size envelopes) AND SMOKES! ! !

For the Love of Mike Don't

Don't send stamps. Soldiers on active service do not pay postage.

Don't send *white* handkerchiefs. They are dangerous, as they are easily observed by the enemy.

Don't send jam, cheese, or canned meats, as the Tommies and Sammies will be "fed up" on these.

Don't send light socks; they are worthless.

Don't send cooling drink extracts; they are injurious, especially on the march.

Don't write saying you expect him to win a Medal of Honor or become a general within a week. He *won't.*

A Few More Tips

The Balaclava helmet is very comfortable in winter time, especially when wearing the "tin hat," or steel helmet. It consists of a woolen headpiece, covering the top of head, ears, back of neck, cheeks, and front of the neck. The neck-piece should be long enough to go well below the collar of the blouse. There should be strings to tie below the chin.

Woolen gloves should be fingerless and thumbless so that the soldier may work his rifle without removing his gloves.

Send plenty of large handkerchiefs, dark red, dark blue, or khaki-colored.

Watches can have illuminated dials but not illuminated numbers, as these are dangerous when reconnoitering in No Man's Land. The best sort to send is the one with a little dot of radium over each number and a large dot below the XII.

If the boy uses a safety razor, send him blades frequently, as they are so easily lost in the trenches.

The soldier can easily obtain ink, so send him a fountain pen.

Indelible, soft lead pencils are useful for marking equipment and personal belongings.

A bottle of sauce will make the ever-present "Canned Willie" palatable.

Chocolate and licorice gum drops relieve the monotony of rations.

Mustard, pickles, and pickled walnuts are fine.

As the soldier seldom sews on a button, patent bachelor press buttons are mighty useful—so are patent-clamp buttons.

Be sure and send a pair of tennis or "gym" shoes, rubber-soled, with high tops, white or black. The higher they are the better. Send him, *not* a *cheap* pair but ones that will *last*. These shoes

will rest his feet when returning from tours in the trenches and long hikes.

Occasionally enclose a book with a *punch.*

If in doubt what to send in the eating line, send money—it is always welcome.

In sending letters, always be cheery,—he has plenty of trouble at the front, without additional worries over those at home.

If he gets in trouble, sympathize with him. Never knock.

Keep your over-enthusiastic friends from sending letters that point out the way to Heaven. Their advice is well meant but bores Sammy. There are plenty of fine chaplains at the front.

Send him your love, trust, and well wishes.

Don't forget him on his birthday.

Even though he didn't smoke at home, he will now, so

Send Smokes and plenty of them!

I'll try to tell you why in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XII

"SMOKES"

OUR boys, Uncle Sam's boys, are fighting in France.

Think it over.

They are not in camp for ten days; they are not on the Mexican Border; they are not drilling in armories.

They are FIGHTING in the trenches.

Many of them will never again see their homes, this beautiful God's country of theirs and ours. They will die, and be buried, thousands of miles away, with a little wooden cross at the head of a mound of dirt, to mark their fall. In time, the elements will destroy this cross and perhaps a bursting shell will level that mound of dirt.

They are dead. Are they forgotten in death?

You know they died for their beloved Stars and Stripes. Sacrificed all for their flag and us. Yes, —gave their lives for us, we, who are here at home, eating our three squares a day, sleeping in our

comfortable beds. Although we are doing, or are trying to do our bit, still we are not wet, cold, and muddy; we are not bleeding; we are comfortable physically, though our hearts are wrenched. These boys of ours are uncomfortable physically, and there is also a tugging at THEIR heart-strings. They are longing for mother, father, brother, sister, wife, or sweetheart, and perhaps their little ones.

The cry rings throughout the land, "Americans do your bit!" Send our boys ammunition, food, guns, bayonets, and the things necessary to win this war for us.

Quite right—send them, but what about SMOKES?

We all know a soldier's work is to destroy and kill, so that *we* may live.

This work to him is repulsive. He is not a murderer; he does not revel in bloodshed. He is HUMAN. He doesn't want to work all the time. He needs play, recreation, and comfort just as we do.

HE WANTS A SMOKE—IS DYING FOR ONE. HIS OVERSTRAINED NERVES NEED ONE.

These are facts, not theory. I KNOW. I have been in the trenches and craved the comfort of a good, delicious smoke—and *didn't* get it.

Perhaps you will say, "My boy is over there and he doesn't smoke."

Don't fool yourself,—after he has "sat it out" on the fire step of a front-line trench for a few days, he *will* smoke. HE CAN'T HELP IT.

The public, to be convinced, must have facts. Well, here are some facts, actual happenings in the trenches of France, and in hospitals. These incidents will show the crying need of the soldiers for smokes.

Are we going to send them some, or are we going to let them keep on longing?

SMOKES?

Everywhere in France

A wounded Tommy Atkins is lying on the ground, the blood running from a hole in his leg made by a bit of shrapnel; he is yelling for stretcher-bearers. Here they come at the double. They stop beside him, place the stretcher on the ground, open it up, and one of them unbuttons a little pouch he is carrying. He sticks in his hand and pulls out—no, not a bandage—but a smoke. Hands it to the wounded Tommy, who is grinning. The grin makes cracks in the dried mud on his face—then the following conversation ensues:

Stretcher-bearer: "Want a smoke? Where are you hit?"

Tommy: "Yes. In the leg."

The stretcher-bearer lights the smoke, binds up Tommy's wound, and placing him on the stretcher, the two Red Cross men, start with him on their way to the nearest advanced dressing station. Wending their way through the muddy and narrow communication trench, the leading stretcher-bearer stumbles over a trench grid,—down he goes, and Tommy is nearly dumped into the mud.

He lets out a yell.

The offending stretcher-bearer, red faced and ashamed of his carelessness, in a nervous voice inquires:

"Did I 'urt your wound, mate? I'm sorry."

Tommy answers: "'Ell no!"

The stretcher-bearer, indignantly:

"Well, wot's all the bloody row about?"

Tommy meekly:

"I dropped me smoke, mate, tip us another."

The stretcher-bearers search their pouches and pockets, but find none.

The stretcher, with its bleeding burden, resumes its winding course through the trench, its wake

blue with curses and sarcastic remarks from Tommy directed at the stretcher-bearers.

If there had been another smoke, Tommy would have been contented and happy, but as it was he was miserable and complaining, making it unpleasant for everyone who handled him in his long trip to "Blighty."

But such is the creed of the trenches,—keep our boys warm, their bellies full, give them plenty of smokes, and they will plant the flag in Berlin. Just stop filling any one of the three needs—especially the "smokes"—and although the flag will eventually land where it belongs, it will take much longer.

SEND THEM SMOKES!

On another day:

We had gone "over the top" in a charge early that morning. It was tough sledding. We were "clicking" casualties so fast that an adding machine was needed to keep count of them.

There were ten of us,—a machine gun, a sergeant, six Vickers machine gunners, and two company men detailed from the battalion for the purpose of bringing up "ammo" (ammunition).

Our part in this little affair of "straightening the line" consisted in the operation of a machine

gun to help break up the counter attack, which the Germans would launch against our captured position.

When the counter attack started it was hot work. Belt after belt was fed through the gun. The water in the barrel casing was boiling. Shells were commencing to drop around our crater, too close for comfort. The German artillery had "taped" us and we knew it would only be a short time before a shell, with our names and numbers on it, would come screeching over, but we had to hold our position.

Our ammunition was getting low. The Sergeant detailed two men to go back for "ammo"—a risky job under that intense fire. The men were about to start when one of the machine gunners shouted into the ear of the Sergeant:

"Don't send Collins, he's got the only pipe in this bally crowd. Supposin' he gets hit?"

The Sergeant, with a look of mortification on his smutty face, replied:

"Blime me, so he has. I'm a silly ass to forget it. Wallace, you go after 'ammo' and, Collins, you get on the gun."

Wallace started grousing but went. He got hit in the leg. If he had had a pipe he wouldn't

have been sent. Collins stayed with us—he wasn't wounded.

During a lull in the firing we each took turns at the pipe. We had our smoke.

Did we win?—well, I think we did, I can't rightly remember, but anyway, Fritz packed up his artillery and we were safe—but, do you know? we certainly enjoyed that smoke.

SEND THEM SMOKES.

Another day:

I had been slightly wounded in an attack on the German lines and had been sent to the Base Hospital at Rouen.

The bed next to mine was empty; the sheets were turned down; the pillow was missing, and a rubber sheet was stretched across the center of the bed, the ends of which were neatly tucked under the mattress. It was my first time in a hospital, but even to me, a recruit, it seemed that that bed was specially prepared, was waiting for some special case. I was right,—it was.

In the bed on my left was a Jock, a Scottie, from the 15th Royal Scots, or "Ladies from Hell" as this particular Highland Regiment was lovingly called by Fritz, our neighbor across No Man's Land. This Jock had lost his left foot from a shell

burst. I asked him why the bed was made up in such a peculiar manner. He told me that the occupant, a Canadian, was up in the "pictures" (operating theater) having both hands amputated at the wrists, and also that the Canadian had been blinded by an exploding bomb, while raiding the German trenches.

In about half an hour, four white-clothed orderlies came down the ward, carrying a stretcher; in the wake of the stretcher came a Red Cross nurse. They halted before the unoccupied bed on my right. Then I marveled at the efficient and gentle way in which the wounded man was transferred from the stretcher to the bed. The "Undertaker's Squad" left, but the Red Cross nurse sat beside her patient, every now and then shooing a fly away from the bandaged head, or with a piece of gauze bandage, wiping away the white froth which constantly oozed from the half-open lips of the bandaged form.

In a short time the ether began to die out and the frothy lips twitched. Then a sigh and the man began to sing,—not *God Save the King* or *The Maple Leaf Forever*, but—*Never Introduce a Bloke to Your Lady Friend.*

Pretty soon this tune changed to a shout

of "Ammo! [Ammunition] Ammo! Ammo forward!" You could hear him all over the ward. The nurse started to sing a crooning little lullaby. The shouting ceased. Further twitching and twisting and the ether was expelled into an ever ready little receptacle held in the hands of the nurse. In a few minutes, rays of consciousness penetrated to the brain of the wounded man and he started to mutter:

"Turn on the lights, it's dark—it's dark!—I can't see—it's dark—dark!—Take that damned pillow off my head—it's dark—dark—I tell you! What's the matter with my mitts?—they're tied—cobblestones on them!—Where am I?—Smokey, this dugout's dark—switch on the glim!"

The nurse was talking to him in a low voice and crooning her lullaby. My God, how that girl could sing!

It was not long before the blinded soldier fell asleep. He slept for three hours, the nurse beside him; not for a second did she leave her post. I inwardly wished that the patient would sleep for hours longer. The presence of that nurse made me feel happy and contented all over.

The form on the bed stirred and then in a plaintive voice:

"Where am I? Where am I? Turn on the lights! Turn on the lights!"

The sun was streaming through the window.

The nurse was crying. So was I. The Jock on my left was softly cursing to himself.

The angel of mercy leaned over her patient and in a low voice whispered to him:

"Never mind, dearie, you are in the hospital, and will soon be in Blighty for a nice long rest."

The Canadian's mouth twitched, I thought he was going to cry. It was a pretty mouth, but the lips were blanched to a bluish white.

He asked the nurse:

"What time is it?"

She answered "Three o'clock, dearie; try and go to sleep, you'll feel better soon."

The Canadian asked in a piteous voice, "Why is it so dark?" Then he shouted in a terror-stricken voice, "I know—I know—they've put my lights out! Good God, I'm blind!—I'm blind!—My eyes are gone—gone—gone!"—and his voice died out in a long sob.

Three doctors came through and held a low-voiced consultation. Two of them left, one stayed.

The Jock whispered to me: "Poor bloke, he's 'going west.' I know the signs."

The dying man began to mutter. The nurse bent over him. She had a writing pad and a pencil in her hand; she whispered to him: "Dearie, the mail is going out, do you want me to write a note home to the folks? Just a short note telling them that you are all right and will be with them in a couple of months?"

The patient answered:

"Home? Folks? I've never had any since I was a kid. Home!—God, I wish I had one!" The writing pad in the nurse's hand was wet. The bandage on my shoulder was wet,—perhaps the blood was soaking through, but blood is red.

The voice of the wounded man again: "I want—want—I want a——"

The nurse: "What do you want, boy, what can I get for you—a nice cool drink?——"

The answer came back:

"A drink?—hell no!—I want a smoke—where's my makin's?—I want a fag—a smoke—a smoke!"

She looked at the doctor. He nodded. She left the patient and came over to me. I felt as if I were in the presence of God. She whispered to me: "Have you a cigarette, my dear, for that poor

boy? We are all out—have not received any for ten days. If the people at home only realized what a Godsend smokes are for these poor wounded lads, they would send them out. They are as important as shells."

I told her to look in my kit bag. She looked through it and found one, all out of shape—a Goldflake. I think it was the only smoke left in that ward of sixty-nine patients.

With joy in her eyes she went back to her patient, gently put the cigarette between his lips and lighted it.

A contented sigh, two or three weak puffs, and the lighted cigarette fell out of his mouth on to the sheet. He was asleep.

It was getting late; I fell asleep. When I woke it was morning.

The bed on my right was empty. The nurses in the ward had red eyes. They had been crying.

I turned an inquiring gaze to the Jock on my left. He solemnly nodded and his mouth twitched. I thought he was going to cry, but suddenly he looked at me, tears in his eyes, and said, "Aw, go to hell!" and turned over on his side.

Do the men in the trenches want smokes?

Do they want their mothers?

Do they want their wives and sweethearts?

Do they want the fields and flowers at home?

Do they want SMOKES?

God! do they want them? They need them! They cry for them! They must have them!

Americans, if you could only see with your own eyes, you would realize the crying need for smokes in France, and you would starve in order that they could have them.

Do your bit—send contributions to the "Smoke Fund" and win the gratitude and thanks of the boys who are fighting your fight—our fight—Uncle Sam's fight—the civilized world's fight.

Let your slogan be:

"Smokes for Sammy!"

—and turn the words into actions. DO IT NOW. We are waiting for your contribution. How would you have liked to have been the one who furnished that smoke for the dying man? You can be for another. Will you? The answer is,—you are an American, that means Yes.

CHAPTER XIII

"ALL ABOARD"

AFTER spending several months of hard and intensive training in a cantonment, rumors that your outfit is to leave for the front will spring up over night like mushrooms. Each rumor will send a thrill of expectancy through you—life after all is worth living,—you write a letter home saying "Good-bye" and—the rumor fizzles out. After you have been fooled several times in this manner you become skeptical.

False Alarms

Then some day your sergeant (of course in strict confidence) will impart the information that the outfit is to move, because the general's orderly heard the adjutant direct the sergeant major to inform the company commanders and first sergeants to submit reports of the strength of their commands and to have a special inspection of equipment. You (also in confidence) with a knowing and

important air tell your bunkie these glad tidings. In about an hour the whole company is excited and on pins and needles. The reports are submitted and the inspection takes place but—you do not move.

Rumor follows rumor—with disappointment tacked to the end of each. You become "fed up."

But at last the eventful day arrives. At morning drill the officers appear to be excited, give foolish commands; they fairly burst with suppressed eagerness and excitement. This feeling is communicated to the men and runs through the ranks like an electric current. They know something important is going to happen; they can smell it in the air. The ranks stiffen and the manual of arms is executed with a vim and snap that has long been missing. Each soldier is saying to himself: "Right after the manual of arms, the old man is going to tip us off to what's in the air."

The manual of arms is finished and you open ranks for bayonet fighting drill. Bitter disappointment again—you cast a scornful and reproachful look in the direction of your captain. Then your hope revives and you say: "Right

after bayonet fighting we get the glad tidings," and you thrust and jab as if there really were a Fritz in front of you. Nothing happens; "Recall" sounds; your heart hits the zero mark. The company is marched off, a look of personal injury and indignation on the faces of the men. The company reaches its barracks thoroughly disgusted.

"What's that? The captain wants to say a few words to the men? Well, for the love of Mike, why doesn't he spit 'em out, what's he waiting for?"

"Men, we break camp to-morrow morning at ten. We're off at last. The regiment will entrain at three o'clock for an Atlantic port. Our chance has come to show what's in us. I know every officer and man in the company will make good. Dismissed."

Cheers ring out, hats are thrown in the air, and the captain walks away, with shoulders back, and tears of pride for the company, *his* company, dimming his eyes.

Then comes a succession of railroad journeys, loading and unloading cars, until at last you arrive at the dock, and there alongside looms up a monstrous floating hotel. It is the transport which is to convey you "over there."

Up the Gangplank

After many exasperating delays you finally go up the gangplank; you have now left terra firma and at last feel the boards of a ship's deck under your feet. Perhaps for the first time you are on the sea. You sure will be seasick. This is one of the meanest sensations that can be imagined. During this sickness everything appears a deep indigo blue color. Nothing matters,—death seems welcome. Can't eat and don't want to. Telling you to be cheerful during this malady is worse than useless. There is no preventative, except to stay on deck and hug the rail. After a couple of days this sickness will pass away and you will be famished. Go to it and make up for lost time. If some old sailor comes near while you are in the throes of seasickness, and suggests that you take a big fat piece of pork, tie it to a string, swallow it, and then repeat the movement two or three times, pay no attention to him, although way down in your soul you vow to kill him when you get well. It is a funny thing but true that when you do recover, this same old sailor will still be alive and you will find yourself laughing and joking with him.

When you leave the land for the sea there is

an entire new language to learn. A few of the ordinary nautical terms may help you from betraying that you are making your first trip.

Nautical Terms

You go on board a ship by means of a "gangplank." The right side of a ship is called the "starboard" side; the left side, the "port" side. The front of the ship is known as "forward," the rear as "aft." Do not say you are going downstairs, but use the term "going below." "Going above" means upstairs; "aloft"—in the rigging. At night, a green light is displayed on the starboard; red on the port.

Every half hour the ship's bell rings out the time, one stroke of the bell denoting a half-hour. The time is set from meridian, one bell meaning 12.30 P.M.

1 bell 12.30 P.M.
2 bells one o'clock
3 " 1.30
4 " 2 o'clock
5 " 2.30
6 " 3 o'clock
7 " 3.30
8 " 4 o'clock

then in the next watch:

1 bell 4.30
2 bells 5 o'clock
3 " 5.30
4 " 6 o'clock
5 " 6.30
etc., etc.,

repeating every four hours (or every "watch").

At Sea

When you get on the transport a numbered billet, on which to swing your hammock, and a fire station will be assigned to each man, also a place in a lifeboat or on a catamaran. After settling down, get your life preserver, examine it thoroughly, and see that none of the straps are missing and that they are sound. Adjust the life preserver on your person several times, until you can readily put it on in the dark or in the midst of confusion. Go to your lifeboat and fix in your mind the easiest and quickest way to reach it. This may save you if the ship should founder. Then forget about submarines and "carry on" with your ordinary routine.

At night, strict orders are issued that no lights be shown. The port holes will be screened. While on deck at night avoid lighting matches, or smoking cigarettes, cigars, and pipes,—the glow

will inform lurking submarines of the ship's whereabouts. The trip across will probably be very tame and disappointing. But when the shores of France loom up in the distance, you will be all enthusiasm and eagerness to disembark. No doubt you will lie alongside for hours before you actually can leave the ship.

While on the ship make it a point to write a letter, each day, to the folks at home. Mail the lot when you reach France,—that is, if the censor will let them go through.

CHAPTER XIV

BACKING UP THE BOY

NOW Sammy is on the sea, running the gauntlet of the submarines. Before we again take up with him his journey to the trenches let us pause for a moment and think what we, who are breaking our hearts because we cannot go, can do to help him and bring victory a little nearer. Our hearts are with him but our bodies are here, because we are too old, too young, physically unfit, or because we are women and children. Let us not get hysterical but, keeping both feet firmly on the ground, size up the facts and calmly review the situation.

What the Old Can Do to Help

We are over-age—what can we do? We can use our brains, employ them in the service of Uncle Sam. The great slogan is ECONOMIZE, therefore it is up to us to run our factories, offices, and homes without waste. Sit down by yourself and think

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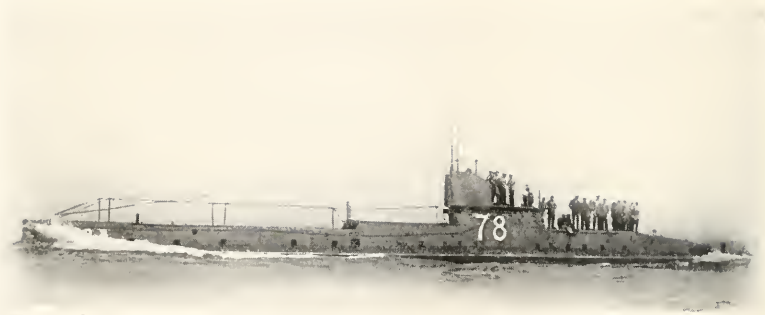
German Submarine Mine-layer, Captured by the British.



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British Submarine, D-8.

it out carefully. Draw up a rough statement of your personal expenditures for a month,—get out your little "hatchet of economy" and start chipping off unnecessary luxuries. You will be surprised to find, after the chipping process, that you have saved between 30 and 40%.

You want to do your bit. To really do your bit, you must personally sacrifice. Take these little chips and give them to Uncle Sam. Put them into Liberty Bonds, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., into comforts for our soldiers, and then, when you have done this, dig down deeper still for Uncle Sam. Realize that this war is for you *personally. Make it a personal issue between you and the Kaiser;* during this combat, *sweat,* and after your day's work, you will go to bed with that warm glowing feeling that you are personally conducting a little war of your own against autocracy, rape, loot, and murder.

The Physically Unfit

You are physically unfit? Although every nerve is tingling to get hold of a rifle and bayonet and march beside our boys, still it is decreed otherwise. Do not be downhearted and despondent because you cannot engage in physical encounter with the enemy. Thank God that your brain is unimpaired. Look around you.

Get into one of the great movements for the furthering of the war: Vigilantes, Home Defense, Liberty Loan, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., or one of the Government organizations. Help and encourage others. Go up on the house tops and shout to the world that you are proud that you are an American and then go down into the street among the throng and battle for America.

Never let any one directly or by innuendo attack our flag, or government, or those of our Allies.

The Women

You are a woman. Hold your head high and be proud of this fact. If you will only realize that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" and that the hand that rocks the cradle will win this war, you will glory in the fact that you are a woman. Get out and prove to the skeptical that the winning of the war rests squarely on your shoulders. You are the governing influence over man. You can make him the patriot and send him into the front line trenches to fight for Liberty, Home, and You, or you can make him a crawling, slinking slacker. Where would the American Red Cross be without women? Join the Red Cross yourself, have your husband join, your sons, your daughters,—see that each one of them works for the Red Cross. Knit

for the Red Cross and keep on knitting for the Red Cross. Don't knit in public and then go home and throw your knitting aside, but knit in public and also knit in the privacy of your home. You are the head of your household. The Allies are crying for food. Encourage them, cut down your living expense. Don't waste. Throw your garbage pail over the fence, and run your table so that a pill box will answer for the usual big galvanized iron garbage tin. Establish a meatless day and adhere to it strictly. Remember that every crust you save from the garbage can, means a crust for our fighting and bleeding Allies. Cut down on your dress. No war as yet has never been won in silks and satins. Put this money that you save into Liberty Bonds, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other noble movements of this war. Before your family evening prayer at night, sing or play a stanza from the *Star Spangled Banner*. Let your family know that they individually are American soldiers fighting in this great cause.

The Under-Age

You are under-age. Boys, if you are old enough, join the Boy Scouts, and before long you will be doing real duty and helping Uncle Sam win this war.

When our wounded soldiers return to the United States and the hospitals are full, think of the satisfaction of being detailed as an orderly to a ward of wounded soldiers. You can write their letters, run their errands and cheer them up! Think of the great honor and pleasure you will derive from listening to their first-hand stories of personal experiences while fighting against the Kaiser! Girls, join the Red Cross and help your mother save in the house. While she is out on patriotic duty take care of the house and the children, and realize that you have temporarily been made "the hand that rocks the cradle."

Liberty Loan

All Americans subscribe to the Liberty Loan. There will be many more loans before the war is ended. Do not look at this as a safe business investment. Forget the cent per cent. issue. Any mercenary, grasping man will rush into a safe conservative business deal. We do not want that kind of patriotism. Every bond that you buy, whether it is a $50 or a $1,000,000 one, means that you have bought that much of victory for Uncle Sam. Buy your bond. Lay it on your desk before you; close your eyes and draw this picture:

A drafted man in civilian clothes enters the

United States Treasury. You hand him his bond as he goes in. Watch the other entrance, and pretty soon you will see this civilian coming out, equipped as a soldier of Uncle Sam with a rifle and bayonet in his hand, and a glow of patriotism in his eyes, bound with thousands of others for "Over There" to break up the firm of "Me und Gott."

When this war is over, do not take this bond and turn it in to collect your interest and principal. Frame it; nail it upon the walls of your home, and when your grandchildren ask you: "Daddy what did you do in the Great War for Liberty,"—point to it with pride and say: "Children there hangs my certificate of patriotism, my charter of liberty given to me by Uncle Sam when he went 'over the top,' for Justice, Democracy, and Liberty. There it is and there it shall stand for generations and generations."

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I have intentionally omitted in the preceding chapters many small details and tips for the soldier while actually passing through his training period in the United States, because his instructors cannot be improved upon and the drafted man will learn these things from them.

In the training-period in the United States, a mistake here and there does not matter so much. If a sham battle is won or lost, it means little besides good training. There are no killed or wounded soldiers; there is no smashed up territory to pay the cost of a mistake,—but, Sammy, when you get in France and are actually in the fire zone you are more or less, "on your own." Then a mistake may mean your life, and the lives of thousands of your mates. I have therefore devoted the major part of this book to suggestions for the other side, which were gained from my own experience in France, and which may safeguard your life when you reach the Western Front.

CHAPTER XV

"POILU AND TOMMY: HERE'S SAMMY"

YOU have now landed in France or England. You are a stranger in a strange land. People and surroundings will appear strange to you and you will appear strange to these people and surroundings. You say to yourself: "How should I act?" "How shall I be friendly?" The best advice is: don't try to pose or put on airs. Just be a plain good American and you will be surprised to find that you are received with open arms.

In London

It will be a little hard to get along with the Englishman at first. His ways are so different from ours. The Englishman has a way of taking everything for granted. You mustn't talk to him about the war or ask about the victory. He is perfectly sure about victory. The only thing he does not know is how long it is going to take. Don't mention the might of money to him. Don't tell

him that baseball has cricket skinned a mile. His opinion of baseball is just about the same as your opinion of cricket. Don't try to impress upon him the fact that he is a fool for allowing himself to be ruled by a King. The Englishman knows the King is only a figurehead and that the English people rule; besides he is a perfectly good observer and might come back at you and punch holes in our Senate and Congress. Do not herald your arrival in England and France as a great event and say that you have come over to win the war. Maybe they are wondering why you happened to be so late.

Forget all about the "1776 stuff." Remember that you are of the same family, the same mother tongue, and that right now you are brothers in arms, and from now on will be marching side by side forever more in the advancement of Justice, Democracy, and Liberty. If an embarrassing situation does arise and an uncomfortable silence ensues, it can be readily adjusted. You should either offer or accept an invitation to tea. Over a cup of tea the unpleasantness evaporates like a fog in the sun. Remember more good friendships are built up over a cup of tea in England than over a cocktail in America.

Be modest and unassuming with the Englishman or else he will tersely describe your attitude as Yankee "swank."

With the Frenchman

Now with the Frenchman, the situation is a little different. The French are really looking to the Americans as the saviours of their cause. You must be very careful to preserve this sentiment, because the French are very temperamental. If a Frenchman shows his enthusiasm and appreciation by kissing you, don't land on him, but kiss him back. A kiss to a Frenchman is the same as a hearty handshake to an American. The French are extremely polite. You must be polite with them. Never make fun of a Frenchman. It is a mortal insult. The American must remember that the Frenchman's politeness does not mean that he is afraid. A Frenchman generally apologizes to a German before he runs his bayonet through him.

Now, Americans, remember that although we are fighting in the Frenchman's cause, as well as our own, we ought to use a little common sense. We are fighting in the Frenchman's back yard. We are fighting a common enemy, trying to keep him from climbing over the fence

into this yard, but it is the Frenchman's yard. He has laid it out, planted flowers, put in many years of toil and love to make it beautiful. Keep the paths as laid out by the Frenchman and avoid stepping on his flower beds. Just act as a good, true American, and you will get a wonderful reception.

You must excuse each other's mistakes. Team up in the common cause and go out looking for Germans to wallop.

When you arrive at your billet in some village, you will find that prices will slightly rise. Do not consider this as an injury or an insult, because it really is a compliment. The French people imagine every American is a millionaire. They set the best before him and he is expected to pay the price. This impression was made before the war by American tourists in France. They scattered their money around as if it had no value.

Of course, at first you will not be able to understand the Frenchman. He will be jabbering away like a machine-gun. You will be helpless. Then there is an awkward pause, and he looks for you to return the fire. You do not know what to say. A string of "Oui, Oui, Ouis" will get

Cap Devices and Badges—British Army

1—London Scottish
2—King's Own Scottish Borderers
3—The Royal Scots
4—Irish Regiment
5—George Rex, Home Defence
6—Royal Dragoon Guards
7—Army Service Corps
8—New Zealand
9—Military Police
10—The Welsh
11—London Rifle Brigade
12—3d King's Own Hussars
13—The King's Own
14—Royal Dublin Fusiliers
15—10th Royal Hussars
16—Durham Light Infantry
17—9th Lancers

Cap Devices and Badges—British Army

18—Canada—Collar Device
19—Royal Army Medical Corps
20—The Royal Dragoons
21—Northumberland Fusiliers
22—Army Veterinary Corps
23—Royal Flying Corps
24—Army Ordnance Corps
25—First Life Guards
26—Connaught Rangers
27—Middlesex Regiment
28—Royal Marines
29—12th Lancers
30—Canadian Engineers
31—Australia
32—Royal Engineers
33—Royal Field Artillery
34—Canadian Field Artillery

you nowhere, but throw both hands into the air and shout "Vive la France" and the Frenchman will answer "Vive l'Amérique," will kiss you a couple of times, and away you go, the best of friends, thoroughly understanding each other.

CHAPTER XVI

ON LANDING IN FRANCE

THE first spare moment after landing at "a port in France" should be utilized in writing home. It will help to remember that all of your letters, while on active service, will be censored. Don't try to send anything through by code, because they will get you. Give the censor credit for having brains. Perhaps you will work out a code which in your eyes appears perfect, but when your letter reaches the censor, with a sigh of disgust, he will commit it to the waste basket, at the same time remarking: "Won't they ever get something new, or give us credit for some intelligence?" What appears new to you is an old story with His Majesty the Censor.

Mail

No doubt a field postal card, similar to that used in the British Army, will be issued once a week.

Lots of other information can be sent on this

card. We did it. Think it out. Cannot tell you how, because perhaps it will give the game away.

Remember that your official address will be: "Somewhere in France."

We often used a method in our letters to give the folks at home a tip as to what part of the line we were at. It worked just once, then the censor landed on us like a ton of bricks.

This was the method:

Censor Won't Fall for This

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

DEAR BROTHER:

Received your letter and parcel. Am in fine health, etc., etc.

Arthur Raymond received a surprise. Bertha wrote to him and everything is all right again, etc., etc.

Your loving brother,
JOHN.

Put in a name and sentence that has no meaning to the addressee.

By using the first letter of each word, the sentence "Arthur Raymond received a surprise" spells "Arras," the point where we were stationed.

So don't try anything like this; it won't work.

Don't take a needle and pierce certain letters to spell out a sentence—the censor will get wise, with his eyes shut.

The only safe way to beat the censor is not to try. "Cuss" him as much as you wish—he doesn't care, though it may temporarily relieve your feelings. But do not express your opinion of him in a letter, because that letter will disappear.

Every week an envelope will be issued, in which you are allowed to write of family and private matters. This letter escapes the regimental censor but is liable to be censored at the base. If you abuse the privilege extended to you in the issue of this special envelope, it will not be long before you are caught. You will not be the *only* sufferer; perhaps the issue of these envelopes to your regiment will be discontinued for *six months*. It happened to us. (No, I was *not* the culprit.)

Do not try to smuggle letters through by giving them to the wounded or to men going on leave, because they are liable to search, and it will go hard with them, and with you too, if the letter is found.

The important thing to remember is that the enemy is liable to profit through your effort to smuggle information and evade the censor.

Your platoon officer generally is the officer who censors your letters. Do not try to get back at him by writing a letter home, telling the folks what an awful dub you have for a platoon commander. He might not *say* anything about it, but he may *do* something.

In your letters don't dwell on the fact that you are a wonderful soldier and deserve immediate promotion. You will never get it by this method.

Interpreters

Sammy, who is unfamiliar with French, will be interested to know that he will see many interpreters in France. Those of the French army are divided into three classes, those of the first class ranking as captains, of the second class as first lieutenants, the third class as second lieutenants.

These interpreters may be easily recognized by a blue velvet band worn on the cap, the insignia of their rank above this band, and a blue velvet gorget. On the cap and gorget appears a gold laced olive leaf. The buttons on their blouses are marked with a sphinx.

Souvenirs

When a man lands in France he is naturally curious and wants to see everything the first day. He wants to go immediately "up the line," get into the trenches,

see the artillery in action, etc. Everything he sees assumes a great value. This is especially true of souvenirs. A recruit will load himself with shell heads, dud bombs, nose caps, etc., and cart them around for weeks, adding weight to his already heavy load and increasing the misery and discomfort of the long march. Then he gradually gets wise and throws them away, one by one. If he will only consider the fact that there is no chance of taking or sending these souvenirs home (because no ordnance is allowed out of France), and also realize that after carrying them for months they will be confiscated at the sailing points, he will soon realize that souvenirs are a lot of worthless junk and will treat them accordingly.

Hoovering

On the very day he lands Sammy should paste this maxim in his tin hat:—"Don't Waste."

Do not waste rations, ammunitions, equipment, etc. Remember you will pay for it after the war.

Forget that old silly phrase, "The Government is rich."

Every tin of meat, biscuit, loaf of bread, tin of jam, every bullet, bomb, rifle, bayonet, every piece of equipment you throw away or destroy,

STEEL HELMET OR "TIN HAT"

means that the war will last longer and that you and your folks at home will pay for it in good hard cold cash.

Burying ammunition beneath the straw in your billet, or in a front line trench, to save you the trouble of carrying it on a march, is an old stunt, but remember this offense is punishable by death, and when you are lined up against a wall, with a firing squad of twelve men in front of you, it will be too late to be sorry.

The "Tin Hat"

As soon as your shrapnel-proof helmet, or "tin hat," as it is called, is issued to you, see that it *fits*. In wearing the steel helmet, the strap should be tight. The best way is to have the strap pass between the chin and the lower lip; this method keeps it tight and also allows you to eat without removing the strap. If no cloth covering for the helmet has been issued, before entering the front line trench or when in range of enemy snipers, plaster the outside of the helmet with mud. This prevents your helmet shining in the sun- or moonlight and it may save your life.

Though you are wearing a helmet, take no chances in unnecessarily exposing yourself; remember that a helmet *will not turn a rifle bullet*—

it is only protection against *spent* bullets and fragments of shell.

A helmet also makes a good wash basin in an emergency.

In marching, when out of range of the enemy, hang your helmet by the strap over your bayonet scabbard—this will take the weight from your head and the march will be easier. Take your khaki handkerchief, tie a knot in each corner, and wear it on your head; this will protect you from the sun's rays or prevent your catching cold.

Never mark your helmet with your brigade, regiment, or company numbers or letters because, if killed or captured, this informs the enemy about the identity of the troops opposite them.

In France, while the enemy is shelling, a practical joke is often played on recruits, which is bad for his nerves. It is engineered thusly: If a steel helmet is hit with metal or a stone, a deafening ringing in the ears of the wearer is produced. It is nearly as bad as if you placed a dishpan over your ear, and then hit it a resounding whack with a club. The joker waits with a stone or fragment of shell in his hand, until he hears a German shell coming over which will burst in your vicinity. As the shell bursts he hits you on the "tin hat"

with the missile in his hand. You are sure you have been hit, and no doubt will roll over, yelling for stretcher bearers. Then there is a good laugh at your expense. But do not try this joke on anyone because the victim really suffers from the shock to his nerves.

Petrol and French Time

Two little bits of information should be added before this chapter is closed.

In France gasoline is universally called petrol.

In France the day is not divided into A.M. and P.M.; the hours run from one to twenty-four. For one o'clock in the afternoon we would say 1 P.M., while in France it would be known as the 13th hour, etc.

CHAPTER XVII

SPIES

THE most deadly menace in this war is the German spy. Every hour of the day or night, whether on active service, or leave, even though wounded, keep this fact constantly before you:

"The eyes and ears of the enemy are all about you."

Don't discuss military matters *anywhere.*

Trust no one with important military information, not even your best friend or bunkie. When spies are caught you are surprised to find that they were the ones you least suspected. *Thousands of them are never found out.*

Avoid talking of events "up the line," in public places, especially so in estaminets (French saloons) or public conveyances. Look with suspicion on the affable stranger who makes your acquaintance and wants to buy you a drink, a dinner, or smokes.

Do not converse with civilians about military matters, even if they are, or appear to be French.

Beware of making the acquaintance of strange soldiers from other regiments; when they broach military matters, shut up like a clam.

Keep away from lewd women; this is one of the greatest lures used by the enemy and one of the most successful.

Never carry on your person papers which contain important military information. Commit this information to memory and *burn* the papers. Do not tear them up and throw the pieces away; they can be pieced together. The German spy system is almost perfect. During your service in France this fact will be demonstrated to you.

Never trust a German. Germany is our enemy and we are out to lick them.

Be a Good Listener

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open.

Be a good listener and a poor talker.

Every man who has actually served on the Western Front will endorse the above warning. I could, space permitting, cite many examples which would illustrate the necessity of alertness, but two will suffice, the first showing the danger of associating, trusting, and imparting military

information to strange soldiers, although in friendly uniforms, while the other points out the danger of soldiers associating too intimately with civilians.

At a certain part of the line on the Western Front, a battalion in the British Army (I will not give its name and number, because the incident I am going to tell, even yet rankles in its memory) was to take over a strange sector of the line. In taking over new trenches, a new battalion is usually furnished with guides from Brigade Headquarters. These guides meet them at the entrances to the communication trenches, and conduct them to the front line, where they turn over orders and give warnings of dangers and low spots and points from which the enemy are liable to attack.

This night in question was black and stormy, the rain beating into the faces of the men. The officers as well as the men were heartily disgusted and "fed up" with everything in general. Arriving at the communication trench which led to the front line, they were met by an officer in the uniform of a captain of the English Army, who stated that he had been detailed from British Headquarters to conduct the —th Battalion to their station in

the front-line trench. On account of the weather conditions, the battalion was behind its schedule, therefore the captain did not question this officer, as he should have done, but accepted him as a bona-fide guide. The guide did very little talking; in fact, he was a very good listener. The colonel was a good talker, and a poor listener, and readily answered questions which, under ordinary conditions, would have aroused the suspicion of the least intelligent private. In fact, he gave the history of that battalion from its organization to the present moment. Upon arriving in the fire trench the guide, in a very military and proper manner, turned over the station to the battalion and then told the colonel that a large wiring party of the Royal Engineers was to go out "in front" that night to repair damage in the barbed wire. Therefore the colonel was to issue orders to all sentries along his sector of trench that there should be no challenging or firing, as the wiring party, while working, would be within a few feet of the trench.

The colonel accordingly issued this order. Then the guide informed the colonel that he himself was in charge of said wiring party, and that he was going out "in front" to look over the

ground before the Royal Engineers went "over the top." He also told the colonel (to make his story more plausible) that the party of engineers had been detailed from the battalion on his right, and that they would leave the fire trench through a sap leading from the neighboring battalion's trench.

With typical German cunning and efficiency, no little detail was overlooked to insure the success of the scheme. Then the guide, receiving a "Best of Luck" from the colonel, crawled "over the top" of the trench, out through a sap under the wire, to a listening post, and disappeared into the rain and darkness of No Man's Land.

Upon receipt of the order not to fire or challenge, the sentries were tickled to death, being tired, sleepy, and hungry; they appreciated the few hours of rest in front of them, which to their minds, although a little strange, still appeared to be very "cushy." A soldier, as a rule, when he has an easy time on guard, will not inquire too deeply into the reasons therefor.

In about twenty minutes' time the sentries could hear men working in their wire, a few feet in front of them. Occasionally a sharp twang would ring out on the night air. This would elicit from some

sentry a caustic remark as to the brains and ability of Royal Engineers in general, or the same sentry would calculate that in this certain part of the line, Fritz across the way, was either dead or had not as yet received a copy of the *Hymn of Hate*, otherwise that "twang" would be answered by rifle or machine-gun fire directed at the working party.

About an hour before "Stand To" was passed down the trench, all work on the wire ceased. Then daylight. The sentries nearly dropped dead with surprise to see in front of them the barbed wire horribly cut up; stakes were pulled up and "gooseberries" missing; in fact, the wire was demolished more than could be accomplished by an hour's intense bombardment from the German artillery.

Then the colonel awoke to the fact that this amiable officer, who had so efficiently guided them into the fire trench, was nothing more or less than a German spy, disguised in the uniform of an English captain. This spy was dressed in the uniform of an English officer, which no doubt was secured from some prisoner or wounded officer, and had crawled from the German trenches over No Man's Land and entered our trenches. This

could be very easily accomplished by falling in the rear of a returning working party. After telling the colonel to pass the word down the line not to fire or challenge, he had left our trenches, gone over to the German lines, and conducted back to our wire a German working party which had effectively accomplished his object.

The destruction of this wire necessitated large working parties from the colonel's battalion going out in front on the following night to repair the damage. This was part of the German scheme, because, knowing that the working party would go out, it was a simple matter to turn rifle and machine-gun fire on them. It took three nights to repair the damage with this result—a very heavy casualty list.

Everyday Occurrences

In the region of La Bassèe an incident occurred, which should strongly point out to soldiers the folly of mingling with civilians and imparting military information.

For several weeks the Germans had constantly shelled this particular town, but still there were civilians who disregarded this shelling and refused to leave, preferring to run their stores and estaminets at a great profit, even though

they incurred a great risk of personal injury. Occasionally a shell would demolish a store, but this did not seem to "phase" its competitors. To them it simply meant additional trade and profit. One particular estaminet (saloon) seemed to be charmed; shells never came within a hundred yards of it, even though the surrounding houses, billets, etc., were razed to the ground. This place was run by a Swiss and his family. The soldiers used to gather there—in fact, they made it a sort of a club, drinking the red wine and French beer, and discussing military matters. This family, especially a blond-haired daughter about twenty-four years old, were very cordial to the soldiers; she waited on them, catered to them, cooked for them, always making the place as homelike as possible. Troops leaving this part of the line, upon meeting incoming troops, would recommend this favorite estaminet to them. In fact, it was a regular soldiers' home.

This went on for months and still the place was never hit by a shell. It was uncanny to the soldiers and when a general bombardment was in order, soldiers, who were off duty, would repair to this estaminet, believing it to be a safety zone. A certain English sergeant was very much in

5203 11. 56 DIVISION.

~~5023~~ Pte Empsey. A. G. W. Brigade Machine Gun Coy

CAPTAIN.
A.P.M. 56 DIVISION.

Authority Issued by Divisional Intelligence Dept. to Special Military Police.

love with the blond-haired daughter of the proprietor of this estaminet and, to all appearances, she seemed to return his affection. They had many secret meetings. Suddenly one morning a provost guard took over the place, arrested the civilian inmates, and took them to the Base, where, a few days later, they were shot as spies. This fact came out in a manner that I cannot describe here. Anyway it will suffice to say the Swiss family were spies in the pay of Germany. In fact, the place was thoroughly searched; underground telephone wires were found leading from the estaminet to the German lines. This telephone system must have been laid a year or two previous to the declaration of war. The Swiss, by being genial and friendly with the soldiers and buying them liquor, had sometimes gotten them to speak of military happenings, and had gained valuable information for the enemy. For months the owners of the estaminet had been in constant communication with the German lines.

All this accounts for the fact that German shells never hit the place. Two days after the family had been executed, the Germans opened up with an hour's intense bombardment on the village, and no less than twenty-seven shells landed on

or near this estaminet. It was completely effaced. So, Sammy, during your stay in the trenches of France,

Beware of spies. Trust No One.

CHAPTER XVIII

SHIRT-HUNTS

IN the English Army the men in the trenches have given the nickname of "cooties" to body lice. This is a repulsive subject, but it must be faced by "Sammy." It is only a matter of a short time after arriving in France and getting up into the line, especially where the men have to sleep in billets, before the soldier is covered with vermin. No matter how clean he tries to keep himself, it will be impossible to avoid "cooties," because he has to occupy billets which have been used for three years or more, by thousands of troops. In these billets you will find old straw, perhaps over a foot deep, which has been ground fine by constant sleeping and walking. This straw and the walls of the billets are infested with lice. Of course, the straw can be removed and burned, but still the "cooties" will be in evidence. They simply shift their quarters to the walls of

the billet. In fact, the only way to rid a billet of lice is to set fire to it and burn it to the ground, but there is not much sense in doing this because you then will have no billet to sleep in. It is a case of choosing between two evils: either put up with the lice or sleep in the open.

"Cooties"

You may not believe it, but, repulsive and horrible as it sounds, it will be only a short while before you become used to "cooties" and "carry on" as usual. In the trenches several methods are used to keep this nuisance in check, but I will have to admit that the only way to get rid of cooties permanently is to be wounded and sent to a hospital where there are no "cooties."

I will personally recommend the following methods, though I will not guarantee their effectiveness. Still, by using these, great satisfaction will be afforded by the revenge wreaked on your ever present though uninvited guests.

A very handy weapon can be made in the following way: Take a piece of hardwood, about eighteen inches long; whittle it to the thickness of an ordinary meat skewer; polish it with sand or a piece of stone, so that it is smooth and will not splinter. Keep this weapon or "scratcher," as

they call it, constantly with you. An easy way of carrying it, while in the trenches or on the march, is to stick it in the right puttee (or legging), where it will always be handy and within reach.

Several firms advertise insect powders, but it is wiser to disregard these ads and spend your money for smokes or something else, which will afford a return for the money expended.

When clean underwear is issued, never put it on without first taking a bath—that is, if you are lucky enough to have bathing facilities present. I would advise taking over, or having the folks send to you, a few cakes of strong carbolic soap. Use this soap in bathing, and you will find the "cooties" will avoid you for a few hours.

Great Multipliers

"Cooties" multiply very rapidly, therefore it is not much use trying to exterminate them after they are good and healthy. The only effective way is to get them in the egg. Light a candle and pass the seams over the flame, being careful not to burn the garment. This will destroy the eggs of new "cooties."

Once again copying our English brothers, I will cite a common method which, in some cases, proved effective. Of course this method cannot

be used by the individual soldier, but the medical officer may find this formula very useful.

Where water facilities for bathing are under direct supervision of the Medical Department, it is recommended that the water be treated in the following manner: Use N. C. I. dusting powder. This consists of 96 parts naphthalene, 2 parts creosote, and 2 parts iodoform. The individual soldier may compound the following mixture: crude mineral oil, 9 parts; ordinary soft soap, 5 parts. Add to this 1 part of water. Then carefully anoint the body from the neck down, being sure that no parts are neglected. Do not put it on the head or in the hair, because "cooties" do not infest the head. Undergarments may also be dipped in a 10 per cent. solution of naphthalene and sulphur, or in gasoline or benzine, but this will give the garments an unsavory odor, which may, to the fastidious man, be worse than "cooties" (though I doubt it).

There are other methods, such as using disinfectants on clothes, but these are not for Sammy, as facilities are usually lacking.

As I have said, it will be impossible to devise a method which will *permanently* rid you of these pests. The best advice that I can give is to con-

stantly engage in a "shirt-hunt." Pick them off by hand; the thumb-nail is the weapon most commonly used in the trenches against "cooties." Strong pressure, exerted at the psychological (?) moment, will do the trick. After all, the real and only tip is to grin and bear them.

CHAPTER XIX

RATIONS IN FRANCE

THE question of feeding in the field is one of the most important factors to be reckoned with in this war. According to Napoleon, "An army travels on its stomach."

A soldier is human, of course. Place him in the front-line trench, wet, cold, covered with mud, *his belly empty*, and he becomes indifferent,—he does not care whether he is killed or wounded. If he is killed, he is out of the mess; if he is wounded, why that means home and three squares a day.

But if that same soldier has a warm feeling in the region of his stomach, and has to let out a couple of holes in his belt, although he may be cold otherwise and muddy and uncomfortable, he says to himself: "The people at home cannot control the weather and they are doing all they can to make me comfortable, therefore it is up to me to go 'over the top' and hand Fritz what is

coming to him—with a couple of extra jabs for good measure," so he "carries on" with the last ounce of his strength and the last drop of his blood. That is soldier psychology, as any veteran will tell you.

Perhaps the draftman after entering a concentration camp has good reason to growl about his rations. They are liable to be below the standard. This is to be expected, at first, because everything is topsy-turvy, and it is an enormous task to properly handle hundreds of thousands of men at a few months' notice.

He undoubtedly thinks: "Well, if they cannot feed me in the United States, what is going to happen to me when I get over in France?" This sounds very logical but it is wrong. When the American soldier reaches France he'll be very agreeably surprised to find that he will be at least thirty per cent. better fed than he was at home. He will also find that it is much easier to soldier on active service than it is to endure the monotony and hard grind of a five or six months' training period at an army camp in the United States.

In France there is always something new to occupy the mind, and you have that feeling of

confidence based on the knowledge that at last you are a real soldier and are accomplishing things.

While in the United States the draftman will have nothing to do with the handling of his own rations, except on short drills and a few special occasions. The worry and responsibility are left to the company cooks, but on his arrival in France, he will be disappointed and pretty well jolted to find that the rations are issued *individually*, and that the soldier himself is responsible for their care and preservation.

Our Allies in this war learned, through hard experience, many new and valuable lessons. The United States is entering the war three years later, and we should profit by the experience and mistakes of the other nations.

In many instances the mode of handling troops, supplies, rations, etc., will be copied from the French and English. The rationing of the English army is practically perfect, and the systems used by them will no doubt be used by Uncle Sam,—therefore, I will briefly run over the methods used in issuing, handling, and bringing up rations, as personally observed by me, while soldiering in the English Army.

Rationing behind the Lines and in Rest Billets

Rations are transported by the Army Service Corps, or A. S. C. as it is called. Every twenty-four hours this corps brings up rations to the brigade quartermaster. The brigade quartermaster divides them into lots according to the numerical strength of the commands to which they will be issued.

The regimental or battalion quartermasters are notified to draw rations for their units. These quartermasters notify the officers in command of companies, batteries, etc. These officers in turn notify their quartermaster sergeants, and these sergeants, with details of men to help them, report to the regimental or battalion quartermasters and receive the rations for their commands. The rations are then brought to the company's stores. In each platoon of a company, a non-commissioned officer, usually a corporal, assisted by two other men, (in addition to his other duties), is detailed to draw and issue rations for his platoon. The rations are then brought to the billets of the respective platoons and the issue to the individual soldier takes place.

Rations such as fresh meats, tea, coffee, flour, etc., are turned over to the company cooks by the company quartermaster sergeants, the in-

dividual soldier doing no cooking, just handling "dry" rations, as they are termed. These "dry" rations generally consist of fresh bread, tinned meats, jams, onions, cheese, tinned butter, raisins, biscuits or "hardtacks," pickles, etc.

Rations in Front-Line Trench

After getting into the front-line trench the soldier's menu will take a tumble, because great difficulty will be experienced in bringing up hot food, especially if the Germans are bombarding. Each soldier carries what is called emergency or "iron rations." These consist of a tin of corned beef, four hardtacks, Oxo cubes (concentrated beef tablets), dry tea, and a little sugar. Emergency rations are *only to be used in dire necessity*, when the regular ration issued cannot be brought up.

Under cover of darkness, generally around 9 o'clock, the company transport, which consists of fifty men, mules, horses, and limbers, brings up the rations to the entrance of the communication trenches. At this point the rations are turned over to the company sergeant-major, who, with a detail, sorts the rations into platoon lots. The detail is then divided into four squads, each now becoming a "ration party." It is their duty to carry these rations through the communication

trenches to the front-line trench. At this point the squads separate and distribute rations to sections and platoons, according to their stations in the front line.

At these stations the rations are received by the platoon or section non-commissioned officer, who distributes them to the individual men. In the rear of the communication trenches, generally in a shell-destroyed village, the company cooks are stationed in a billet; here they cook the meals and are very careful to screen all light and smoke from their fire, otherwise enemy artillery fire would be drawn with resulting damage and casualties. At night each platoon or section non-commissioned officer details men to act as mess orderlies for the ensuing day. The mess orderlies report to the cooks about half an hour before each meal; the cooks then divide the cooked rations into lots, according to the numerical strength of the platoons or sections. The rations are placed in oval-shaped iron pots called "dixies." These "dixies" have two handles, one on each side, through which two wooden stakes can be passed. Two men place these stakes on their shoulders, and the "dixie" is carried into the front line trench. A metal cover hermetically seals a "dixie," thus

preventing the contents from cooling or becoming filled with mud or dirt from the walls of the trench. The breakfast generally consists of one slice of bacon per man and about a quart of hot tea. Roast beef, mutton, and occasionally fish, are on the bill of fare for dinner. But stew or "slum," as it is called in the American army, is issued more often than anything else.

About 4.30, hot tea again reaches the front-line trench. Sometimes the Germans establish a barrage of fire across the communication trenches, preventing rations from coming up, and the soldier in the front line has to economize accordingly. But on the whole the food is excellent and there is plenty of it.

CHAPTER XX

"THE SKY-FIGHTERS"

SINCE the United States entered the Great War there has been a great deal of talk about aeroplanes,—what they can do, how they can do it, and why they are necessary to win the war. The average civilian has a very vague idea of the actual work of the aeroplane in the field. A vision of thousands of aeroplanes in the air dropping bombs all over Germany is constantly before his eyes.

I do not intend to go into the theory of aeroplanes, but a few pointers on their actual work, as personally witnessed by me, while serving on the Western Front in France, may help "Sammy" to get a better idea of their real value. To be safe from anti-aircraft guns, an aeroplane must fly very high. The plane travels at a high rate of speed, and objects on the earth, such as houses, woods, rivers, roads, columns of

moving troops, supply trains, etc., appear very minute.

Bombing from Aeroplanes

To cause serious damage to any of the above objectives, a dropping bomb must make a direct hit,—that is, the bomb must strike the object, or within a few feet of it. Taking into consideration the various currents of air between the aeroplane and the earth, and the high rate of speed at which the plane must travel, it is evident that it is very difficult to make a direct hit. In fact the chance of success is about one in a hundred.

To get a concrete idea of the difficulty, mount a Fifth Avenue bus travelling about fifteen miles per hour. Take an ordinary buckshot, look over the top of the bus, and try to drop this shot so that it will hit or even drop within two or three inches of a match on the road. After trying this about one hundred times you will appreciate the airman's little job when he tries to make a direct hit with a bomb.

The Eyes of the Artillery

Aeroplanes in this war are the eyes of the artillery.

You must remember that during all bombardments the artilleryman, who actually fires the gun, seldom, if ever, sees the

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British Airmen.

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German Dirigible Returning to Potsdam after Reconnoitering Trip.

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At U. S. Aviation Training Camp.

object fired at, and is seldom able to observe the effect of his shell. In other words, the big guns miles behind the lines are practically blind. Of course, there are observation posts in the trenches, in trees, in buildings, and on high spots of the ground. Observation officers, with powerful glasses, are stationed in these posts, and through telephonic connection are in constant touch with their batteries. Every battery has what is called a range chart. Distinctive objects in the landscape within the zone of fire covered by this particular battery, are noted on this chart, each object being numbered with its range. The Observation Officer, or O. O., as he is called, telephones to the battery the number and range of the object to be fired at, and the number of rounds to be fired. Now these O. O.'s can only observe and direct the fire upon objects which they can actually see, therefore it is up to the aeroplanes to reconnoiter and search out enemy guns, moving troops, redoubts, trenches, etc., which are obscured from the sight of the Observation Officer. To do this it is necessary in many instances to fly over and behind the enemy lines.

Now the question arises: Does the aeroplane have to return to the battery with this informa-

tion, or are there ways in which it can communicate the intelligence to the battery, while in flight? Sometimes, if the aeroplane is near the battery and it observes a fire objective, the information is written in code on a slip of paper and then enclosed in a small metal tube. Swooping low, the aeroplane drops this tube in the near vicinity of the battery, where it can be readily secured by one of the artillerymen. Each battery has a code prearranged with its air observer, and there are men detailed to watch every move of the observing plane, through powerful field glasses or telescopes. Signals are sent by the aeroplane in its flight. Movements of the plane,—a spiral in the air, "looping the loop," describing the figure eight, and other eccentric maneuvers may all convey instructions, as per prearranged code, for the battery to open fire on the enemy objective.

Frequently information is transmitted through wireless apparatus, with which nearly all aeroplanes are equipped.

Another and very commonly used method of conveying information is by bursts of fire from the machine gun which the airman carries. The Morse telegraph code is used, and the observer in

the aeroplane makes the dots and dashes by firing his machine-gun in a certain way.

Aeroplane Raids

The aeroplane is also very useful for raiding munition plants, arsenals, ammunition dumps, railroads, supply trains, and moving bodies of troops, but, as stated before, these are very difficult to hit, unless the aeroplane flies very low, and in doing so it incurs great risk.

The practical uses of the aeroplane therefore may be rated in value as follows:

First—Artillery observation.

Second—Scouting.

Third—Bombing raids.

The aeroplane has eliminated the surprise attacks, flank movements, and strategy of former wars. Now modern warfare means digging and living in ditches, hammering with artillery, trying to smash the other fellow. Armies may be compared to two heavyweights in the ring, trying to wear each other down by showering blows on the body, all the fine foot work and "hit and get away" methods being eliminated. The two armies on the Western Front are really nothing but two grindstones rubbing together. The one which wears away first will be the vanquished. If the Allies can secure and maintain the supremacy of

the air and so blind the enemy artillery, the issue of the war will never be in doubt. But it will be a slow, tedious, and costly process.

How to Distinguish Aeroplanes

There are several ways of distinguishing the enemy aeroplanes from your own. I will give the two main ones that are ordinarily used by the soldier. If the plane is flying low enough it is a simple matter, because the enemy's planes have two black "iron crosses" on them, while on the bottom of the Allied planes are painted two rings, one within the other, thus resembling a red, white, and blue target. The French planes generally have the tricolor painted on the rudder. If the planes are flying too high to distinguish them, the soldier depends on the anti-aircraft guns, or "pom-poms," for his information. The Allied air shells give forth a *white* puff of smoke when exploding, while the German shells emit *black* smoke. If you see a plane being shelled (they nearly always are being shelled, though seldom hit), and the puffs of smoke are white, you immediately know it is a German aeroplane, because your own batteries are firing at it. If the puffs around the plane are black, it belongs to the Allies, because then German guns are attacking.

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Observation Post Built on Trees by British Troops.

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British Anti-Aircraft Guns (observer to right.)

At night it is very easy to tell when an aeroplane or airship is in your vicinity by the loud humming sound made by the motor.

If an enemy plane is sighted while on the march in the daytime, and the order to halt is given, the troops should sit down and be careful not to move. *Never look up at the plane*, because white faces can be easily distinguished by the airmen.

Spirit of the Airmen

The *esprit de corps* of the airmen in the English army is wonderful. The Royal Flying Corps has an unwritten law that no *one* man's deeds in this war will be exploited, but that the credit will reflect upon the whole corps. In isolated cases, where the Victoria Cross has been awarded to a flying man for conspicuous bravery, it has been necessary to bring this man's name before the public, but the announcement was neither made by the man himself nor the Royal Flying Corps.

An airman must be a quick thinker, at all times ready to sacrifice his life; he must have daring and nerve and be perfect physically and mentally. I will relate an incident which illustrates the need of these qualities. No doubt by many readers of this book this incident will be remembered as happening in the earlier stages of the war. A

certain aviator of the Royal Flying Corps went on an air raid into Belgium; his objective was to bomb certain Zeppelin sheds. After a very dangerous flight these sheds were sighted. The Germans, having received information that he was coming over, were ready for him. They sighted the English plane, and their anti-aircraft guns got busy, but this did not daunt the airman. He "carried on" and, getting near the Zeppelin sheds in question, he decided to make a low swoop in order to bomb them. The fire from the German guns became so intense and shells were bursting so near him, that he knew that in a minute or so he and his plane would be crippled and brought to the ground.

Then his nerve, daring, and quick thinking, came to the fore. He figured that he would be killed anyway, as there seemed no possible chance to escape the intense shellfire. So he worked this ruse: when a shell burst very near him, he made his plane swerve, drop, and describe queer evolutions in the air, giving the German gunners the impression that he had been hit. Their fire ceased immediately and they rushed toward the Zeppelin shed at which they figured the aeroplane would crash to the earth. Executing a

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German Bomb-Dropping Taube.

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French Sausage Balloon Rising from Immense Mine-Crater.

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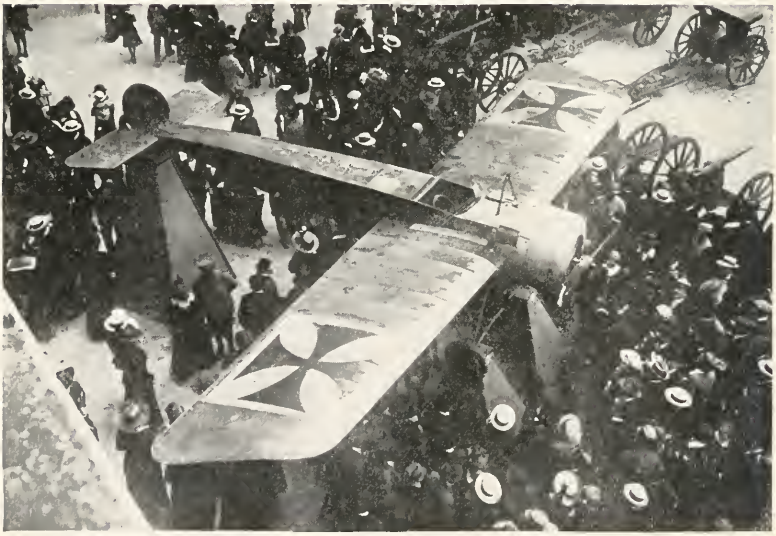
French Military Dirigible.



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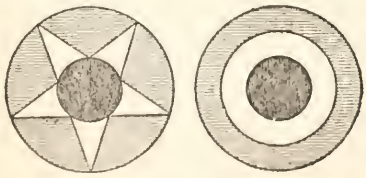
Captured German Fokker on Exhibition in Paris.

"nose dive," the aviator came within a few feet of the Zeppelin shed, then, righting his plane, he dropped a bomb which landed squarely on the roof of the shed, completely destroying the shed and the Zeppelin and many of the Germans who had rushed to witness *his* death. Then climbing rapidly, before the amazed Germans came to their senses, he was practically safe from their anti-aircraft guns. The aviator returned safely to the English lines. This was his comment on the published report of his wonderful achievement:

"It was a case of doing something quickly to save my skin. It was very lucky indeed that my bomb landed on the shed. The thing itself was quite easy and simple and I succeeded only through the stupidity of the Germans."

The fact of the matter was that this airman felt in his own heart and soul that he was going to be killed and he quickly determined that he would do as much damage as possible before they got him. Such is the caliber of the airmen.



AIRPLANE MARKINGS

CHAPTER XXI

THE GUNS

TO the average civilian, artillery is a vague term. He pictures monstrous guns, manned by sweating crews and belching forth fire, smoke, and shells into the enemy territory. He thinks it must be glorious to man a gun and watch your shells smash trenches, houses, dugouts, and woods. Then in fancy he sees the lighter guns, with caissons and limbers drawn by eight to sixteen powerful horses, dashing madly over the open spaces, with shells bursting all around, and he glories in it all. But the artillery on the Western Front *is very different* from this highly-colored picture.

Artillery fire is a science, and is directed and controlled by cool calculation of numbers,—in fact, it is more or less a mathematical problem. The gunner does sweat and he *is* under shell fire, but he seldom if ever sees the object fired at, or the direct effect of his bursting shell.

Camouflage

One of the most important things to make the artillery efficient is proper concealment from enemy observation. This concealment, or camouflage, has in the last eighteen months of the war developed into a science. Batteries so conceal their guns by digging emplacements in the ground, and using wire screens and brushwood and painted canvas, that it is almost impossible for an observing enemy plane to locate them. Not only do the armies conceal their guns, but they camouflage the roads which lead to them, and over which ammunition, supplies, and troops are brought. High screens, painted to resemble the surrounding terrain, are nailed to posts along the edges of the road. Roads are also roofed with painted screens in such a clever manner that they defy enemy air observation. All work, to escape observation, must necessarily be done at night. If the job cannot be completed before daybreak, the workers, just before dawn, camouflage their work with screens, sandbags, dirt, sod, or branches of trees, according to the nature of the surrounding ground, thus preventing enemy aeroplanes from reporting their activities.

A much-used and successful ruse of the artillery

is mounting dummy guns, so that they may be observed by enemy air scouts. The real guns are located either well in front, to the rear, or to the right and left of the dummy. The range of the camouflage gun is communicated to the enemy artillery, and it is only a short time before shells begin to drop around it, while the real guns are firing in comparative safety.

Another ruse used by the artillery to deceive enemy gunners is worked in the following way:

Several shells are "dudded" or fixed so they will not explode and then are fired into the enemy lines, the time fuses having been set so as to give the enemy the impression that the batteries firing the shells are either very close or far away. The enemy artillerymen dig up these "duds," examine the time fuses, and, as they think, get the exact range of the English battery. This trick has become time-worn, and only a green artilleryman will fall for it. Still there are a good many green artillerymen left in the German army, judging from some of the stunts that the British put over on them.

Disposition of Batteries

On the Western Front the smaller caliber guns are nearest the firing line, fifteen and eighteen pounders being

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Camouflage Protecting Italian Line of Communication.

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Using a Cow for Camouflage. The Animal is Actually Standing on Roof of a Concealed Battery.

first. They range back until the heaviest, the 9.2 or fifteen-inch howitzer is reached, thousands of yards behind the front-line trench. Smaller guns are used for demolishing enemy barbed wire and shelling his troops with shrapnel, while the larger caliber shells are used for searching out dugouts, ammunition dumps, artillery emplacements, and for shelling villages, etc.

The hardest work of the artillery is not during a bombardment, but after the infantry has pushed well into the German lines and consolidated the captured positions. Then the guns have to be moved up across shell-destroyed territory, the wheels often sinking up to the hub in gluey, sticky mud. Those of larger caliber have to be slowly snaked along, foot by foot, by huge tractors and caterpillar engines, and new concrete emplacements must be constructed. It is a giant task but somehow or other the artilleryman gets away with it.

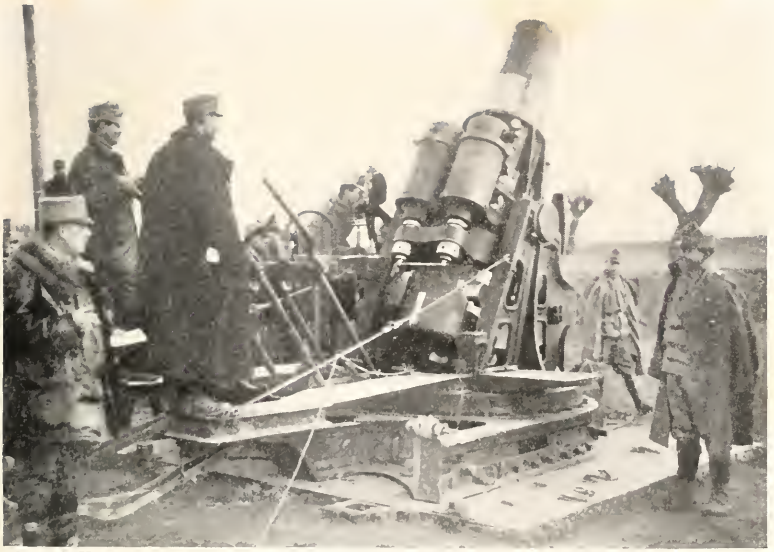
The French "Seventy-five" is the finest gun of its caliber in this war. It fires a shell 2.99 inches in diameter. One strong point in favor of the "seventy-five" is that it does not have to be relayed, the recoil being so adjusted that it throws the gun back into its original firing

The Famous "Seventy-five"

position. If pushed, the French "seventy-five" can fire thirty shots per minute. It is amusing to witness a battery of these guns in action. To the layman it is confusion,—French soldiers run around, carrying shells in their arms like babies, colliding with each other, and begging each other's pardon. You marvel at it, for in spite of all this seeming confusion, the old gun is rapidly spitting fire and pong, pong, ponging away. The "seventy-five" is the French artilleryman's sweetheart. I have seen a Frenchman go up to a "seventy-five," throw his arms around the gun, and kiss it several times, crooning to it as if it were his child and crying "Vive la France!" He looks upon this gun as the savior of France.

The Fifteen-inch Howitzer

Fifteen-inch howitzers must be fired from sound-proof dugouts; in fact the concussion is so great that tiles and plaster on the roof of nearby billets are loosened and fall after each discharge. The gun is generally located in a wood, and immediately after it has been fired, for yards and yards around, the trees bend and wave as if a cyclone were passing. It is quite a shock to a soldier, peacefully wending his way down a road, to hear suddenly, fifty or sixty yards to his right or left, the 9.2 or fifteen-



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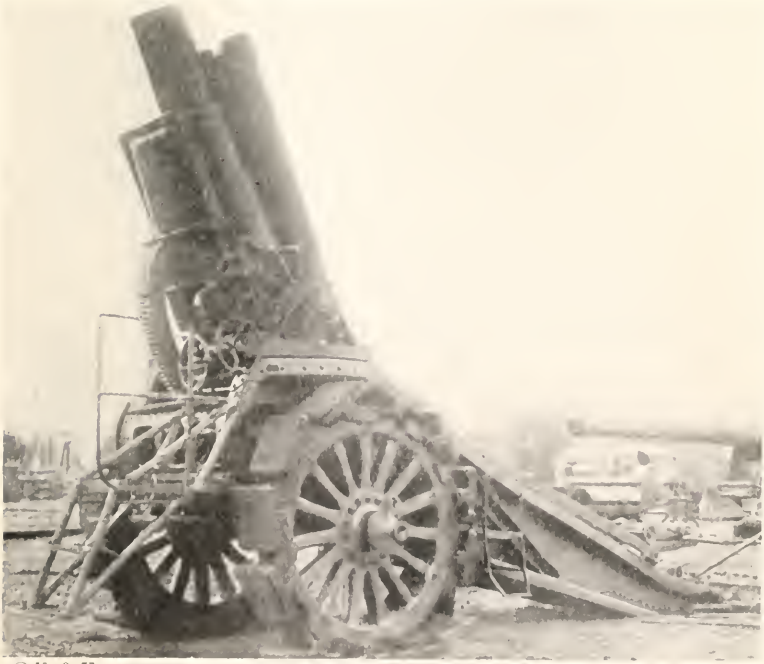
Austrian Skoda Gun.



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Krupp Siege Mortar.

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Famous "French Seventy-Five," often called "The Savior of France."

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British Howitzer.

(Note Camouflage over Gun.)

inch howitzer open up. The concussion is horrible. In fact, the soldier often thinks a German shell has registered a direct hit upon his steel helmet.

Shrapnel

Shrapnel is perhaps the most commonly used word in this war. You hear it everywhere, you read it everywhere, but how many really know what it is? Even on the Western Front, if you should ask a soldier who is not an artilleryman, to describe shrapnel, his description would be vague and unconvincing. To the draftman, no doubt, "shrapnel" looms up like some monstrous giant, ready to gobble him up as soon as he lands in France. Forget it. Shrapnel's bark is worse than its bite.

I have gone down a road in rear of the front line which was being shelled with shrapnel. In several instances, shrapnel balls kicked up the dust a few feet from me, but I came through without a scratch. If you will realize that you only occupy a very small place and that shrapnel has the remainder of France in which to scatter itself, it will be comparatively easy to figure out the chance of being hit.

Shrapnel is a shell loaded with small steel or iron balls about the size of a marble, imbedded in rosin. It carries a time fuse and bursting charge.

This time fuse is "set" before placing the shell in the breech of the gun, and can be timed so that the shell will explode over the desired spot, presuming, of course, that the range is correct.

Upon firing, the empty shell case is left in the breech of the gun, just as in a shot gun. The complete shrapnel, time fuse, etc., make rapid revolutions (caused by the rifling of the gun), and travel at a high rate of velocity. The flash from the fuse ignites the powder in the pocket and the diaphragm is driven forward, separating the powder pocket from the part containing the shrapnel balls. This separates the fuse body from the end of the shell casing while the forward end of the shell casing is greatly arrested. On leaving the casing, the diaphragm plows through the shrapnel balls, scattering them all around, the rosin in which they were embedded having been melted by the explosion and the friction caused by driving the shrapnel and rosin from the shrapnel casing.

The exploding powder forms gases, which, issuing from the end of the casing, add still further velocity to the balls, making them destructive within a radius of sixty feet or more from the point where the shrapnel breaks.

After the break or explosion of a shrapnel, the nose cap or head of the shell continues advancing, followed by the diaphragm, powder tube, the spread of shrapnel, etc. The casing, losing its momentum, falls to the ground.

Shrapnel which breaks properly does not scatter fragments of its shell, but if the time fuse is defective and the shell fails to break in the air it hits the ground, explodes on contact, and fragments of the steel shell are scattered in all directions. Damage caused by flying fragments of steel shell is frequently credited to shrapnel, when really it is the result of the explosion of a H. E. or high explosive shell.

In the fire trench digging shrapnel balls out of the parados or rear wall of the trench, is one of the indoor sports. It is easy to collect a pocketful of these missiles after a shrapnel bombardment. I have seen several bombardments which did not produce a single casualty in our ranks—so do not be afraid of Mr. Shrapnel when you hear him on the way.

Artillery Formation under Fire

If a body of troops is suddenly shelled when marching down a field, there is only one formation which will prevent heavy casualties. If the troops

scatter and flee in all directions, many will be killed, and the command will be demoralized.

We will say a battalion of four companies is marching in columns of fours down a road. Suddenly enemy artillery opens up. Two sharp whistle blasts are blown from the head of the column. The leading company immediately goes to the right into a field on the side of the road, the second company going into the field on the left of the road, the third company taking the right of the road, and the rear company taking the left. Then the companies divide into platoons, the platoons into squads, dotting the fields like checkers on a checker board. The first four lie flat on the ground, the second four crouching as low as possible over them, the third four kneeling, and so on, the men remaining motionless. This is called artillery formation and on the Western Front is very effective against shell fire.

Instinct for Cover

A soldier under fire for the first time is naturally very nervous and agitated. He hears a shell come screaming over and instinctively runs to any object for protection, even if it is only the painted screen of a wall. This instinct for cover is very human. I have seen a man, during

a heavy bombardment, crouch behind a bush on the roadside, apparently satisfied that he was safe. He did not seem to be very worried because he was smoking a cigarette. In the front-line trenches ponchos or waterproof sheets are spread during rainy weather across the top of the trench, the men getting under these sheets for shelter from the rain. They hear a shell coming over and there is a mad rush to get under this rubber protection, and the fellow who is left in the open feels very much afraid.

It is really pitiful—this instinct for cover, but in some cases still it has its amusing side. There was a Jock of the London-Scottish who was bringing up through a communication trench a jar of rum for the morning's rum issue. The Germans opened up suddenly with a few "Whizz Bangs." The Scottie ducked, and, keeping the rum in front of him, commenced to run forward until the voice of his sergeant arrested him with: "Put that jar behind you; do you want it to get hit?" The jar of rum safely reached the front-line trench, and I suppose the sergeant took all the credit for his presence of mind.

This instinct is so common that the new recruit, when he reaches the zone of fire, will actually

imagine that *every rifle* and *gun* in the German Army is aimed at him. They are *not*. In fact the Germans do not know you have enlisted. Figure out the number of bullets that miss and the very few that hit, then shake hands with yourself and "carry on" the good work of "strafeing Fritz."

CHAPTER XXII

TRENCHES AND REST BILLETS

THE average person has a very vague idea of the construction of a front-line trench or fire trench. A short explanation may not be amiss.

Trench Construction

The front line or fire trench as it is known is the trench nearest to the enemy. In front of the fire trench is a barbed-wire entanglement. This wire entanglement is constructed slightly lower than the parapet of the trench and about ten feet in front of it so that the sentries in the trenches may observe and fire over the top of the wire. The barbed wire-entanglement consists simply of stakes about three feet high, driven firmly into the ground to an average depth of twenty feet and about two to three feet apart. That is, the barbed-wire entanglement is about twenty feet deep and miles long. The wire is twined around

the stakes in such a manner that it is a physical impossibility for soldiers to go through the entanglement unless it has previously been blown up by shell fire or cut with wire cutters.

The fire trench is divided into fire bays, the fire bay being the distance between two traverses. The average fire bay on the Western front is about thirty feet long. The traverse is merely a barricade in the trench reinforced with sandbags and revetted with branches of trees to prevent the earth from caving in during wet weather and thus blocking the traffic in the trench. The traverses are used to prevent enfilading fire. Suppose a trench were built in a direct line without any barricades. If the Germans should take a section of the trench on the right or left it would be an easy matter for them to mount a machine gun and wipe out these straightaway trenches for a distance of hundreds of yards (the range of the Vickers machine gun being 2800 yards). In a traversed trench, however, enfilading fire is prevented. Furthermore, if a shell should burst in a straightaway trench it would wound or kill men on its right and left, according to the calibre and force of its explosion. But if a shell should drop into the fire bay where the trench is traversed it could only kill or wound the men

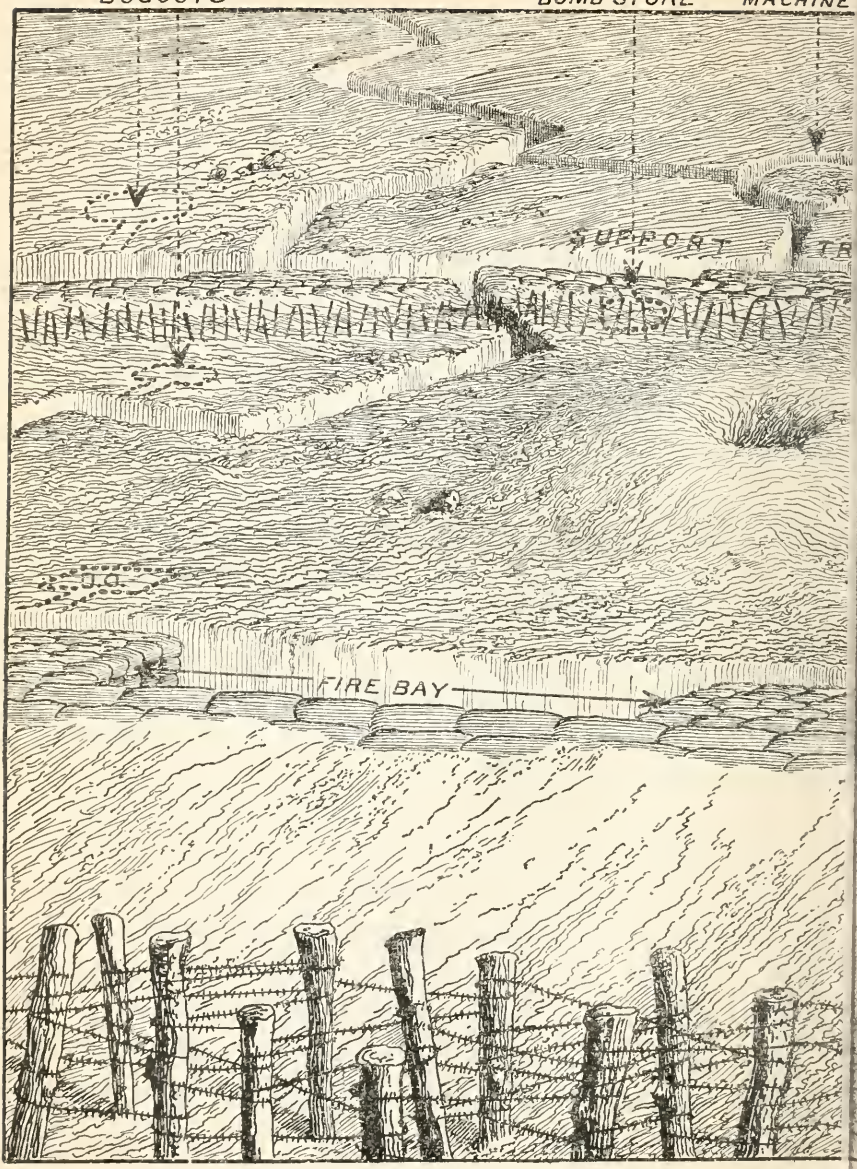

Diagram of Fire, Support

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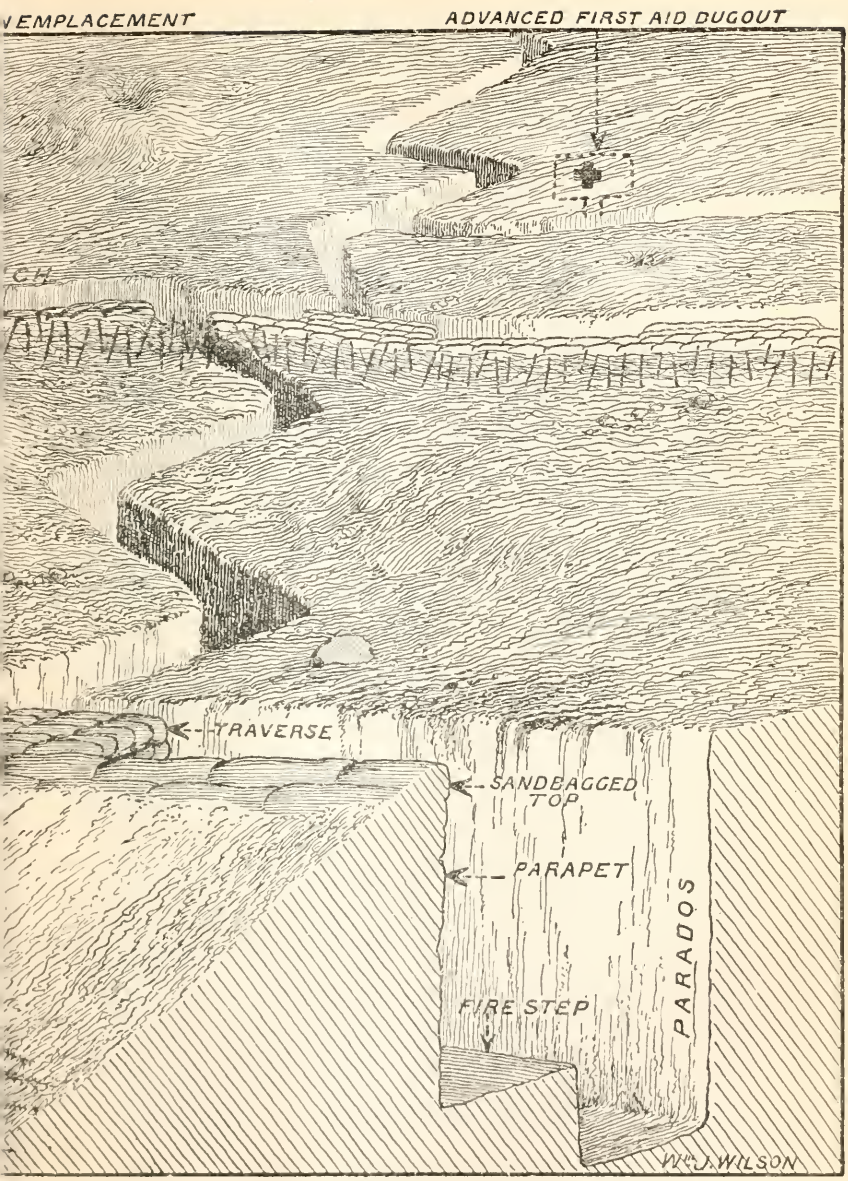


Communication Trenches.

o scale.)

occupying that fire bay, the traverses protecting the men in the fire bays on the right and left.

The front wall of the trench is called the parapet, and the rear wall is called the parados. The top of the front wall of a fire trench or parapet is reinforced with two to four layers of sandbags. These sandbags are covered with dirt. Cleverly disguised loopholes for sniping and observation purposes are constructed in the front wall or parapet of the trench.

Saps or trenches run from the fire trench, cleverly disguised, underneath the barbed wire and out in to No Man's Land and are known as listening posts or bombing saps.

At the bottom of the front wall of the fire bay is constructed a heavy wooden platform about two feet wide and about two and a half feet high, heavily reinforced underneath with sandbags or earth. This platform is called the fire step, and by standing on it soldiers at night can look over the top of the trench in the direction of the German lines, listening and observing for undue activities on the part of the Germans in No Man's Land, such as working parties, wiring parties, bombing raids, reconnoitering patrols. During an attack the soldier standing

in the fire step can rest his rifle on the parapet, mount a machine gun on it, and thus cover the advancing enemy with his fire.

The average English trench is between six to eight feet deep while that of the German averages eight to ten feet.

Dugouts with shell-proof covers and bomb stores are sometimes built into the front wall of the trench but are usually constructed in the parados, nearly always in the rear of a traverse, the traverse thus preventing enemy fire from enfilading the entrance of dugouts.

The communication trenches generally join the front-line trench in the rear of the traverse for the same reason. Communication trenches are built in zigzag formation, the zigzag taking place of traverses and preventing enfilading fire In nearly all sectors of the line on the Western front communication trenches are about three feet wide and are used as "one-way" streets. These "one-way" streets prevent confusion in the relief of battalions in trenches. One communication trench is used for the entrance of troops and the other for the departure of troops. Runners or orderlies, however, and stretcher-bearers, officers, bombers, and machine gunners can leave or enter without

regarding the "one way" rule. In all communication trenches recesses are built in at certain intervals, in order that stretcher bearers, ration carriers, etc., may step into the recess while incoming or outgoing troops are passing.

In the rear of the front line there generally runs a support trench. This, like the fire trench, is equipped with a fire step and barbed-wire entanglements. It is the trench from which supplies such as bombs, ammunition, food, etc., and also reinforcements can be quickly supplied to the fire trench. It also affords a retreat for troops who have been driven out of the front-line trench. It is more or less of a fort.

In the support and communication trenches, dugouts are built, some of them being used for advanced first-aid dressing stations. The communication trenches, some of them over a mile in length, run back into roads or villages. All communication, fire, and support trenches, etc., are named and at the entrance of same will be found guide posts inscribed with the names and perhaps arrows pointing and telling where the trench leads. You must understand that when you get into trenches you are more or less in a mystic maze and cannot observe the surrounding country. Therefore you

must rely on these sign posts to guide you to the desired points on the line.

In entering a communication trench the soldier descends two or three steps or goes down a gradual incline until the trench has reached a depth of six feet or over. Immediately in the rear of these trenches there generally is a village where reserve troops are quartered, occupying bomb-proof cellars dug deep below ruined houses. These are reinforced by sandbags and are supposed to be bomb-proof unless a shell registers a direct hit on them.

A few hundred yards behind the front-line trench you usually find a road with steep banks on each side. In these banks are huge elephant dugouts twenty to thirty feet deep. These dugouts are supported by immense steel girders resembling ribs of an elephant; hence their name. One of these dugouts can comfortably accommodate thirty to fifty men and they connect with each other by underground passageways. Reserve troops generally occupy the dugouts which are safe from machine gun and rifle fire and small caliber shells. Dressing stations are also located in these dugouts. When you come to a ruined village immediately behind the lines for the first time it seems only a

scene of destruction and desolation and it is hard to realize that the ground underneath is honeycombed with passageways and dugouts and that thousands of troops are quartered there out of sight and safe from enemy fire.

Rest billets are simply villages or towns converted into quarters or billets for troops. Troops, when little or no shelling is going on, occupy the houses themselves, but in case of shell fire they immediately retire to bomb-proof cellars dug beneath the village. Although they are called rest billets usually a soldier prefers to rest in a fire trench instead of doing the work he gets in the rest billets. They are simply headquarters for troops who are relieved from the front line or fire sector and while here, the men drill, repair roads, dig trenches, form working parties, carrying-in parties, etc., and are generally maids of all work for the men up the line. On the Western front a soldier must be kept busy, otherwise the time hangs on his hands and he gets into mischief with resulting lack of efficiency and discipline. While occupying rest billets a soldier must keep himself scrupulously clean, clean-shaven, his boots polished, equipment in apple pie order, and as "fit" as possible. The billets are

Rest Billets

constantly swept out, and the soldiers are required to take baths and change their underwear, but in spite of these precautions the "cootie" is ever present.

CHAPTER XXIII

FROM MY TRENCH NOTE BOOK

YOU remember the old adage:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost;
For want of a rider the battle was lost;
For want of a battle, the nation was lost;
And all for want of a horseshoe nail!"

The moral of this ancient adage is as sound in this great war as in any of old. So before discussing any more of the phases of life on the Western Front, I am going to give a few suggestions about little things that I learned through hard experience.

When a soldier enters the fire, or front-line trench, he generally is very curious and wants to poke his nose into everything. He has a great desire to look "over the top" of the parapet and get a glimpse of the German lines. Restrain this

curiosity, because it is liable to result in serious injury to yourself. You must remember that the Germans have a wonderfully efficient system of sniping and are always waiting for someone to expose himself.

Keep Your Head Down

In the daytime never look "over the top" unless you are ordered to do so. If your curiosity is so strong that it gets the better of your good judgment, take a peep through a periscope, but never bother or distract the sentry on duty at a periscope by asking him questions.

After looking through a periscope you will be disappointed,—all you will be able to see is barbed wire, an expanse of dirt, then the German barbed wire, and their trenches. These simply appear as thin white or yellow lines on the ground.

To make a periscope of your own, take a small mirror, tightly tie a piece of string or wire around it. Insert the point of your bayonet between the string or wire and the back of the mirror. Sitting on the fire step, close up against the parapet, raise the mirror, tilting it slightly backward, until you get a view of No Man's Land. Do not keep the mirror up very long, especially if the sun is shining,

because the rays will attract German snipers and draw their fire, and perhaps a bullet will hit your bayonet and ricochet into the trench, wounding or killing someone.

If for any reason you have to fire or look "over the top" in the daytime, do it very quickly and duck as soon as possible. *Never put your head up or fire twice in the same place*, because you may have been spotted by an enemy sniper and he doubtless has his rifle aimed at that particular spot, waiting for your head to reappear. The first rule in trench warfare is, "*Keep your head down.*"

If while leaning against the parapet you place your rifle on the fire step, always be sure that the bayonet does not protrude "over the top." (Bayonets are always kept fixed in the trenches.) It will reflect the sun's rays and will draw enemy fire and perhaps deflect a bullet into the trench with evil results.

Watch your Bayonet

Observe the same caution at night when on guard, with your head sticking "over the top." I always found it best to lay my rifle flat on the top, with the muzzle pointing toward the enemy, the right hand resting on the small of the stock. If you adopt this

position, your rifle is handy and is aimed in the right direction, if you have to fire quickly.

Rubbish

Never throw rubbish, the remains of your rations, or tin cans, out in front of your trench. This is liable to cause ricochets; the rations will not only feed the rats but, after decaying, will often cause disease. Remember it is a court-martial offense to do this.

Bashed In

If for any reason you have to pass a low and exposed part of the parapet, smashed by a German shell, bend low as you pass; do not think it is a sign of bravery to pass an opening standing up; it is only foolhardiness. Remember that German snipers nearly always have "set" rifles aimed at these low spots, waiting for a victim to pass. If you are carrying a board, or anything that is long and clumsy through the trench, do not carry it so that the end sticks "over the top"; be especially careful if during your trip you must pass a low or dangerous spot in the trench. The German snipers can see the end of the object you are carrying and of course realize that you must pass the dangerous place. They do not fire at the object you are carrying but aim their rifles or a machine gun at this point. By following the course of the moving object they

know just when you will expose yourself. Crack! a bullet gets you and then it is "Stretcher-bearers on the double"; you are either killed, wounded, or scared to death.

Don't Show Lights

At night, while in a trench, never light a match or show a light, because your sentries are on watch, with their heads "over the top." They will be silhouetted against the glare of your light,—firing results, and perhaps a casualty. It is a very grave offense to show a light at night in a trench.

In the daytime, when heating or cooking rations, be careful not to make any smoke, as this will draw enemy shell fire.

Also do not sing or make undue noise that can be heard in the enemy lines, because it will be followed by a few "Whizz-Bangs" or "Minnies."

Still another important caution: When you arrive in the sector immediately in rear of the fire and support trenches, do not use flash lights. Bear this in mind especially when going through communication trenches. Thirty to forty per cent. of the men on the other side buy these lights, as they are very useful behind the lines, but many a poor soldier has "Gone West," simply because

someone was careless in showing a light within the fire zone.

Fires

When starting a fire in a front line trench, cut up little dry sticks or shavings and use charcoal, if obtainable; then you will be safe from telltale smoke which will draw enemy fire. Be very careful of the use of charcoal in dugouts, especially if the ventilation is poor, because the charcoal will use up the oxygen in the air and cause severe headaches, or even death.

Beds

Remember that when you "take over" new billets after a march, it is up to you to secure a good "kip" or comfortable sleeping place. Don't be lazy; get busy, or else the other fellow will beat you to it. After picking out your sleeping place, dump your equipment on it; this establishes your claim. Then go to the Quartermaster stores and beg, steal, or buy an empty ammunition tin or wooden box. You do not want your rations to become covered with dust or to be chewed up by your ever-present neighbors, the rats, so use the aforesaid tin or box in this manner: Nail it *above your head*, about two feet from the ground. If you do this, you can place your candle on your ration box when lying down and so can read or write letters by the light.

Another reason is that your rations are within reach; if you happen to get hungry in the night, you will not disturb the other fellow who is asleep.

Across the open end of your ration box hang your towel, thus keeping out the dust and dirt, also keeping your towel dry for the morning. An empty sand bag can be used instead. Keep your mess outfit in this box and it will not be lost in the straw or appropriated by someone who needs a knife, fork, spoon, or mess tin. Your rations are safe from the rat burglars and your corner is always neat. Be sure and do this; it will help you.

Remember, especially in the winter time, that if you want to sleep warm you must not pile everything on top of yourself, if you do you will be cold. The following morning, if you ask the fellow next you how he slept during the night, you may be surprised to hear him say,—"Fine, tip top, warm as a bug in a rug." Immediately you class him as an A No. 1 liar, for you know that he had only one overcoat and one blanket over him, while you were cold and had your overcoat, two blankets, poncho, and blouse over you. But he was telling the truth. *He put the remainder of his covers under him.* So be sure and fix the bed beneath.

Remember this stunt, when you must sleep on the hard ground, and no straw is available: Lie down on your back on the spot where you intend to rest. Ask one of your mates to take his mess knife or bayonet and mark the places on the ground where your shoulder blades, hipbones, buttocks and heels touch. Then scoop out holes around these marks. You will sleep comfortably. This method will save many an ache and sore joint on the following day.

Shaving

Remember this when water is scarce, the weather cold, hot water unobtainable and there is no time to heat any for shaving,—*use tea.* This may be a trifle sticky, but it is a fact that tea has a softening influence on the most bristling and copper wire whiskers.

A Tasty Trench Dish

Remember that when you get sick of the regular issue of rations a very tempting and palatable dish can be made from parts of the regular ration issue in this way: Save your bacon grease and bread crumbs; take about a half pound of issue or store cheese; shave it with your jack knife or cut it into little pieces. (The shaving process is the better of the two.) Open a tin of "canned Willie" or canned beef; chop it up fine; thoroughly mix with the

cheese, bacon grease, and bread crumbs. Fry this in your mess tin over a candle until it begins to stew and *eat it quickly*, for as soon as the odor pervades the billet or dugout a crowd will gather round, asking for a handout. It is good stuff.

Grease

Remember that the best way to keep your bayonet, knife, fork, and spoon shining is to run them in and out of the ground several times. But carefully wipe them with a dry cloth afterwards.

Remember if your mess outfit is dirty and greasy that cold water will not clean it. Take earth and grass and scour the utensils—then wipe them with a clean rag. This will save lots of time and is a very efficient method for removing grease.

In Rainy Weather

A good way to keep papers, tobacco, matches, or handkerchief dry in rainy weather while in the fire trench is to sew a little pocket on the inside of your steel helmet large enough to carry these articles.

To dry wet shoes, heat small pebbles and place them in the shoes. Be careful not to have the pebbles hot enough to scorch or crack the leather.

Old Latrine

After filling in latrines, garbage holes, etc., do not fail to erect a sign stating, "Do not dig here—Old Latrine." The regiment

which relieves you is entitled to this courtesy. If no sign has been left to warn them, they are quite liable to dig at this spot with most unpleasant results.

"Duds"

Enemy shells which do not explode after dropping in your lines (commonly called "duds") should not be left lying around, as they are dangerous. They should be buried about six feet deep, and a sign erected over the spot reading, "Danger—Live Shells buried here, 6 feet down." This is important; it may be the means of saving lives. Hundreds of men have been killed digging trenches on the Western Front, by their picks or shovels striking buried live shells or bombs.

Right-of-Way

Remember that in the trenches, outgoing troops have the right-of-way over incoming troops. The troops relieved are tired and worn out and their nerves are on edge from their tour in the fire trench. They are apt to be grouchy and unreasonable. Overlook this; be patient and cheerful with them and help them if possible. They will love you for it, and when their grouch has evaporated, behind the lines they will spread the news that your regiment is a "fine bunch." Later on this will

help you in many ways, especially when you are detailed on a working party with some other regiment. If your regiment has a bad name, look out for a nasty detail, especially if the non-com. in charge hails from a different outfit.

Sunrise and Sunset

The hours before sunrise and the one just before sunset are the two danger periods when the trenches are likely to be attacked. Keep constantly on the alert during these two periods,—it will pay you to do so. These times are selected by the enemy, because they can charge across No Man's Land with greater safety as it is then too dark to properly aim rifles and machine guns.

Miscellaneous

You can take more liberties in the front-line trench than in the support or reserve trenches, because the enemy assumes that the front line is occupied, but if he sees or hears undue activity in the other lines, shelling will immediately result.

Whenever the enemy establishes a smoke barrage in front of your lines, keep a careful watch for poison gas, because, under cover of the smoke, he is liable to send over clouds of gas, which greatly resemble the former.

At night while in the fire trench (if orders have

not been issued to the contrary), fire occasionally; this may "get" a German working party or patrol out in front.

All work, such as digging, revetting, repairing barbed wire, and bringing up rations, is done at night. This in order to escape enemy air observation. If it were attempted in the daytime it would not be long before German shells would be dropping in the midst of the workers.

Digging or working parties, before quitting their work, should be very careful to make sure that the uncompleted work is carefully screened, so that, when daylight arrives, enemy airmen will not be able to see what has been done the night before. If this precaution is neglected, hostile airmen will notify their artillery, giving the range, etc., and when the working party resumes its work, the following night, it will be shelled.

Wire Cutters

The British Army has a very clever and efficient barbed-wire-cutting device. This is of metal and is attached to the muzzle of the rifle; in it there is a groove which a strand of wire fits. The soldier in an attack reaches the enemy barbed wire,—a couple of strands bar his way. He immediately places the wire-cutting attachment so that the wire fits

in the groove (this can be done instantly). He pulls the trigger and the bullet cuts the wire, the groove being so adjusted that the wire crosses the bore of the rifle.

On Attack

After troops gain a foothold in a German trench, the "cleaning out" process starts. If you are armed with a rifle and bayonet, and it is your duty to precede the bombing squad or party, be very careful in going around traverses or sharp turns in the trench, because you are liable to walk right into a group of Germans lying in wait.

While you are thus engaged, the bayonet should *always* be fixed, so do not carry your rifle at the ready or guard position when turning or looking around a corner, because the bayonet will protrude, thus warning the enemy of your approach.

The best method for carrying the rifle while "cleaning out" a hostile trench is as follows:

Grasp the small of the stock in the right hand, the left hand grasping the rifle a little above the balance. Now carry the rifle against the right shoulder, the right arm nearly straight and pointing downward. Right hand should touch right thigh. This will bring the left forearm across the chest. The position is similar to the old "carry arms."

The bayonet now points upward, but from this position you can instantly come to that of the guard. In this position it is easy to look around a sharp corner without being betrayed by your rifle or bayonet.

Sandbags

Before going over in an attack, strap two or three empty sandbags on your equipment. Later on these may prove invaluable. If you get into a hot corner where you are exposed to rifle or machine-gun fire, it is an easy matter to fill these sandbags with earth, thus making a cover which will prove very effective against bullets.

If in a captured trench, they will come in very handy, for with them you can build up the parados or strengthen the entrance to a dugout.

Sandbags also make excellent covers for the feet while sleeping. Just put your feet *in* a couple of sandbags and you will be surprised to learn how warm they keep. And, spread over straw, sandbags make very comfortable beds.

Elephant Dugouts

In taking over a part of the line, when you are in reserve, you will probably be assigned to large elephant dugouts—that is, if your part of the line has been occupied any length of time. Naturally you wish

to be as comfortable as possible. A good tip will not be amiss—get four or five of your bunkies together, and make a tier of wire cots. This can be easily done by getting two stout pieces of two by four. There ought to be lots of material in the ruined village. If there isn't, go out scouting, make friends with an engineer, and while you are engaging him in conversation, have a couple of your bunkies sneak the desired material from the engineer's dump or stores—but *don't get caught.* If you cannot get wire, go over to any picket line; they will be glad to give you some wire from bales of straw or hay. After getting your material, make the framework of a cot, using the two-by-fours for uprights. Then with your bale wire weave a spring. Get some sandbags; fill them with straw, hay, or grass; place them over this spring; another layer of empty sandbags, and you will have a bed fit for a king.

Tents

When pitching a tent, if possible have the door of the tent face south; this will keep you warmer, for if a north wind rises it will then hit the rear of the tent.

Mud is a great protection from shells. While crossing a muddy field or open space, if you hear a shell which is going to burst in your vicinity, drop

down flat in the mud,—the chances are a hundred to one that you will not be hit. The shell buries itself very deeply in the mud and explodes, the mud preventing the fragments from scattering to any great extent.

If you are not a machine gunner and are not detailed to help in the operation of a machine gun —that is, carrying ammunition, digging emplacements, etc.,—it is wise to avoid loitering in the near vicinity of the gun, because you are liable to be hit by enemy fire. One of the pet pastimes of German artillery is "searching out" machine-gun emplacements with shells.

Machine guns seldom use frontal fire; they just enfilade, owing to rapidity and narrow cone of fire. Guns on right and left protect its front. Only use battle emplacements during actual attack or else the artillery will tape you.

CHAPTER XXIV

PERISCOPES AND "SENTRY GO"

WHEN the American soldier enters a trench for the first time, he feels lonely and lost. He can see only walls of earth with a strip of sky for roof. But this loneliness soon passes away and is replaced by a feeling of security. He immediately becomes convinced that he is safe because he cannot be seen by the enemy. This, to a certain extent, is true, but if the enemy cannot see you, the fact remains that you cannot see the enemy. Soon the soldier's sense of security melts away and is replaced by a nervous wonder. What are the enemy doing? Are they crawling up on his trench? He has an irresistible desire to get up on the fire step and look over the top in the direction of the enemy lines.

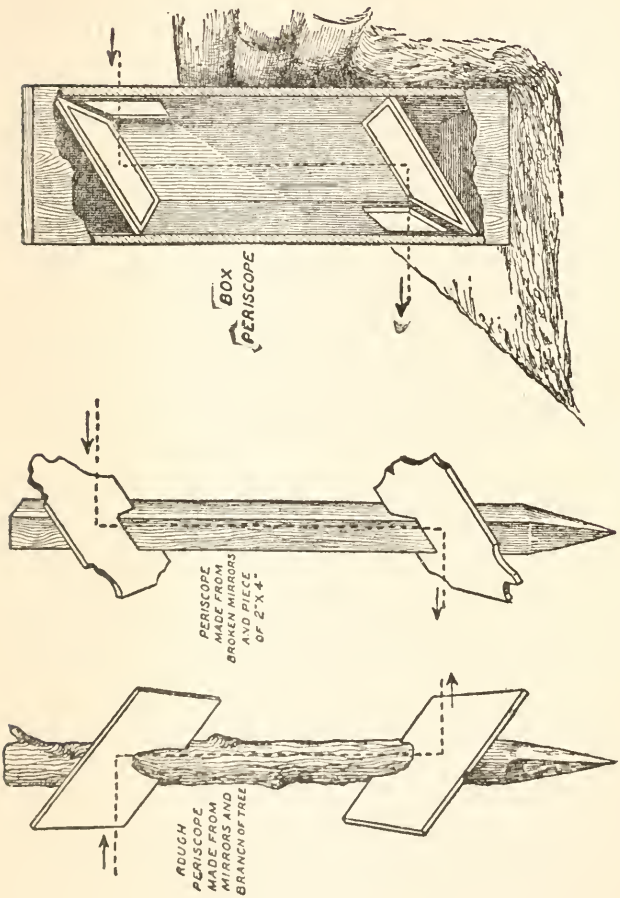
Periscopes

At night this curiosity may be satisfied with little danger to the person exposing himself, but in the daytime it is

suicide to look over the top of the trench, because enemy snipers are waiting for just such an opportunity to send you to Blighty. Early in the war there were devised means by which a soldier could see what was going on in No Man's Land during the day without exposing himself to fire. The periscope was used. Now there are many types of periscopes. The old box periscope, at the best a clumsy affair, was first tried. This presented an admirable target for enemy snipers and they were not slow in shattering them with bullets. The ordinary life of such a periscope was about twenty to thirty minutes, so the soldiers got busy and made their own.

This was a very easy matter, because a periscope consists simply of two mirrors placed at certain angles, one of them sticking over the top while the other is below in the trench. The arrangement of these mirrors enables the gazer to look into the lower mirror and see there the reflection of the upper mirror which reveals the ground in front of the trench.

To make one of these periscopes, take an ordinary stake or stick (as per illustration), cut two slots in same and insert the mirrors. Before exposing the upper mirror above the trench, see that it is


BOX PERISCOPE
PERISCOPE MADE FROM BROKEN MIRRORS AND PIECE OF 2"X 4"
ROUGH PERISCOPE MADE FROM MIRRORS AND BRANCH OF TREE

PERISCOPES

screened, so that the sun rays will not reflect on it and thus betray its position to the enemy. If the enemy spot a periscope they will not only turn rifle fire on it, but will open up with their trench mortars and make it very uncomfortable for the men stationed near. One disadvantage in the use of the periscope is that it makes distance seem greater than it really is. To make the image in the periscope clearer, attach binoculars to the lower mirror, at the proper angle. This will help greatly. No doubt the American soldier's natural ingenuity and inventiveness will in time discover methods far superior to the above.

"Sentry Go"

After entering the fire trench keep your wits about you. If you are placed on guard be sure that the sentry whom you relieve turns over all orders, warnings, instructions, etc., to you. Do not be afraid to ask questions. Do not take your post until you are perfectly familiar with it, the terrain in front, and modes and lanes of communication to your officer or non-commissioned officer. See that your footing is secure when standing on the fire step, that your head is sufficiently "over the top" to allow an unobstructed view of No Man's Land and that your rifle rests on the parapet.

Be sure that you are able to cover with a quick aim every object seen in the section you guard. See that the rifle is working perfectly, that the magazine is loaded, the ammunition clean, and that you have sufficient ammunition within easy reach. Make certain that your front and rear sights are free from mud and that the bore of your rifle has not become clogged with mud from the walls of the trench.

Orders are passed from firebay to firebay by word of mouth. Make a sentry passing an order down the line repeat it, and then repeat it yourself to the sentry on your left, making him in turn repeat it to you.

See that the gas gong is in working order.

Be familiar with the location of all dugouts, bomb stores, etc., so that in case of a gas alarm or infantry attack you will be able to warn your section of the trench quickly and thus give the men sufficient time to prepare for such an attack.

If the order, "No firing or challenging,—party out in front," has not been passed down the line, sharply challenge every moving or suspected object in No Man's Land. If the challenge is not immediately answered, do not be afraid to fire. Keep your nerve while on guard; if you allow

yourself to become shaky and nervous, you are liable to discharge your rifle at some imaginary object and thus unnecessarily alarm the men in the trench.

Of course, the above instructions cover night guard duty only. While your head is "over the top" you must never, for any reason, relax your vigilance, even though a stray bullet kicks up the dirt near you. Do not duck, because there is only one chance in ten thousand of your being hit. If an officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier addresses you from the rear, do not turn around to answer, even if it is in the line of duty. (If it is not in the line of duty, pay no tention at all to him.) If you turn, you divert your attention from the ground in front, and perhaps in this very second an enemy patrol or raiding party will cross your sector unobserved by you.

Before mounting the fire step see that a *flare pistol* is handy, with a sufficient supply of star shells. I used to place these on the top of the parapet, a little to my left. If you are uncertain about some object in No Man's Land which appears suspicious, send up a star shell aiming your pistol so that the star shell will pass over the object and fall behind it, thus silhouetting the

object against the bright light made by the burning shell. In the daytime, if you are stationed at a periscope and you know that you will mount guard at night on the same fire step, photograph on your mind a picture of the ground in front of you. Note all objects, depressions in the ground, shell holes, high grass, stumps of trees, or any other objects which would at night screen an enemy crawling toward your trench. This will help you wonderfully and will quiet your nerves, for a new sentry on guard at night, with his head sticking "over the top," generally imagines that every dark object in front of him is a battalion of Germans solely bent on the purpose of exterminating him, and he is constantly wondering what they will do with his body.

A sentry on guard in the winter time must be very careful of his feet,—they are liable to freeze, or contract the disease known as "trench feet." A sentry should not stamp his feet while on guard, because this necessarily distracts his attention from the sector in front. It is therefore up to him, hours before mounting guard, to see that his feet are properly cared for. Two pairs of dry clean socks will be sufficient to keep the feet warm and dry, especially if they are rubbed with soap or whale

oil. Before mounting the fire step, particularly in rainy weather, be sure that you fix a dry place on which to stand. I used to take five or six sandbags; doubling them I would place them on the fire step, thus gaining a firm hold, at the same time keeping my feet dry and warm.

Before mounting the fire step see that your puttees or leggings are not laced too tightly. Tight lacing stops the circulation and may result in frozen feet in very cold weather. In the English Army a case of frost bitten feet is liable to be punished by court-martial, for the reason that except in very rare cases, the trouble results from the soldier's negligence.

If you carry a piece of cheese and biscuit in your pocket and occasionally munch same, the time will pass much more quickly. Remember that you are not an ornament for the trench. You are there to exercise the strictest of vigilance, and to guard your mates and yourself. Do your duty and do it well.

The Runner to the Sentry

If you are detailed as a runner to a sentry, your duty is to sit on the fire step at his feet, and carry messages to the officer or "non-com" in charge, or to pass orders from firebay to firebay. While

thus engaged (especially at night) be careful to challenge every person who enters your firebay. If the person challenged cannot answer every question or challenge in a satisfactory manner, arrest him and call for the officer or "non-com." Do not, upon your own responsibility, let any one, be he officer or enlisted man, pass through, unless you are personally satisfied that he is above suspicion.

CHAPTER XXV

MACHINE GUNS AND SNIPERS

EVERY soldier in the army should know how to operate a machine gun in case of emergency. You can never tell when it will be needed. If this need arises, and there is a gun on the spot, it is up to you to know how to operate it, for you may save many lives, including your own.

I am not going into a long treatise on machine gunnery, because the soldier who wants to become an efficient machine gunner must take the course prescribed in the army, but if followed, the following hints will serve in a pinch. Most soldiers in the American Army have seen the Lewis gun, therefore I will describe it first.

Lewis Gun

This weapon was invented by an American officer, Colonel I. N. Lewis of the Coast Artillery Corps, now on the retired list. It can hardly be classed as a machine gun. It is rather an automatic rifle. This gun

only weighs twenty-six pounds, is air cooled, gas operated, and fed from a circular or "pie plate" magazine, holding forty-seven rounds. The air-cooling system is an important feature because it cools the gun almost as effectively as a water jacket, thus doing away with the disadvantage of extra weight, difficulty of water supply and freezing, and it does not produce the tell-tale steam which rises from a water-cooled machine gun. It is very simple in its mechanism and is easy to assemble and disassemble. It can be handled and transported by one man in case of necessity.

To load the gun, grasp the magazine with both hands, the arrow pointing to the front, and carefully place it on the magazine post with the cocking handle forward, moving it slightly to the right or left to be sure that it is properly seated. If it is dark and the arrow is invisible, the right thumb may be placed lightly on the magazine latch, thus insuring the proper position. In placing the magazine be sure that the magazine latch is not pressed in, as this will release the magazine center and may cause a stoppage.

After the magazine is properly adjusted, pull back the cocking handle to its fullest extent. To

fire, press the trigger. With a constant pressure on the trigger the gun will continue firing until the magazine is empty. To cease firing, release pressure on trigger.

Stoppages

Usually a stoppage in the Lewis gun is caused by the rim of the magazine becoming worn or mutilated. The magazine then refuses to feed. Therefore it is necessary to be very careful in adjusting and caring for these magazines.

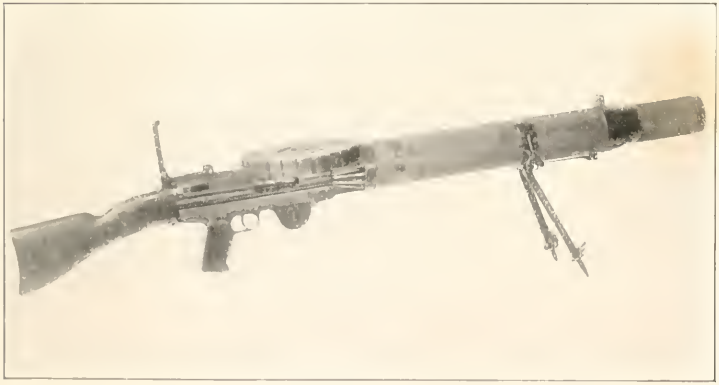
To determine the cause of stoppage, it must be remembered that the cocking handle stops in three positions.

If the gun stops in the first position, try to rotate the magazine to the left. If you cannot do this it is empty. The remedy then is to change the empty magazine for a loaded one. If it will not rotate to the left, pull back handle and continue firing. If the gun still refuses to fire and you are not a machine gunner, stop. It is useless to waste further time with it. If you *are* a machine gunner you will know the technical details of remedying stoppages.

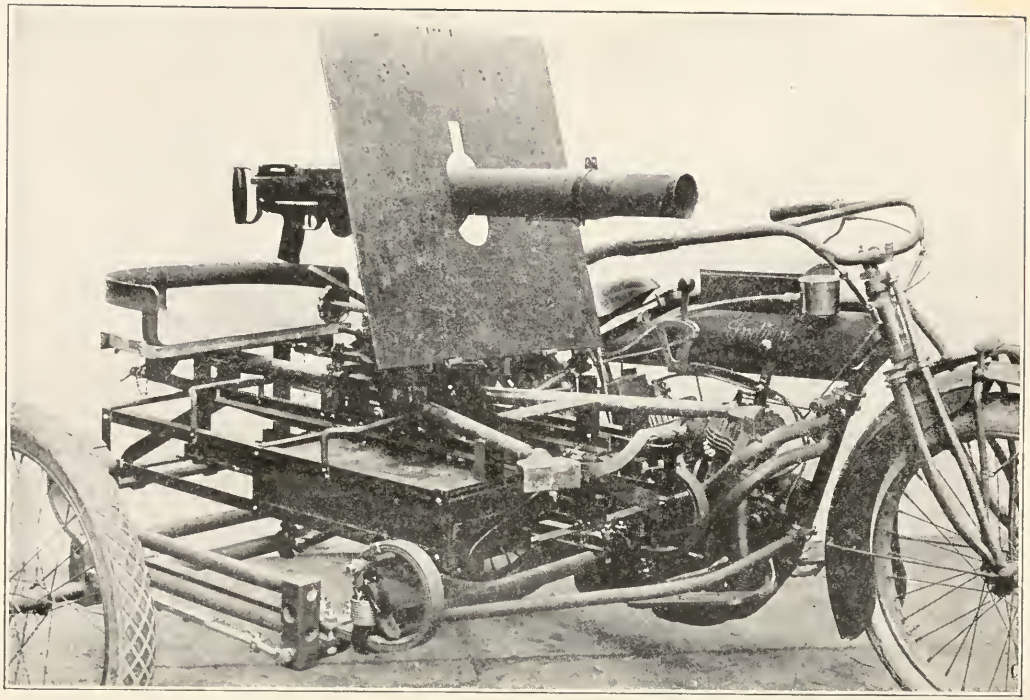
Vickers Gun

The Vickers Light Water Cooled .303 Machine Gun has proven to be the best machine gun so far used in this war.

The Lewis Gun—in action.



Lewis Gun.



Motorcycle Equipped with Lewis Gun.

It is the standard of the British Army. The gun itself weighs about 28½ lbs. without the water in the barrel casing; with the water, it weighs 38½ lbs. It is fired from an adjustable tripod weighing 48 lbs. It is fed by a metal or canvas belt containing 250 rounds of .303 caliber cartridges.

To load the gun, pass the tag end of the belt through the feed block from right to left. Grasp the crank handle with right hand, and pull back as far as it will go. Holding the crank handle in this position, grasp the tag end of the belt with the left hand and pull it as far as possible to the left, with a sharp tug forward. Let go of the crank handle. Again pull back the crank handle, still pulling the belt to the left and forward; release crank handle. The gun is now loaded.

To fire gun: grasp the traversing handles with both hands; with the two index fingers raise the safety latch and evenly press the thumb piece with both thumbs. The gun is now firing and will continue to do so as long as pressure is maintained on the thumb piece, or until the belt runs out.

To cease firing, release the pressure on thumb piece. If a stoppage occurs, that is, if the gun refuses to fire, the cause is indicated by the posi-

tion of the crank handle. It may stop in four positions.

Stoppages

I will give only the causes of the stoppages which may be easily remedied by the layman. If the crank handle is well back in a vertical position, it is due to lack of oil in gun, improperly filled belt or improper loading.

Immediate action.—Complete the motion of roller by pulling crank handle back with the hand. If the stoppage recurs loosen the fusee spring on the left of the gun by a few turns of the spring adjuster, turning it outward; then oil the recoiling parts.

If the crank handle is in the second position,—a little forward from that of the first, the probable cause of stoppage is a damaged cartridge or separated cartridge case.

Immediate action.—Lift rear cover, withdraw lock, and carefully examine cartridge. If it is damaged, remove it, reload as previously shown, lift safety latch, press thumb piece, and continue firing. If cartridge is perfect, you will know that there is a separated case in the chamber of the gun. Remove this with cartridge extractor, replace lock, reload as before, and continue firing.

In the *third position* the crank handle is almost home but not quite. The probable cause is that your ammunition box is out of position, thus putting the belt out of the line of feed and causing an excessive pull. If so, adjust ammunition box and belt; if this does not remedy the stoppage the belt is probably improperly filled, the cartridges not being pushed home. To remedy this, examine belt and properly adjust any misplaced cartridge. Perhaps the brass tags on the cartridge belt are bent, the belt may be tight or wet, thus preventing the cartridges from being easily extracted.

Immediate action.—With right hand, strike crank handle down with glancing blow, using the palm of the hand. If this fails, lift up the handle slightly, pull belt to the left front, let go of handle, and continue firing. If the handle cannot be lifted raise the rear cover with the left hand, and work handle back and forth while the horns of the carrier are being forced downward with a screwdriver, wrench, or other instrument. If this fails lift cover, change lock, and carry on with firing.

In the *fourth position* the crank handle is well home. The stoppage is probably caused through a misfire, broken firing pin, or lack of cartridges

in chamber, due to improper loading of belt leaving an empty space.

Immediate action.—Half load and continue firing. If the gun still refuses to fire, unload, change lock, load, and commence firing. If there is no cartridge in chamber, half load and carry on.

Colt Automatic

This type of gun is also air cooled and gas operated. It is mounted on a tripod and fed from a belt. It will fire at the rate of 400 or more shots per minute. The gun itself weighs about 35 pounds, the tripod and mount about 56 pounds. The cartridge belt holds 250 rounds. A great advantage of the Colt gun is that there are no adjustments to be made by a soldier, and if a gun is in proper condition it can be operated very easily, as it is only necessary for the operator to know how to load it.

To load, insert the brass tip of belt through opening above the box and pull it out on the opposite side of the gun as far as it will go; then let go of belt, pull the gas lever downward to the rear until it strikes the bottom plate (do not pull the belt while gas lever is in operation); release gas lever which will then resume its normal position. The gun is now loaded and ready to be fired.

To fire, press the trigger.

To cease firing, release trigger.

Distinguishing Machine Guns by Sound

After having been "up the line" for a tour in the trenches, it is easy to distinguish the German machine gun from the English Vickers by the sound made in firing. The German gun fires much slower, making a slow "pup-pup-pup-pup" report, while the English fires very rapidly, the sound being similar to that of a pneumatic riveter.

The Germans, no doubt, being over fed on efficiency, have figured that three machine-gun bullets through a man will stop him just as quickly as seven or eight, with a resultant saving of ammunition.

The German gun is of a heavier type than the Vickers, very much resembling the old Maxim which is now obsolete in the British Army.

Fritz also has a steel bullet-proof shield on his gun, which makes the gun very cumbersome and heavy, although it protects the gunner.

The Tommy (no doubt Sammy will probably follow his example) prefers to run the risk of being hit while in action to the hard work of lugging around a gun equipped with a heavy steel

shield. Perhaps it is laziness on Tommy's part, or perhaps he has more sand than Fritz possesses. The latter supposition is correct, I am sure.

The American soldier being the crack shot of the world, which fact has been proved in many international matches, will after a while rank as first in the art of sniping. Sniping, as used to-day on the Western Front, takes us back hundreds of years to the methods of the American Indian. Sniping is simply the art of scouting—that is of seeing the enemy without being seen, and picking off any who expose themselves. Being a fair shot, I put in about six weeks at this work while in the trenches but could not stand the strain. To me it appeared quite all right to "get" a man in the heat of battle, but to lie hours and days at a time, waiting for an enemy to expose himself,—then to plug him, appeared to me a little underhanded. After seeing two men in the enemy lines drop before my rifle, I felt sick in the stomach and requested to be relieved from the detail. My nerve had gone, and as a nervous sniper is practically useless to the army, my request was readily granted. Still if the enemy is active in sniping, we have no other alternative than to be *twice as active.*

Sniping

Snipers are divided into squads, generally in charge of an officer or non-commissioned officer. These squads number from four to six men. Each has successfully passed a three weeks' course in sniping behind the lines. This course is very thorough, the men being trained in methods of disguising themselves, range finding, pot shooting, and scouting.

The snipers equipment usually consists of a telescopic rifle, a powerful set of field glasses, and a range finder. When practicable he is also given a maxim silencer to be used on the rifle.

Snipers very seldom take station in the front-line trench, as the ground behind the lines offers better observation and concealment. Snipers will observe the enemy lines for days at a time without firing a shot, drawing maps and noting low and exposed portions. They have a clever system of setting their rifles, after getting the exact range of the spot where the enemy has been exposing himself. They fix their rifles in such a manner that no sighting is necessary,—a hit will be registered by simply pulling the trigger. Sometimes as many as six rifles are securely fastened to a board or log; the triggers are connected so that

the pulling of a string discharges the six rifles simultaneously.

I have seen a British sniper, after securing the range of an exposed spot, crawl out, under cover of darkness, upon a pile of banked-up earth or mud, and plaster himself all over with wet mud so that at a distance of a few yards it was impossible to distinguish him, when lying still, from the surrounding soil. This man would lie motionless for hours until he "got" his victim. Then he would either wait for darkness or make a quick dash into his own trench. Other snipers take positions in trees, tieing branches about their bodies. Others, by covering themselves with grass and lying in the fields, have secured good results, generally returning with two or three nicks added to the stocks of their rifles (each nick for a German who has fallen under their fire).

One rainy day while acting as runner or orderly for my machine-gun officer, instead of following the communication trench I decided to chance it by going "over the top," as the trench was almost knee deep with sticky, gluey mud. Dawn was just breaking and although I took the risk of being potted, still I preferred that to plowing through the communication trench. Running

along I stepped on what appeared to be a muddy rise in the ground. I nearly dropped dead with fright when this mound of earth ejaculated, "Why in 'ell don't you get a periscope if you cawnt see where you're bloody well going." It was a sniper lying in the wet mud. Right now I bet he is in a hospital in Blighty cursing old man Rheumatism.

Snipers sometimes work from behind cleverly concealed loopholes in the front-line trench, but these sooner or later will be sniped by the enemy and the sniper becomes a casualty. Snipers' days are generally numbered.

A Ruse

A good ruse for locating a troublesome enemy sniper is to place a dummy head so that it is exposed to view over the top of the trench. Go into the next firebay, having previously prepared a loophole through which you can easily observe the enemy lines. The sniper will fire at the head. Listen for the report of his rifle and carefully watch for the tell-tale dust where he fires from the opposite trench. If after firing several shots you cannot locate him in this manner, warily examine the dummy. It will be an easy matter to ascertain, by the angles of the bullet holes which have passed through the

head, the direction from which the shots were fired.

After you have located him communicate this information to your officer. He will get busy and notify the artillery observation officer and it will not be long before a couple of shells drop on or so close to Fritz that he will pack up and gallop for Berlin, the City of Kultur.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN NO MAN'S LAND

ONE of the most nerve-racking details in trench warfare is that of Listening Post. These posts are usually saps running from the fire trench, underneath the barbed wire, and well out into No Man's Land. At night two or three men are detailed to go out to the end of this sap, and listen, two hours at a stretch, for enemy working parties and patrols, for bombing raids, and mining. Listening for sapping and mining is a tough job. The soldier lies with his ear to the ground, every sense alert for the "tap-tap" of digging beneath him. If he hears this sound he immediately communicates with the fire trench, and an officer of the engineers comes out to the spot where the noise was heard, and also listens and takes bearings. If he is satisfied that the Germans are digging under No Man's Land, the engineers

Listening Post

immediately get busy and run a countershaft trying to go deeper than the enemy tunnel. At the head of this shaft they store high explosives, and later,—perhaps after days or weeks,—when it is ascertained that the enemy is above them, the explosives are set off and "up in the air with the best of luck" go the enemy sappers.

Sometimes, men detailed for listening post have no saps and are forced to crawl through a lane cut in their own barbed wire. Reaching a point about midway between the lines, one man lies down with his ear to the ground, while the other one kneels, keeping constantly on the alert for reconnoitering patrols and enemy working parties. If the night is cold, wet, and stormy this is a very unpleasant task, because one never knows when a strong German patrol will run into them. Many clever devices are used in the sap listening post for communication with sentries or men in the fire trench. A stout cord is tied to the hand of one of the men out in front, while the other end is attached to a bell or signal in the fire trench. By a code of jerks or tugs, signals are communicated. Men on listening post are generally armed with rifles, bayonets, and bombs.

Sometimes where the squad consists of five or

six men, a Lewis or Vickers machine gun is used. Many a German working party can testify to the efficiency of these weapons from their "point of vantage." A listening post is not supposed to offer fight to an enemy patrol,—its main purpose is to see without being seen, and to transmit the information thus secured to the defenders of the front line. It is only when the men on the listening post are liable to be annihilated or captured that resistance is shown.

Reconnoitering and Patrolling

A man to be selected for patrolling and reconnoitering must have keen eyesight, perfect hearing, quick judgment, and iron nerve. Although it is hazardous work, still after going out in front two or three times the work possesses a fascination which cannot be resisted.

There are many elements of danger to be considered while on one of these expeditions. You must be wary of German star shells, and know how to instantly take cover to avoid being seen. You must also be wary of objects on the ground, such as old logs, roots, hillocks, or anything that will make you trip and fall. Shell holes must be avoided if they are filled with water, because the telltale splash made by stumbling

into them will draw enemy fire. Trap wires (which are described in the chapter on Trench Raids, Chapter XXX) are a source of constant danger.

A sharp lookout must be kept for enemy patrols and listening posts. Sometimes it is necessary for patrols to crawl up to the enemy barbed wire and scout along the front. This is very unpleasant work, especially when you can hear the enemy talking in their trenches a few yards in front of you. A reconnoitering patrol very seldom offers combat—in fact at times German and English patrols have come within a few feet of each other and have passed the time of day without firing a shot. Personally I would not advise any social intercourse whatever if you run into a German patrol when engaged in this work.

A patrol must thoroughly know every detail of the ground in No Man's Land, and must be familiar with the location of places of cover, to which, if discovered, they can repair at a moment's notice, screening themselves from enemy fire. A good stunt to use when patrolling in a strange sector for the first time, is to tie a piece of white tape to a stake at the end of the lane in your barbed wire and run this tape out with you as you

proceed into No Man's Land. Carry a few small sharpened wooden stakes and when you get to the distance desired from the enemy's lines drive a stake into the ground, being careful not to make any noise. Fasten the tape to it, fixing in your mind the location of the stake. Now, if you happen to get lost in the darkness, and perhaps make two or three turns (this often happens), do not lose your head but crawl around until you run across the tape. By following it you can easily reach the point from which you left your trench.

Before starting on a patrolling expedition it is very important to locate some distinctive object above the sky line in your own lines, so that if you get lost in No Man's Land this object can be plainly seen and you will know the direction and avoid crawling toward the German trenches. Patrolling parties generally carry Mills bombs, and are armed with rifles and bayonets.

(It will be beneficial to the draft man, while in training camps in the United States, to practice reconnoitering and scouting at night. When you are returning to your camp do not always take the well-beaten road and path, but try cutting across a field or some other unfamiliar route.

This practice will help to make you proficient in finding your way in the darkness. But to display your great skill as a scout do not try to crawl up on some sentry without being seen. In his momentary fright and excitement he is liable to pump a bullet into you or perhaps jab you with his bayonet. Remember apologies will never heal a wound.)

Fun in No Man's Land

After being in a fire trench for awhile it gets monotonous and many tricks are used to get the enemy's goat, and at the same time amuse oneself. In the English Army many a bet that he would hang his cap or handkerchief on the German barbed wire has been made by some daring spirit. This has been done over and over again. One great stunt (but very dangerous) affords a lot of amusement for the front line soldier. This consists in taking a large ball of stout cord, tying one end to a stake in the trench, crawling out into No Man's Land under cover of darkness, and attaching a bell to the German barbed wire. The other end of the cord is fastened to this bell, the joker crawls back into the English trenches, and the fun starts. The Tommies give the cord a tug, the bell rings in the German barbed wire, and

Fritz turns loose with bombs, machine gun, and rifle fire and Tommy Atkins lies in his trench splitting with laughter.

An Irishman's Way

At one part of the line we were stationed next to the Royal Irish Rifles. One member of this regiment heard of the bell trick and bet ten shillings that he would do it. A couple of the older men tried to tell him how it was done, but he would not listen to their advice,—in fact, he took the advice as an insult. So getting his cord and an old cow bell he proceeded out into No Man's Land, but neglected tying the cord to a stake in his own trench. He crawled to the German lines, attached the bell to the wire, tied the end of the cord to the bell, and then started back to his own trenches, unrolling the cord on his way. He had gotten about fifteen or twenty feet from the German lines when in some way the cord refused to unwind and a little jingle was heard immediately in his rear, followed by star shells, rifle and machine-gun fire. It took that Irishman about twenty-five minutes to reach the German barbed wire; it took him *exactly three seconds* to return to his trench. When we tried to explain to him the mistake he had made in not first attaching the cord to the stake in his own

trench, he still couldn't, or wouldn't, see what difference that made. Personally I don't believe that he ever again attempted to try the bell trick on Fritz.

One night I was on guard in the front line trench and during my own tour saw and heard nothing. The next morning when dawn broke I could see, hanging on our wire about thirty feet in front of me, a German trench cap. The cold shivers ran through me, and my opinion of my ability as a sentry dropped to zero. I didn't mention the fact to my mates at the time of sighting the cap, but a little later the men at the periscope informed me that I was a "bloody fine sentry" to let the Boches come over and sleep on my post. The next day I found out that it was an old trick worked on recruits; one of our own men, during reliefs, had hung this cap in my section of wire. Upon finding this out my opinion of myself again rose to normal.

CHAPTER XXVII

BOMBING

THE soldier will surely want to know something about bombing and the civilian will perhaps be interested to read a little about this often mentioned feature of modern warfare.

Bombs, or hand grenades, are divided into three classes, namely,—(1) percussion, (2) ignition, and (3) mechanical. Since the beginning of the war about thirty different types of bombs have been used but most of them are now obsolete. They were gradually improved from the time the old pioneer "jam tin" was first manufactured by the soldier, until the present Hand Grenade No. 5, known as the "Mills Bomb," was introduced. This bomb is the standard of the British Army. It is quite safe for the thrower but very destructive to the enemy.

It is almost a certainty that Sammy, after reaching France, will use the Mills bombs;

therefore it would be confusing to go into detailed description of other types.

The Mills Bomb

This bomb comes under the *mechanical* class. It is made of cast iron, oval shaped, four by two and three fifths inches, and weighs about twenty-four ounces. The cast iron casing is serrated so that when the explosion occurs forty-eight little squares of iron will be scattered in a large circle, wounding or killing the soldier who may be hit by one or more of the flying fragments. The bottom of the bomb can be unscrewed so that the detonator with the percussion cap and fuse can be inserted. After the bomb is "detonated," the bottom is screwed on tightly, with the aid of a spanner.

At the top of the bomb is the striker or firing pin. This fits into a small groove in the striker lever. The striker lever, which is nothing more or less than the trigger of the bomb, is on the outside of the casing and is about three inches in length, curved to lie snugly against the side of the bomb. About one inch from the top of the striker lever is a small round hole, which admits the safety or fixing pin. On the end of this pin is a ring which is large enough to admit the finger, thus enabling

the pin to be easily removed by the bomber before throwing.

The striker is attached to a small, compact, but powerful spring, known as the striker spring. This drives the striker downward so that it comes in contact with and explodes the percussion cap.

The detonator or firing charge of the bomb is composed of the percussion cap, attached to the end of the safety fuse, which is timed to explode the detonator in three and one quarter seconds. The detonator is charged with fulminate of mercury, a very high explosive.

About one half inch from the top of the bomb, on the opposite side from the striker lever, is a small hole which allows the insertion of the bursting charge or main explosive,—ammonal. After the explosive is inserted, the entrance is closed by a steel screw. Ammonal is very destructive but is safe to handle,—in fact you can throw a Mills bomb against a stone wall without exploding it, if the striker lever is not released (still I would not advise your trying this because accidents *will* happen).

Position in Throwing

In throwing the Mills bomb, grasp it in the right hand, with the striker lever under the fingers. Insert the forefinger of the left hand in the ring on

the safety pin and remove pin. Now the only thing that holds the striker lever in place is the right hand. Throw the bomb. As it leaves your hand the striker lever flies off and drops harmlessly to the ground. The striker is released; the striker spring forces it against the percussion cap, which ignites the fuse which in turn burns down and explodes the charge of fulminate of mercury in the detonator. This explosion sets off the main charge of ammonal and the bomb bursts. If the fuse is timed correctly, the bomb will explode three and one quarter seconds after it leaves the hand. To be safe the bomber must throw the bomb thirty yards or more from him. Thirty yards is ninety feet, the distance from home plate to first base. Sammy on account of playing baseball from childhood up, should easily take first rank among the Allied bombers. Every Sammy should thoroughly understand the construction, working, and throwing of the Mills bomb.

The correct position of bombing, as taught me during a course at bombing school in France, is as follows (a few tips I learned from my own experience are interspersed):

Pull out the safety pin; face in the direction in which the bomb is to be thrown. Execute a right face. Advance the left foot twice its length in the original direction, the toe pointing in the direction in which the bomb is to be thrown. Move the right toe about two inches to the left,—this will place the right foot at right angles to the left. Carry the right foot straight forward about two inches. Left knee must be stiff, right knee bent so that the body is inclining slightly backward. Point the left arm, elbow straight, at an angle of about forty-five degrees in the direction in which you wish to throw the bomb. The bomb is grasped in the right hand, right arm straight and hanging downward, which places hand in rear of right knee. Now, with an overhand motion, the same as if bowling a cricket ball, throw the bomb, arm stiff, in the direction in which the left hand is pointing, and if necessary bend the left knee in so doing. The position is like that in "putting the shot," except that the right arm hangs downward.

To Throw a Bomb from a Trench

Before throwing a bomb from a trench, ascertain, by going through the throwing motion, that you have sufficient room to prevent your right hand from coming in contact with the walls of

the trench. In throwing a live bomb (one which is loaded and detonated), if the throwing hand strikes the parados or a traverse with sufficient force, the bomb is liable to be knocked out of the hand and fall in the trench. The safety pin being previously removed, an explosion results, with dire results to you and your comrades. If you should drop a bomb in the manner described, remember that it is through your own carelessness and lack of caution, therefore it is up to you to act quickly and, if possible, remove the danger before your comrades are injured by the explosion which will result in three and one quarter seconds.

Do not shout a loud warning and rush for the nearest exit from the firebay, because a wild scramble will result and the traverse will be choked with struggling men, fighting to escape. The bomb will explode and many casualties will result. Pick up the bomb and toss it well over the top of the trench, but while doing so give the warning to your mates so that they can hug the parapet and be safe from the explosion. If you do not lose your head and realize that three and a quarter seconds is ample time in which to throw four or five bombs over the top, this stunt will be easy. If there is no other way out of the difficulty, give

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A Gun Converted into a Grenade Thrower.

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An Aero Torpedo.

(In Argonne Sector.)

the warning, and then throw yourself on the bomb to shield your mates. No doubt you will be killed, but it is your duty and it has been done several times in this war. (Personally I know that I wouldn't have the courage to do it, but many of you have.)

A bomb bowled overhand describes an arc in the air which gives the fuse time to burn down, so that it will explode just before or immediately after hitting the ground, thus preventing the Germans from returning it or scampering to a place of safety. Another advantage is that the bomb has more chance to land in a trench by this method.

Remember—never pull out the safety pin until you are ready to throw the bomb; this precaution will save many accidents. Safety pins are split, so in going over the top with bombs, carrying them through an attack, or while in your own trenches, see that the pin is securely held in place so that it won't work out. If it is loose, simply open up the split end a trifle, but not so much that it is too hard to remove when you are ready to throw the bomb—for when you need a bomb, you need it badly and you need it at once.

A bullet hitting a bomb, even though it goes

through, will not explode the ammonal charge. The percussion cap must be hit first and the chances are a million to one that that won't happen.

In throwing a bomb out in front, or in the open, as soon as it leaves your hand, drop flat on the ground and you will be safe from any stray piece which may come in your direction.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

THE Germans were the first to introduce the use of gas into modern warfare. They "sent it over" at Ypres in April, 1915, with disastrous results. You must realize that when warring with nations who have cast honor and civilized methods into the discard, it is necessary for self-preservation to adopt some of their methods and give them a dose of their own medicine,—with this addition—make the medicine that you send over to them twice as nasty and more destructive than theirs. They will then soon "pack up" and cry quits. The German is a wonderful soldier while he is winning, but when losing he squeals like a pig.

Devil's Inventions

Although gas is very dangerous and destructive, still it is easily combated if the soldier does not lose his head and carefully follows the instructions and rules laid down for him.

Gas

In attacking with gas there are only two methods which can be used, namely:

1. Emanation.
2. Shells and grenades (bombs).

The first method to be successful, depends both on the elements and surprise.

Gas, by this method, can only be sent over when the wind is blowing from the point of the attack toward the objective. A wind with a velocity of about five miles per hour is the most favorable. So, when such a wind is blowing from the German lines toward your own, keep constantly on the watch for gas, both day and night. If a strong wind is in evidence, there is very little danger, because the gas will be swept past your trenches before it has time to work much harm. If the wind is very light and uncertain, the gas has not much chance of reaching your lines,—in fact, this is very dangerous to the attacking side, for if the wind suddenly changes, the gas will be blown back, and "the gassers" are liable to become "the gassed." This has happened a few times in the war, especially on the Eastern Front.

Gas to be sent over, must be discharged under high pressure from metal cylinders or tanks, or

forced through tubes pointing in the direction of the enemy. When the gas leaves these tubes it makes a hissing sound similar to that of escaping steam. When it is quiet and the trenches are not far apart this hissing can be readily heard.

As gas is heavier than air, it settles on the ground and, caught by the wind, rolls across No Man's Land like a fog bank coming inshore. When the gas cloud reaches the trenches it settles down into the low parts and dugouts. *Therefore, during a gas attack, a soldier should occupy the highest point he can reach without exposing himself to the enemy. But he must never leave his post to do so.*

Varieties of Gas

Several kinds of gas were used while I was in the trenches in 1915 and 1916 and they are still being employed. Arsenic and phosphorous gas may be easily detected by the odor, which resembles garlic. Arsenic gas is used by the tube or pipe method. To clear the trenches from the fumes, plentifully sprinkle chloride of lime around, especially in the low spots. The fumes will be readily dispersed.

The other gases are in liquefied form: chlorine, phosgene gas, chlorine-bromine, sulphuretted hydrogen, etc. They are discharged from cylinders. To clean out the trenches vermeral spray-

ers filled with a solution of hyposulphite, washing soda, and water are used. Dugouts should never be occupied after a gas attack until they are well sprayed and an officer pronounces them thoroughly clean of the poisonous fumes.

The killing power of gas is effective as far back as three to four miles from the fire trench. In a few instances it has been felt from twelve to fifteen miles behind the lines.

One disadvantage of the "wind method" is that the attacking force can never set a definite time for a gas attack, as they must rely on the elements. Gas cannot be sent over successfully when it is raining, so, in the trenches, even wet weather has its advantages as well as drawbacks.

Before going any further, this caution should be emphasized:

Never remove your gas helmet until officially told to do so by an officer.

In the second method, in which shells and grenades containing liquid gas are used, it is comparatively easy to distinguish a gas shell landing near you. It makes the same noise as a "dud" (nickname for a shell which fails to explode). The gas shell, as it strikes the ground, smashes like an over ripe melon dropped from a height.

The liquid is scattered in a small circle and soaks into the earth. The fumes are hardly noticeable at first but work quickly with deadly results. Many soldiers are ardent souvenir hunters and as soon as a "dud" shell lands in their vicinity there is a race to get the nose cap. This is a dangerous practice, even if it is not a gas shell, because many times, in trying to unscrew the nose cap, an explosion results and another little wooden cross is planted.

Never go near a " dud " until hours after. This wait will give the fumes time to disperse, if it happens to be a gas shell, but it does not remove the danger of trying to unscrew a nose cap.

If a man thinks that he has inhaled gas fumes from a shell, he should lie on his back away from the point of impact of the shell, and remain quiet until he is removed on a stretcher to the nearest dressing station where he will receive medical attention.

Tips for Gas

At night, in the trenches, there are sentries always on guard in each fire-bay, while out in front there are listening posts. To guard against surprise gas attacks a system of warnings has been devised. Naturally the men on the listening posts, as they are nearer the enemy, will first discover the presence of gas. These

posts, through prearranged signals, are in communication with sentries in the fire trench. Close to the sentries is a gas gong. This is generally an empty shell case suspended from the parapet, sometimes a triangular piece of steel or iron. Close to the gong hangs a short piece of iron called a striker. Sometimes Strombon horns, are used.

Upon the first indications of gas, the sentry either beats the gas gong with the iron striker or operates the Strombon. Then, before stopping to put on his gas helmet, it is his duty to warn the occupants of the section of trench he is guarding that gas is coming over.

Gas gongs are hung as far back as fifteen miles behind the lines to warn men in reserve and rest billets to be on the alert. Some of the gongs and horns used can be heard for a mile or more.

In the day time sentries in the trenches are posted at periscopes and the same method of alarm is used.

One thing a soldier thanks the gas for is the fact that it kills his objectionable neighbors, the rats.

Gas Helmets

When Sammy reaches France, or perhaps on his departure from the United States, gas helmets (commonly known as gas masks, gas bags, smoke helmets or

respirators) will be issued. Perhaps he will receive the Box Respirator, the latest invention, or the P. G. cloth helmet, as these have proven very effective on the Western Front.

This helmet is made of cloth, treated with a sticky chemical substance, and is shaped like a bag about two feet long. In it are two round glass eyes fitted into metal sockets; around these sockets and inside the helmet, is a thick lining of spongy porus rubber. There is a metal tube covered with rubber which fits in the mouth. On the end of this tube which projects from the helmet is a rubber valve.

Each soldier carries two of these helmets, wrapped in a waterproof casing, in a canvas bag or pouch, slung around his shoulder by means of a canvas strap. He should never, even while sleeping, let these helmets leave his person.

When the alarm is sounded, helmets should be adjusted in this manner:

Adjustment

The two essentials to be considered are *speed* and *proper adjustment.* A soldier through practice ought to be able to put on his gas helmet properly in *eighteen seconds or less.* Keep cool, but waste no time in doing so; *seconds mean life or death to you.*

First unbutton the two top buttons of your blouse; take out your helmet; remove the waterproof covering. Place the helmet over your head, making sure that the eye sockets are facing front; then carefully, but quickly tuck the ends well under the collar, seeing that the part around the back of the neck is tight and well tucked in. The end of the helmet in front must not be bunched up,—smooth it out, so that no folds or channels are left for the gas to enter. Then securely button the blouse, turn up the collar, and where possible, tie something tightly around the neck, but not so tight as to interfere with breathing. Tape from the helmet carrier is practicable. This will prevent the gas penetrating the uniform and working up under the loose ends of the helmet.

Place the mouth-piece in the mouth, adjust the goggles or eye sockets so that they are in place over the eyes, get on the highest ground possible, and then laugh at Fritz's example of Kultur.

The poison gas penetrates the cloth helmet but the chemicals purify it, so you are breathing comparatively pure air. *Breathe through your nose. Always keep the tube in the mouth.* Exhale the foul air through this tube. The rubber valve on

the end of the tube allows exhaling but closes and prevents inhaling. This prevents drawing the outside gas into the lungs.

If you feel gas working through your helmet, do not wait until you are overcome with the fumes,—no doubt your helmet is in some way defective, so change helmets immediately in this manner:

Untie the tape around your neck; get out your other helmet; remove the waterproof covering; hold the loose ends in one hand so that no gas can get in; unbotton the blouse as before. Now take a deep breath, grasp the old helmet at the top with the right hand and with a quick jerk pull it off and throw it away. Now you are exposed to the gas. There will be a great temptation to draw in a deep breath, but even if your lungs seem to be bursting, do not breathe because it means probable death to you, and a horrible one at that. Quickly put on your new helmet, being careful not to allow any more gas than possible to enter it. Adjust as before. Put the mouth-piece in the mouth *before* exhaling.

Emergencies

Even though each soldier is supplied with two helmets, it sometimes happens that through carelessness or accident a man gets caught in a gas attack without his helmet. Here

are a few tips which may perhaps save your life if you happen to be the one who is caught.

These methods are objectionable and crude but still their use is preferable to being gassed. They have been tried, especially in the earlier stages of the war, with varying success. Of course do not rely on these to carry you through the attack, neglecting the precautions before given. Still they will probably save you in an emergency until you have time to secure a helmet or to reach an advanced dressing station.

1. Take your handkerchief, scarf, muffler, or a piece of your undershirt; put into this a couple of handfuls of damp earth (*not mud, for you cannot breathe through it*) and tie the cloth tightly over the nose and mouth.

2. Take any woolen article handy and wet it, using the water in your water bottle or canteen; wring it out, and tie it over the nose and mouth.

3. A scarf, folded into six or eight folds, saturated with tea or soda solution and held over the nose, will also do in an emergency. Breathe through the nose. It may be possible to get the soda solution from one of the buckets which have been placed in the trench by the medical corps, for use in mixing the solution for the sprayers.

4. Get a piece of sandbag, a sock, scarf, or comforter and urinate on it; wring it out sufficiently to enable breathing. This is a very repulsive method, but when your life depends on it, lines cannot be drawn too fine.

If a man is wounded during a gas attack, do not remove his helmet or place him in a dugout or low part of the trench; put him on top of the ground even though he be exposed to fire. It is better to take the chance of his being hit again than to condemn him to almost certain death in a hole or dugout.

"Tear Shell"

Another factor to be considered when dealing with "Gas" is the lachrymose chemical shell, or "tear shell" as it is called, so nicknamed because it brings water or tears to the eyes.

This shell has no permanent ill effects,—it simply causes a severe smarting and watering of the eyes, temporarily blinding the soldier during an attack.

If your eyes begin to smart and water, do not rub them, but keep on moving forward and they will soon clear.

To combat "tear shells," goggles have been issued, with square mica eye-holes. They look like the masks worn at a masquerade party, only they

are khaki in color. There is a little spring that grips the nose and two pieces of tape sewn on the mask.

As soon as you feel the effects of a "tear shell," put on your goggles, passing the ends of the tape around the back of the head, from front to rear; then bring the ends around to the forehead and tie them tightly in front, using a bow knot.

A good stunt is smearing the inside edges of the "tear shell" goggles with grease or vaseline. The cloth will then stick to the face and prevent the chemical from getting in under the edges. Do not use bacon grease, because the salt in it is liable to work into the eyes, causing smarting.

A few "Don'ts" in reference to gas helmets:

If you lose your gas helmet, don't wait until to-morrow, it might be too late then—report the fact to your officer or N. C. O. and get a new one *immediately.*

Don't expose your gas helmet to the air, because the chemical quickly evaporates.

Don't go without your helmet,—even for one minute.

Don't try to improve on it,—experts are paid for that.

Don't borrow a helmet for inspection if yours is defective—turn your old one in and get a new one.

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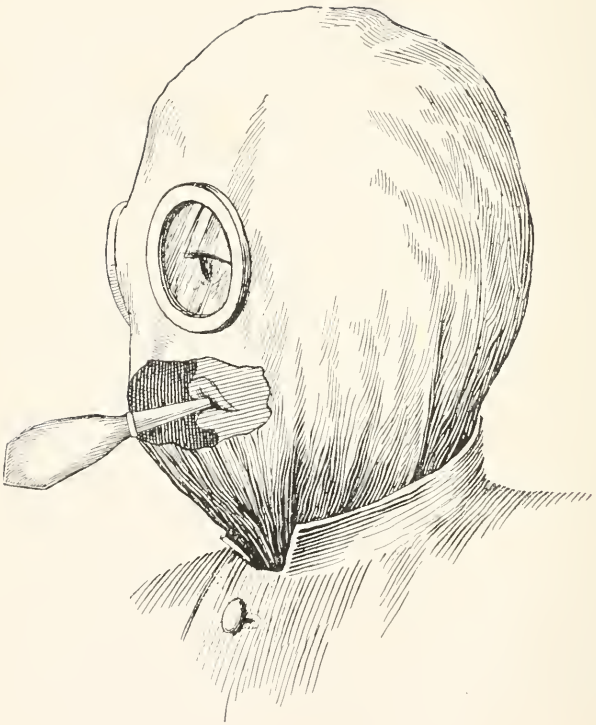
A Flame-Thrower.



A Gas Helmet.

In accordance with their dastardly system of Kultur, the Germans were the first to introduce and employ the use of liquid fire in this war. Again I must emphasize the fact that while in fighting an honorable enemy international rules of warfare should be strictly followed, in this war our enemy is far from being honorable. We are fighting uncivilized savages and the only way to successfully combat such people is to adopt and turn their own methods and weapons against them.

Liquid Fire

In February, 1915, at Malancourt, and later at Vaquois in March, 1915, the Germans made their first use of liquid fire against the French forces. Liquid fire is simply petroleum kept under high pressure in cylinders or tanks. It is really a mass of burning globules of oil and has a terrible effect on the men it sprays. They suffer agony. The method used in attacking is as follows:

A cylinder, greatly resembling a fire extinguisher is strapped to the back of a soldier; a pipe with a nozzle like that on a garden hose leads from the cylinder. This nozzle is like a valve and can be operated at will by the man, projecting or shutting off the jet or spray of flaming liquid. The jet has a range of twenty-five to forty feet.

Liquid fire causes a dense black smoke which often obscures the man carrying the cylinder. This fire cannot be used in the face of a strong wind, as it would be blown back upon the attackers with dire results. It takes considerable nerve for troops to resist an attack of this kind but they have successfully done this many times and are still doing it. Sometimes, where the trenches are very close together, liquid fire has been projected from the German trenches into those of the French. This has been effected by pumps operated by hand or motors, but a very light grade of petroleum must be used in this method. Often the oil fails to remain burning after it has been projected into the air but it may be again ignited by bursting bombs.

In certain instances on the Western Front liquid fire has been successfully combated by the digging of ditches at night, in front of the trench, and filling these with some porous material soaked in heavy oils or tar, and so arranged that it may be promptly lighted. Sometimes gas lines were laid for this purpose; sometimes fire balls were used. The heat and flames from the fire in these ditches dissipate the jets of liquid fire, causing them to rise and disburse.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE ATTACK

WHEN a man joins the army he is very curious to see how he will look in uniform (I know this from personal experience). As soon as he gets into army clothes he makes a rush for the nearest looking-glass. His uniform may be a couple of sizes too small or may be too large—it makes no difference to him. The picture of a wonderful soldier is flashed back at him from the glass. His imagination "carries on" further and he sees himself gloriously leading a charge, with men dropping all around him, shells bursting and bullets kicking up the dirt everywhere. This is his idea of a charge. As a matter of fact it is quite different now on the Western Front, although in other wars, when open fighting was the order, the soldier's above fancies may have been near the truth (that is eliminating the personal factor). How is an attack conducted on the Western Front?

The preparations as well as the actual attack are very complicated and beautiful pieces of work. Every branch of the service is represented and has its important part to play.

Preparation

The troops that have been holding the line prior to the attack are usually not the ones selected to go over the top in the actual charge. They are generally relieved the day previous by fresh troops, which have been billeted anywhere from five to ten kilos behind the lines, and have known that they are to go over the top at least two or three days prior to the actual taking over of the trenches. These two or three days are busy periods for them. All equipment, rifles, gas masks, first-aid packets, etc., are carefully inspected, unserviceable stuff condemned and new issued in its place. Equipment that is not to be used in the actual attack is turned in to the Company Quartermaster. This consists of blankets, packs, and personal belongings. Officers in each platoon make a personal check of each man's next of kin, so that relatives can be notified by the government in case of wounding or death.

Generally the attack is rehearsed and each unit is informed of the part it must play. If possible,

a few hours before taking over the trench, the men take baths, and clean underwear is issued to them,—this to prevent infection of wounds. The Royal Engineers get busy, and the night previous to the attack (it generally taking place at dawn), they place scaling ladders in the front line trenches. These ladders are of wood, from seven to eight feet long. They are placed against the parapet, securely held by wooden stakes driven into the front wall of the trench, and nailed to the sides of the ladders. Only one man is able to go up a ladder at a time. Stakes are also driven into the parapet, making a kind of ladder or stairway by means of which men are enabled to climb out of the trench. The Royal Engineers, under cover of darkness, cut winding lanes through the barbed wire to allow the passage of the attacking troops at dawn.

Extra ammunition is issued in canvas bandoliers, each containing fifty rounds. Every man in the attack carries two or more of these bandoliers.

The Bombardment

On the Western Front the element of surprise is usually eliminated from attack, on account of the artillery prelude required. A host of batteries bombard the enemy

lines from two hours to four or five days before the attack. The barbed wire and other defenses must be smashed to a pulp before the infantry go "over the top." As soon as the intense bombardment opens, the defenders of the enemy trenches realize that an infantry attack will probably follow.

At a time designated from Headquarters, the artillery opens up. The small caliber guns, eighteen pounders up to "four fives," land in the enemy front line trench and barbed wire, playing havoc with these strong defenses. The larger caliber guns ("four fives" up to the big fifteen-inch howitzers) throw their shells farther behind the lines, searching out machine-gun emplacements, enemy artillery, dugouts, ammunition dumps, etc. Under cover of this bombardment, reserve troops are moved up and massed behind the lines. About an hour before the time planned for the attack, these troops move up to the front line, completely filling the communication trenches. At the time designated, which is generally about four o'clock in the morning, the artillery lifts its barrage to a point farther behind the enemy lines and the successive lines of attackers or "waves," as they are called, go over, under

the protection of this overhead fire. In the first part of the war a charge was made on the run, but it was found that the stronger and braver hit the lines first. The shock was scattering, a man here and there hitting the line, and the defenders could more easily repel the attack. Now the troops march steadily forward, with intervals of a few feet between the men. As some are hit, the ranks close, filling in the gaps. More men are lost in crossing No Man's Land, by this method, but when the wave hits the line, the shock of impact is concentrated. The defenders have their hands busy, and the trench is surer of capture.

Consolidation

After the attacking forces have taken the front line sector of the enemy trenches, they consolidate or "dig in." This means that they prepare or fortify their captured position in order to repel counter attacks launched against them by the enemy. You must understand that the enemy trench, just attacked, has been built with the idea of repelling our frontal attack —therefore after the trench is taken it means that we must reverse the order of things and strengthen the rear wall of the trench which is now our *front*.

"Curtain of Fire"

While this taking and consolidating of the enemy trench is going on, the artillery has established what is called a "curtain of fire," a few hundred yards in the rear of the captured front line enemy trench, by the constant dropping of high explosive shells in a straight line across their communication trenches. It is impossible for the defenders of the trench to retreat through this "curtain of fire" and equally impossible to send supplies, ammunition, or reinforcements to the defenders.

After the captured front line trench is sufficiently consolidated, at a specified time, the curtain of fire lifts and is established still farther in the enemy lines. Fresh troops have arrived to reinforce the original attackers. These troops, upon the lifting of the curtain fire, move forward and take the new sector, and after capturing, consolidate it. Then again the curtain of fire is lifted and established still farther on, a new sector is taken, and so on until the objective is obtained.

Smoke Barrage

On the Western Front a very clever method is also used by which the movements of the troops, especially in an attack, are covered up and screened, namely —dropping Stokes bombs or "smoke shells"

between the enemy and our troops. The smoke barrage is very useful in an attack.

The artillery by use of these shells, which emit a dense white smoke when exploding, are able to establish a curtain of smoke across the entire front of the enemy, if the wind is not blowing hard. It appears like a thick fog, and if there is no wind, will hug the ground for a long period. In a large attack the smoke barrage is generally used two or three times before the charge really takes place.

A nerve-racking ruse was tried during the three days before the commencing of the battle of the Somme. The artillery would bombard the German lines intensely for about two hours; then a smoke barrage would be thrown across No Man's Land, thus giving the Germans the idea that our troops were coming over. The Fritzes would then turn loose with shrapnel, machine-gun and rifle fire, while we were sitting in our trenches laughing at their "windy" efforts. Then the smoke cleared away. They must have felt very cheap to find that they had been firing at nothing. The next day the same ruse was worked, and again the Germans turned loose; once again on the following day the program was repeated.

By this time the Germans' nerves must have been shattered, for on the morning of the real attack, when the smoke barrage was again turned on their lines, very little firing took place, and in many sectors of the line, the English troops advanced almost within striking distance of the German lines before they were fired upon.

In going through a smoke barrage, a soldier either wears his gas mask or "tear shell" goggles. While advancing through a smoke barrage he has a very peculiar sensation (at least I did). He is able to see nothing around him and imagines that he is all alone. He feels that his comrades have forsaken him and that he alone is attacking the whole German army. Perhaps he will pause and falter until a gruff voice within a few feet of him lets out an oath as he stumbles over something on the ground or hears a cry of pain as a man is hit. Then at last he comes into his own and "carries on."

Tanks

Even grim warfare has its amusing side. I think the funniest thing I ever saw in France was the first tank going into action. This, as you have probably noticed from the motion pictures now in this country, is a huge armored car, built on a tractor. It crosses, in its

awkward, lumbering way, trenches, craters, depressions, and cuts the barbed wire. Nothing stands against it, and it is proof against missiles of all kinds, except an H. E. shell, which records a direct hit.

The Germans have not used it because it is only effective on the offensive and the Huns have been on the defensive, practically since Verdun. They have made no attacks; they have only countered.

These tanks going into action and crossing No Man's Land look like giant toads, or some leviathan, prehistoric animals. On their first appearance whole battalions almost forgot to fight and shouted with laughter, so ridiculous were the motions of these strange iron monsters.

CHAPTER XXX

TRENCH RAIDS

AT the best, a trench raid is a very risky and unpleasant job. Men are very seldom detailed for this work; a call for volunteers is usually made. It isn't necessary to volunteer for every raid that comes along, but don't be a worm and let the other fellow do it all. It never feels as fine to slap a returning successful trench raider on the back and say, "Good work, Jones, old boy," as it does to be Jones and get slapped on the back.

If you adopt "for keeps" this old trench saying, "If you're going to get it, you'll get it," you will find that Mr. Worry disappears "over the top" and your spirits rise to a great height, dragging your actions with them.

It is morning—you have volunteered for a trench raid, which is going to take place that night. Don't "mill" over the fact that you are

likely to be captured, killed, or wounded; this will sap your nerve and clog your thinking-machine. Just forget the killed and wounded stuff and *get ready*. Brain fag will not win wars; it is the use of ordinary common sense which makes victories possible. Many military men and others may throw up their hands at the apparent ignorance of this last statement,—but go back in history and figure it out for yourself. Get nearer home and review this war, battle for battle, and campaign for campaign, and you will find that all of the victories were won by old General Common Sense.

General Common Sense

When you get a chance (and if you do not get a chance, *make* one), ask the officer in charge of the raid what the raiders are supposed to accomplish; and find out at what part of the trench they are to go "over the top," and the *exact* spot at which they are supposed to enter the German trench. Go to the section of trench where the raiders are to go over, and with the aid of a periscope, photograph on your mind a picture of the terrain you must cross in No Man's Land. Note the rises in the ground, deep grass, shell holes, and the places which will afford cover if the raid is a failure and the German fire is hot.

Before the raiding party goes "over the top," each man is inspected to make sure that nothing is carried which will betray to the enemy the name of his regiment, brigade, or division. If a man is killed or taken prisoner, in a German trench, he is immediately taken before an officer detailed for that purpose, and searched, in order to find out what troops are occupying the English trenches. The enemy have gained valuable military information when they learn whom they are opposing, because each battalion, brigade, and division has a peculiar fighting method of its own. These methods are well-known to the efficient Higher German Officers and they can better prepare for attack, when once they know the identity of the units opposite.

Leave Behind

Identification disks, pay books, letters, papers, and regimental insignia, and the uniform are left behind in charge of your platoon officer or captain. Therefore if you are killed or captured you will be reported in the Allied casualty lists as "missing," but as "unknown" in the German records if you are killed (there being nothing to properly identify you).

Uncertainty is even worse for the folks at

home than actual knowledge of your fate. To prevent the harrowing anxiety of months, in which they receive no word from you, write a letter before you go on a trench raid. Make it as cheerful as possible under the circumstances. Tell them that you are going on the raid and that if they receive the letter you will be either captured or killed. Upon receipt of this letter they can be on the alert and watch for the lists of men taken prisoners. The warring countries, through neutral consulates, at intervals exchange these lists. Then, if your name does not appear on these lists, the folks will know that you are dead. After writing this letter carefully, address same and turn it over to your captain with instructions to mail it if you do not return with the raiding party. The captain will be glad to do this for you.

Now that you have attended to this revert to more material things. Go to your dugout or billet and carefully assemble your equipment. Arrange it in a neat and compact bundle. If you are killed, you will not need it again, but some other fellow will. And anyway it will save others trouble.

Remember that successful war means team work

and that every article that is saved will shorten the war and cut down the cost. You are supposed to sacrifice your life for Uncle Sam,—well go one better and save him trouble after you are dead. It seems like sending a fellow to the undertaker's to order his own coffin but if everyone did this it would make things easier for the folks left behind.

After arranging your equipment, get busy with your personal effects, such as letters from home, souvenirs, trinkets, mementos, etc. Put them in your ration bag; use an indelible pencil and carefully label it with your rank, name, number, company, regiment, brigade, and division. Also put the name and address of your next of kin on it. Perhaps it may reach him or her. Do not put any worthless junk into this bag, it will only take up room and add weight.

After doing this, leave the bag in care of your chum or bunkie, with instructions for him to watch out for the returning trench raiders and ascertain if you are wounded. If you are wounded he can take the bag to the dressing station and the medical corps men will see that it is attached to your wrist or ankle, and then, when you arrive at a permanent hospital, it will not be necessary to

rave about the government appropriating your personal effects.

A Little German

Learn a few phrases in German,—you may need them on the raid (SEE APPENDIX). "Auf mit deiner hände" (Up with your hands) and "Komm' mit mir" (Come with me) are the two I hope you will use. It may not be perfect German but Fritz can understand Chinese when he sees a Sammy in front of him. You must remember too that your work will be done in the dark where motions of the hands cannot be seen, so phrases will come in handy.

Do not wear your steel helmet on a raid; it is cumbersome, awkward, and heavy while crawling on the ground. In its place, wrap a heavy knitted woolen scarf around the head, taking care that it does not pass over the ears, because you will have to depend chiefly upon the sense of hearing. Remember trenches are only raided on the blackest of nights and that your eyes are practically useless.

If you carry a revolver, unbutton the flap of the holster before getting in touch with the German barbed wire, because when you do need a revolver or pistol, you need it badly. Remember to place a lanyard on your revolver,—this is important

because you are very liable to lose it in crawling across No Man's Land. Losing my revolver while on a reconnoitering patrol in No Man's Land nearly cost me my life. Never take a stiff holster with you, because it prevents a quick draw.

Blacken Up

Blacken your hands, face, and neck. Do not be careless in this important feature. Daub it on thickly. Take off your tunic or blouse and blacken up to the elbows. Perhaps you will ask where blacking can be obtained in a trench.

The best blacking is made this way. Get a cork from a pickle bottle,—if there are none in your dugout or billet, the "non-com" in charge of rations will give you one,—burn this cork. Then take your mess tin, put a little butter or jam in it, and mix thoroughly with the burned cork until you have a black paste. Jam is better than butter because it is more adhesive and will not rub off easily. If possible, do not use bacon grease because the salt in it is liable to get into the eyes and smart the skin. Close your eyes and blacken the lids.

If you cannot obtain a cork, hold the bottom of your mess tin over a lighted candle and use the

soot, mixing it with jam or butter. Matches can also be used but this takes a long time and you are liable to forget that the mess tin is hot and badly burn your fingers.

Another way: Use the black grease from the sides of a "dixie" or iron stew pot. The cooks will be glad to let you do this because you are cleaning their pots at the same time. Use a greasy rag to rub off this grease.

Blacking up is very important for this reason. When you enter the German trenches you have to work quickly,—perhaps only six minutes have been allotted in which to inflict casualties, secure a prisoner, vacate the trench, race madly across No Man's Land under a hot fire to your own trenches. In the German trench you will therefore have to work as quietly and quickly as possible, —it wouldn't do to shout out in English because this is a surprise raid and you do not want to advertise the fact that you are in the trench.

You are fighting hand to hand in a strange and narrow trench. It is hard to distinguish friend from foe. *Black face means friend, white face means German.* You can see them, while they cannot see you.

Then too while crossing No Man's Land in

the glare of a German star shell, a black face does not show as clearly as a white one.

Another tip: Take two pairs of old heavy woolen socks. Cut off the feet, pass your legs through and cover the knees, using them as you would a rubber athletic knee supporter. Do the same with the elbows. Remember that you have to crawl across No Man's Land on your elbows and knees. The sock covering will save many bruises from stones and sharp objects which you cannot avoid in the darkness.

Each man should carry an illuminated wrist watch, well covered by the sleeve of the blouse or tunic, because everything is done by time on a trench raid and you may get separated from the rest while in the German trench. You do not want to return ahead of time and you do not want to stay overtime in the trench. As a wrist watch can be seen for several yards in the darkness, cover the watch with the sleeve so that its bright light will not betray you.

If, through an oversight on the part of the officer in charge, you have not been so instructed, ask him for the password. Down in his heart he may thank you for reminding him of this very important detail. When you learn the password,

remember it. It may save your life. When you are returning from a trench raid the speed clutch is generally open,—bang, you run into your own wire. Although the sentries in your trench have been notified not to fire as a trench raiding party is out in front, still the sentry might be nervously constructed. In his excitement he may forget the precaution and, after challenging, fire, perhaps killing or wounding you. It is funny what silly and incoherent replies the challenged makes, under these conditions, when challenged by a sentry in the darkness. *Remember that password* and give it immediately.

If ordered to carry bombs on the raid (four per man are usually taken), carry them in the lower pockets of your tunic or blouse, two in the right and two in the left. If wounded in either arm, with your unwounded one you can readily reach two of the bombs. See that the buttons for the flaps of the pockets are sewed on securely or you may lose your bombs when crawling. Be careful to button these flaps and occasionally, while on your way, feel to see that they have not become unbuttoned. A bullet will not explode a bomb loaded with ammonal.

Usually a lane must be cut through your

own barbed wire to allow the passage of the raiders into No Man's Land. Sometimes the underground passage to a listening post or sap is used. When you return it is difficult to find in the darkness and you are in a *hurry*, therefore, before leaving your trench try and pick out some distinctive mark in the landscape which will serve as a guide to this passage. Do not rely on your officer to lead you back, for he may be killed or wounded.

A good stunt for a raiding party is worked in this way: Tie two pieces of white tape to barbed-wire stakes, one on each side of the passage. The man on the right and the one on the left of the raiding line (they crawl in extended order formation) carry these balls of tape, generally in their pockets, and unwind the tape as they crawl forward, leaving a white guide post behind to show the way back.

Weapons

A bombing club is a handy weapon to take on a trench raid. The one we used was made of hard wood, about eighteen inches long, and shaped like a cave man's club. The handle is thin, but thick enough to afford a good grip. Through the hole in this handle is a leather thong. The loop is passed around the wrist,

making it easier to carry while crawling (just let it drag). The other end is thick, forming a large knob. The outside of this knob is studded with sharp steel spikes. Down the center of the club is a bar of lead or iron to give it weight and balance. This club makes a very handy weapon in a narrow trench. One of its chief assets is that it is *noiseless*.

Another good weapon is the "knuckle knife" or trench dagger. The blade is of heavy steel, about eight inches long. The grip is reinforced over the knuckles with heavy steel bands (similar to brass knuckles). In a narrow trench you can either stab a man or shatter his jaw with a punch. One punch generally stuns him and it is an easy matter to take him prisoner.

Occasionally, a prisoner shows fight and refuses to go along with his captor. Perhaps in the excitement and darkness of No Man's Land he may escape and return to his own trenches. To prevent this, before you go "over the top," make what we called a "come-along."

The "Come-along"

Get a strand of barbed wire about four or five feet long; make a loop on one end, about a foot in diameter; then with your wire-cutter remove the barbs on the other end and make a smaller loop just large

enough to allow the passage of your hand through it, thus securing a firm grip on the wire.

When you get a prisoner, pass the larger loop over his head so that the barbs will stick into his neck if he baulks. After you place one of these "come-alongs" around the neck of a Fritz, he is as peaceful as a lamb.

Remember that there must be no talking or giving orders in No Man's Land; it is a surprise attack and quiet is essential to the success of the raid. Therefore it is necessary to have noiseless signals in giving orders. Although the entire party is told exactly what to do before starting on the raid, you can readily see that orders must be given, because soldiers have a habit of forgetting and confusing instructions.

In our raid, the officer was on the right of the line most of the time. Occasionally when we had come to a halt, he would crawl down the entire length of the line to see or *feel* that everything was O. K. I was on the extreme left. That afternoon before going "over the top" he had instructed us in a code of tap signals which later proved very effective.

This was the scheme:

He would twice tap the man on his left. Upon

feeling the two taps, this man would tap the man on his left twice, and so on down the line until the two taps reached me. Upon the receipt of these taps, I would tap the man on my right and the one tap would be passed up the line until the officer received it,—then he would know that his signal had been received and was understood by all of the men and that they were ready to obey it. Two taps meant: "Crawl forward slowly for five yards, halt, and await further orders."

In all, we had four signals—it is bad policy to have more, because the men are liable to forget or confuse them. The simpler they are the better.

The success of a trench raid for prisoners depends on surprise. Larger operations such as bombing and company raids do not necessarily rely on surprise to be successful, because, before they go "over the top," it is customary to bombard the section of the German trench which is to be attacked. This is like sending Fritz a telegram reading thusly: "Dear Fritz, we will attack your trench as soon as our barrage lifts." But it is a necessary evil because the German barbed wire has to be demolished and their morale weakened by shell fire.

Star Shells

Another great menace to a raiding party is the star shell. This will not kill, but is dangerous because of the bright light it makes, betraying the party.

The official name for a star shell is "Very light." It is simply a rocket, which before firing looks like a shot-gun shell. It is about four to six inches in length and about one inch in diameter. It is fired from a flare pistol, which is held in the hand and aimed over the top or parapet of the trench. The trigger is then pulled,—a sharp "plop" report, a thin thread of red sparks describing an arc in the air, then the star shell bursts, either in the air or after hitting the ground, depending on the elevation of the flare pistol when fired. Then follows a burst of intense white calcium light which burns from twenty to seventy seconds, lighting up No Man's Land in a large circle.

There is another type used, called the "parachute star shell." This is fired from a sawed-off shot-gun and reaches a height of about fifty feet in the air. A parachute unfolds, a bright light burns, and the parachute slowly settles to the ground, lighting up a large circle beneath it. If the wind is blowing, this star shell "travels" and is very

effective. It covers more space and the enemy out in front have difficulty in avoiding its tell-tale light.

Through costly experience ways have been found by men in No Man's Land to combat the light from star shells. Here is the correct method. Remember it because it may save your life later on.

If a star shell should fall and burst in front of you—that is between you and the German trench —you are comparatively safe from detection, because the Germans cannot see you through the burning light. It is like trying to distinguish a motor car on a dark road while looking into its headlights. Even though the enemy cannot see you, it is safer to remain motionless, because if you are moving when the star shell begins to splutter out, the light then is not so intense and the enemy can spy the moving object.

After crawling forward and getting within the range or "zone" of the star shells, or "star-shell zone," as it is called, you must keep your wits about you and exercise the greatest caution to escape detection. You can always see a star shell coming through the air, and, by its red trail, similar to the tail of a comet, can readily judge where it will land. As soon as this red trail disappears, drop to the ground and lie as flat as

possible. *Keep the head and buttocks well down. Do not move*—hardly breathe, because the least movement will betray you. Do not look up at the burning light or you will be temporarily blinded and will find it hard to see the trail of the next star shell. Under normal conditions star shells are sent up from the German trenches about every five or ten minutes, but if the Germans are nervous, or "windy" as we called it, star shells will drop into No Man's Land every minute or so. If you are advancing in the "star-shell zone" and one unexpectedly bursts behind you, it is too late to drop to the ground. The movement will betray you. So as soon as the flare bursts, hold your position, no matter what it may be—just as if you were a statue. *Do not move a muscle.* You are in a dangerous position and must trust to luck. Your form looms up against the burning light as an indistinct blur to the German eyes. They won't fire until they are certain what the blur is —that is unless a nervous sentry is on guard. He is liable to fire at the moon and has just about as much chance of hitting *you.* So if you are fired at, don't duck, though it takes an awful lot of nerve to keep still.

With a tell-tale movement the game is up.

Perhaps they won't fire at the time you move but will concentrate the aim of their rifles, perhaps a whole platoon of them, on the spot where you were sighted. Then, out of their trench will come seven or eight star shells falling all about you and the raiding party—then a hail of rapid fire. Even if this happens do not spring to your feet and run madly back to your trench. If you do, it is dollars to doughnuts that you will be hit. Hug the ground as closely as possible and *crawl* back. At night a bullet fired from a trench generally goes high. The soldier is safe, if he is close to the ground.

In the Wire

If the party approaches within a few yards of the front of the German barbed wire without being seen, the least noise spells failure of the raid and many casualties. Now, be on the lookout for the "trap wires," listening posts, reconnoitering patrols, and working parties.

"Trap wires" are barbed wires, strung about six inches from the ground and attached to small stakes, driven in the earth. These may cause nasty and noisy falls, laceration of the hands and knees and entangling of the uniform. The sound of the ripping betrays you to the enemy.

When the raiding party gets within a few yards of the German wire, three or four men, who have been previously detailed as "scouts," armed with wire cutters, which are insulated with rubber, noiselessly crawl forward and reconnoiter, while the remainder of the party hug the ground and wait—just wait. This waiting is awful suspense,—the worst part of the whole raid. But soon the scouts return and you get the tap signal to "carry on."

In the smaller raids you will always have to cut the wire, sometimes also in the larger raids, when the entanglement has not been sufficiently demolished by shell fire. This is hair-raising work, with the Germans so near that you can hear their conversation.

The wire is very thick and ofttimes taut. To cut it noiselessly, grasp the strand about two inches from the stake with the left hand; with your wire cutters in the right nip the wire and lower the severed end slowly and noiselessly to the ground, taking care not to touch another wire. Then cut this wire from the stake and place it out of the way. If you cut a taut wire in the middle, that is half way between the stakes to which it is attached, it will curl up perhaps hitting you in the face or

becoming entangled in your uniform, and will also betray your presence to the Germans by the sound it makes,—a loud "twang" like the snapping of a banjo string.

If the officer in charge considers it too risky to negotiate the wire, he will give the tap signal meaning "about turn" or "to the rear"—then you either return to your trenches or strike at another point.

If the wire is successfully negotiated, then it is time to rush the trench, inflict as many casualties as possible, secure prisoners, then—back to your own trench. *Remember that you went out after prisoners.* Sometimes it is necessary to draw the fire of the enemy and sacrifice one's own life, so that your mates in charge of the prisoners will have a chance to get them across in safety.

Do not feel ashamed if you are afraid while raiding a trench. Every time I went out I was "scared stiff."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE WOUNDED

WHEN orders are received or information obtained that an attack is to take place and that you are to be one of those who must "go over the top," take a bath, if possible, and above all, put on clean underwear. In trench life facilities are not always available, but try and attend to this. Missiles that wound a man usually carry part of the underclothing into the wound. If not clean, infection is liable to follow, especially in hurts caused by "dum dums" ricochet bullets, or fragments of shell.

If hit, don't lose your nerve or become excited. The worst part of being wounded is not the pain, as generally there is very little,—it is the suspense during the first ten to thirty seconds after being hit, when one is trying to ascertain whether the injury is mortal or not. Above all things do not

go into a frenzy of fear,—be cool and work quietly and quickly.

First Aid

First ascertain where and how badly you are hit. If you are bleeding freely, it is easy to tell by the color and flow of the blood whether a vein or artery is severed. If a vein, the flow will be steady and the blood dark red; if an artery, the flow is jerky (from the pumping of the heart) and the color is a bright red. Get out your first-aid packet, apply a tourniquet, using your bayonet or entrenching tool handle to tighten it. If a vein is severed, place a tourniquet near the wound, on the side farthest from the heart. If an artery, place the tourniquet near the wound on the side nearest the heart. In your first-aid packet you will find a capsule of iodine. Pour the contents into the open wound; use the iodine freely,—do not be afraid of an overdose for it cannot harm you. Although it will cause a good deal of smarting, still it may save your life or the amputation of a limb.

If you receive a body wound lie still—do not try to crawl in. Wait for the stretcher-bearers; they will come. This caution is particularly necessary if you are hit in the stomach.

Water

Do not drink water; simply moisten the mouth. *This is very important.*

Fix your bandage intelligently, so that it keeps the wound free from dirt. Remember that an improperly bandaged wound causes more harm than good. If bones are broken, lie as still as possible, until help arrives. If you do not fully understand how to make and use a splint, forget about it,—let the doctors do it.

If wounded out in No Man's Land at night and there is heavy rifle, machine gun, or shrapnel fire all around, do not try to crawl or limp to your own lines. Probably you have lost all sense of direction and will land against the German barbed wire with dire results to yourself and your wounds. If daylight finds you lying wounded out in front, remain still,—do not lift your head or cry out, because some German following the ethics of Kultur, so carefully taught him, will take delight in potting you.

Remember when under fire, the closer you hug the ground the safer you will be from a "stray," —in fact the chances are five hundred to one you won't be hit if you follow the above advice. I know from actual experience.

And don't cuss the stretcher-bearers, they will

rescue you in time. Their lives are as precious as yours.

Remember that if wounded, you will leave your outfit or unit and perhaps France behind. No doubt you have some personal belongings of value, such as photos, letters, mementos from home, money, etc. These very likely will be in your pack, left in a dugout or billet. If you are not seriously wounded and know what is going on around you, ask one of the stretcher-bearers to stop on his way to the advanced first-aid post and request one of your mates to bring the pack to the dressing station. The stretcher-bearer will do this for you, if he can. On the whole they are a fine lot of fellows. If there is no time for this, ask the medical officer or sergeant in charge, when you arrive at the dressing station, to send a man to your company commander or platoon officer, with the request that your pack be immediately sent to the dressing station. This will be done. When the pack arrives, pick out only the things of most value. One of the medical men will put the trinkets into a little bag issued for this purpose. See that the bag is *tied* to your unwounded wrist or ankle. This insures the safety of your valuables. You must remember that the trip to

the base hospital is a long one and that you will be moved several times. If the bag is lying loose on your stretcher, it generally disappears in the confusion—sort of gets lost in the shuffle.

Handling of the Wounded

To give the rookie and the civilian some idea of the way a wounded man is cared for in France, the channels he passes through, and the noble work of the Red Cross, I will briefly summarize what happens from the time a man is hit until he at last reaches a hospital in England. The United States is too far from the scene of conflict to have her wounded sent home and the transports which would otherwise be used for hospital ships must be all devoted to the vitally necessary duties of carrying troops, supplies, and munitions. Then too the commanders of the *U*-boats, the adders of the sea, have no conscience and often send Red Cross ships and their cargoes of wounded and nurses to the bottom. So most of our wounded will be cared for in French or English hospitals and many a Sammy will take the trip which I have taken, as I describe it below.

If a man is wounded after he has gone "over the top" and is lying in No Man's Land, it may be some time before stretcher-bearers come to the rescue, and it is up to him to administer his

own first aid. But if he is hit while in a fire trench or behind the lines, assistance reaches him immediately, either at the hands of his mates or the stretcher-bearers.

A few words on stretcher-bearers will not be amiss, because they are wonderful soldiers, good and true,—sheer grit to the backbone. A stretcher-bearer is not, as is commonly believed, a member of the medical corps. He is a company man who has been passed as "proficient" in a course of first aid or has had experience in civil life in this line. Stretcher-bearers volunteer,—it is not a compulsory detail. They are heroes, if there is such a thing as a hero in war, where every man is doing his bit.

Generally there are from two to four stretcher-bearers to a platoon. They do not carry arms and the only distinguishing mark is a white brassard with a red cross on it, buttoned, pinned, or sewed above the left elbow on their tunic or blouse. They carry a canvas first-aid pouch and medicine bag slung around their shoulders by means of a leather or canvas strap. Two men are detailed to a stretcher.

When a man is hit "out in front," the stretcher-bearers go out after him, and they are liable to

be killed or wounded in doing so. They reach him, open up their stretcher, place it beside him, and gently lift him upon it; sometimes they apply a tourniquet, or bandage his wounds under a hot fire, risking their lives in so doing.

Oftentimes they go out without a stretcher, and the wounded men are carried in on their shoulders or backs. In a charge the stretcher-bearers go "over the top" in the rear of the advancing waves and bring in the wounded as they fall.

When a man is hit in the fire trench the call for stretcher-bearers is sounded. In a few minutes they arrive. If the wounds are serious one of the stretcher-bearers usually places a couple of morphine tablets under the tongue of the wounded man. After administering first aid, they place him on the stretcher and carry him to the entrance of the nearest communication trench leading to the rear, or to an advanced first-aid dugout or dressing station. It is hard work carrying wounded on a stretcher through a communication trench,—there are so many sharp turns and the communication trench is only about three feet wide. Oftentimes to navigate a sharp turn the stretcher must be lifted out of the trench and carried "over the top" and then lowered into the

trench again. In the daytime this is dangerous work because there is always some German sniper waiting for just such an opportunity to display his shooting skill and to demonstrate that he was brought up on the bottle of German Kultur. In most places along the line these turns can be passed without lifting a stretcher out of the trench. This important factor was considered when the trench was dug, but in hurried entrenchments such is not the case, and the wounded and stretcher-bearers suffer accordingly.

When the advanced dressing station is reached, the wounded soldier is turned over to a surgeon and his assistants of the medical corps. The stretcher-bearers then return to their post in the trench to wait for another casualty.

The surgeon dresses the soldier's wounds, makes a record of his rank, name, number, company, regiment, date of wounding, and nature of wounds. "G. S. W." on the record means gun shot wound; "S. W," shell wound; "I. W.," incised wound, bayonet, etc.; "S. I.," one self-inflicted.

Then comes another stretcher ride, if the station or dugout is in a front line or communication trench, until the dressing station behind the

trenches is reached. This dressing station is usually a large deep elephant dugout, made in the rear of a house in the village.

Here the "casualties," after again being dressed, are put into motor ambulances and transported to the field hospital which is generally located five miles or farther behind the lines. At this place the wounds are cleaned and dressed, or perhaps the man is operated on, or a limb is amputated. Then another ambulance ride to an ambulance train. Here the wounded meet their first Red Cross nurses. A four or five hours' ride on this train follows, then more ambulances until the base hospital or casualty clearing station is reached.

If the man is marked "Base Hospital," indicating that his wounds are too serious to transport him farther, he remains there until he is strong enough to travel. If marked "England" the casualty has a night's rest in a hospital bed. Next day, ambulances again, until a Channel port is reached. Then he is carried aboard a hospital ship and crosses the Channel.

Arriving at Southampton, there is another short ambulance ride to the railroad station, at which point he is put into an English ambulance train.

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722	Bomb	H Caudell	B 5.		D.C.M. Battery
140614	Pte	C. Gregory	11		60th Canadians
19159	"	J. Kennedy			1st Som. L.I.
5203	"	Empey. A.S.	B V		M.G.C.
1725.	Pte.	Berry P.R.	B V	Cape	1st Monmouth

PASS ISSUED TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT DEVONPORT MILITARY HOSPITAL

The "casualty" takes a four or five hours' ride on the train—more ambulances again until he reaches at last the permanent hospital.

He stays there until he is convalescent and is then sent to a convalescent home for a period of six weeks. Upon being discharged as cured, he is granted from seven to ten days' leave, with orders to report at the termination of his leave to the training station of his unit. At the training station he is put into a convalescent class and is gradually promoted from one class to another, until he has fully recovered his strength. Then he undergoes a physical examination and is marked "Fit" or "Duty," and he performs the duties of an able soldier until his name is picked for a draft going to France, and it is not long before he is again in the fire trench. The average length of time required to return a wounded man to France is from five to seven months.

A Word to Sammy

Sammy, after you have actually been in the thick of it, especially if you are wounded or sick, you are going to meet a certain class of people that perhaps you have never met before. I am speaking of the doctors, Red Cross nurses, women volunteers, chaplains, and Y. M. C. A. workers.

You will love them, you can't help doing so. They are noble men and women, sacrificing all for your comfort and welfare.

And people wonder how soldiers can be so cheerful. The great mystery is how any soldier can be grouchy after coming in touch with these heroes and heroines.

I will leave it to you to decide.

The Girl who Wants to be a Nurse

Right here, I can't resist answering a question, often asked me in my lectures in the various parts of the country: "Do you think I am fitted to be a Red Cross Nurse?"

The most romantic appeal to any girl is that of the Red Cross. The picture is touching—the white uniform bending over a bleeding soldier on the field of battle, impervious to fear and danger, soothing his brow as he whispers his last farewell message. But that is not the whole picture.

The right to wear this uniform is the greatest honor to which a woman can aspire in this war. It is as glorious as the uniform of the soldier. He sacrifices himself for his country, she sacrifices herself for the soldier.

But this means work and study, not merely the

signing of an application and attending a meeting or two and then donning the uniform.

Hard Work

Your work at first is not binding up bleeding soldiers, nor smoothing their brows, nor writing their letters home, nor will it surely terminate in a romantic marriage. It is scrubbing and making beds, washing dirty linen and greasy dishes, cleaning up wards, and other *very dirty* work. Later on you will be graduated to the position where you can take temperatures and assist the registered nurse and doctor in dressing wounds. You are allowed to hand them bandages, cotton, swabs, and to clean up the mess when the work is finished. Then you gradually advance until you are allowed to remove the bandages of superficial wounds. Another step, and you are allowed to bandage the wounds, and so on through the routine until you are entrusted with a ward of your own.

Smile, Smile, Smile

During all this hard work and study you must never complain. There must always be a smile on your face, and remember your pay is not large.

If your wishbone is where your backbone should be, and you have not the patriotism, the strength of character, and the willingness to

sacrifice everything in this cause, I say, "Stay home." But if you are a true American and really want to serve your country and the fighting men of your country, go into this with both feet. When you at last can wear the Red Cross uniform you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the soldier on the fighting front loves and adores you and looks up to you as his angel of mercy.

Girls, this goal is worth attaining. Go after it, and when the war is over, come marching home beside Sammy, with a feeling of exultation that *you* and *he* have won this war and forever established Justice, Democracy, and Liberty for the future generations to come.

CHAPTER XXXII

"GONE WEST"

ALL along the Western Front stand little wooden crosses, marking the resting-places of those who have "gone West."

The fallen soldier receives every honor possible under the conditions. Perhaps you who have loved ones at the Front may like to know something of the respect paid to the boys who fall "out there."

If a soldier is killed in the front line trench, it is a simple matter to handle the remains. As soon as he is hit the call "Stretcher-bearers on the double" is passed down the trench. When the stretcher-bearers arrive (it is generally within five minutes) and they find that the man is dead, two of them carry the body on a stretcher to the rear, if things are quiet in the trench. The dead soldier is usually covered with a waterproof sheet, or poncho; if this is not obtainable the face is

covered with an empty sandbag. As the stretcher-bearers wind their way down the communication trenches, they run the gauntlet of many inquiries, such as: "Who is it, mate?" "Gone West?" "What battalion?" The stretcher-bearers always answer these questions. Their replies generally are short and to the point: "Jones, A Company"; "Rifle; through the napper"; "7th Middlesex."

In the wake of the stretcher can be heard the following expressions of sympathy: "Poor old Jonesy, gone West"; "Too bad, three kids too"; "Why it was only yesterday he stopped and I gave him a bit of tobacco for his pipe," etc.

After emerging from the communication trench, the stretcher is placed on a small two-wheeled truck, which is used for the dead or wounded. The wheels are about three feet high with pneumatic tires and wire spokes, resembling those of a bicycle. The truck, or "perambulator" as it is nicknamed, is equipped with springs so that the wounded man can be wheeled over a very rough road with little jolting.

When the body arrives at an advanced first-aid post or dressing station, a thorough examination, or "death test," is given by the medical officer. The identification disc is removed and a careful

record for the casualty lists is made. The body is then placed in the "morgue," which is generally a little shed in rear of the dressing station.

The commanding officer of the dead man's unit is officially notified. Upon receiving this notification, the officer sends the man's platoon officer and a "non-com" to the dressing station to identify the man, so as to check the official record of his death.

In the presence of an officer, where it is possible, a non-commissioned officer of the medical corps searches the clothing of the deceased and all of the effects found are placed in a little packet. This packet is sealed and the man's rank, name, number, company, battalion, brigade, division, and religion are written on it, also his home address, and the address of his next of kin. The last information is taken from the man's paybook, which never leaves his person.

His Effects

In the company all of the soldier's personal belongings are carefully collected by a "non-com," in the presence of an officer, and are put into an empty sand bag. On this bag a tag is fastened with the same information as that on the packet in the dressing station. The bag is then sent to the dressing station,

where the sergeant major takes charge of it, and, with the packet, it is turned over to the department which takes care of dead men's effects. These effects sometimes reach the relatives of the deceased months later. Behind the lines are huge sheds for storing these belongings, and perhaps after the war a large percentage will reach their destinations.

The remains are often carefully sewed in a blanket. The cost of this blanket is noted in the paybook of the deceased and is deducted from the pay due him.

Behind the lines (anywhere from three hundred to nine hundred yards from the fire trench) is the cemetery. Men in charge of the chaplains are detailed to lay out, dig, and care for the graves. The cemetery is also under the direct supervision of a high ranking medical officer, generally the sanitary officer. It is laid out in streets and each street is spaced into graves or plots. Starting on the left, each space allotted for a grave has a little numbered stake driven into the ground. At the head of each street is a wooden sign post with the name of the battalion and brigade written on it.

Troops, especially if they are "rookies," are

badly shocked when they take over a new section of the line, and see a sign in the cemetery with their own regiment and brigade inscribed on it. From this sign their eyes travel down a long row of little stakes numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. Instinctively they wonder who is going to occupy No. 1 grave. Perhaps next day they will know.

Burial

A chaplain of the creed of the deceased is officially notified of the death, even though he is standing beside the corpse at the time. He then takes charge of the funeral. If they can be spared, the men of the section to which the man belonged, attend the funeral. Four chums of the deceased generally act as pall-bearers. Across the stretcher are laid two heavy ropes with which to lower the remains into the grave. The corpse is then placed on the stretcher and covered with a flag. The chaplain leads, then come the pall-bearers with their flag-covered burden, followed by the officers and men of the section or platoon—and so the procession starts on its way to the cemetery.

As it passes through the streets of the shell destroyed village, troops come to "Attention" and salute. It has been a much discussed question as to whether the troops are saluting the flag on

the stretcher or the remains beneath the colors. Out of respect for the dead, we will say that the remains are being saluted. The flag receives many salutes but the form on the stretcher, if it be that of an enlisted man, is receiving his first and only salute in France. He has not done much to merit a salute—he has only given his life, his all, for his country.

When the procession arrives at the cemetery, it halts before an open grave. Standing near this opening in the ground, are two soldiers in their shirt sleeves, the sweat pouring from them, with shovels in their hands.

The chaplain reads the burial service. The flag is removed from the body,—not buried with it, as many people think. Perhaps that flag has covered hundreds of bodies. It is spotted all over with little telltale blood marks.

The grave diggers, assisted by some of the men, lower the body into the grave by means of the ropes and the earth is thrown in. The chaplain remains until the grave is filled in, and the little mound of earth is patted and shaped by the grave diggers. He has brought with him a hermetically sealed bottle with a little slip of paper inside, upon which is written in ink or indelible pencil,

the rank, name, number, company, battalion, division, and religion of the deceased and the date of his death. He carefully places this bottle in the soft earth at the head of the mound. Next day, a little cross made of pinewood, about thirty inches high, is placed at the head of the grave. Inscribed on it in black paint is the following information: "Private A. B. Jones, No. 16794, Company A, 7th Middlesex, 167th Brigade. Killed in action, November 30, 1917. R. I. P. [*Requiescat in Pace*—Rest in Peace]."

Perhaps in time the elements will destroy this cross or efface the inscription, but the bottle with its slip of paper remains.

Shortly after the funeral, in their few spare moments, the men of the section or platoon to which the deceased belonged, decorate the grave with white stones. They sod it over and then their Mate "rests in peace," undisturbed by the bursting shells or the "cracking" of "strays" above him.

But this careful attention cannot be given the individual soldier who falls during or immediately after an attack,—there are too many to be buried and for sanitary reasons the bodies must be disposed of as quickly as possible.

At such a time the dead are buried by men detailed for that purpose. They are called "Burying Parties" or "Digging Parties." This work is done at night, for the Germans are no respecters of funerals,—in fact, if they think a burial party is at work, they seem to take delight in shelling or directing their machine-gun fire into No Man's Land. Many a soldier has been killed or wounded from German fire while standing beside the open grave of a comrade.

The burying party goes out in front in charge of a couple of officers. It is composed of company men and others detailed from the medical corps. The party numbers from twenty to one hundred and fifty, according to the amount of work on hand.

When a body is found, the identification disc is removed and carefully preserved for record in the casualty lists and notification of next of kin. Friend and foe are treated alike. One squad collects the bodies while another digs a deep grave or trench. The bodies are placed in this hole; at times, thirty to forty bodies have been buried in the same grave. Quicklime is plentifully sprinkled over the bodies and then the hole is filled in.

Later on, if possible, a large wooden tablet is erected, giving the ranks, names, numbers, etc., of the men buried at that spot.

Except in the case of a very high-ranking officer or commanding general, bodies are never sent home.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"THANK GOD! THE STRETCHER-BEARERS"

WHAT is the Red Cross? What does it do? Why should *I* contribute *my* hard-earned money? Thousands of people throughout the United States are asking themselves these questions and are receiving no answers, and their much-needed dollar goes for something else and the Red Cross suffers, is suffering.

To many, who do not take the time or trouble to investigate, the Red Cross means a little sign in a shop window, a white placard, with a red cross in the center, the words "Join the Red Cross," written at the top, while at the bottom appears the reminder "Do it now." They read this last admonition and forget it or plan to do it some other time.

To answer these questions we will ask the one who knows,—the fighting man, the man in the trenches, the man who is right now, this very

night, lying bleeding in the darkness of No Man's Land and straining his eyes into the blackness, eagerly looking for the stretcher-bearers and that little Red Cross.

The deck of incidents is well shuffled; at random we will pick a card. Turn it face up,—it is red, blood red, the color of the Red Cross. We read its story: it is also blood red.

Of course, the story I relate is not true. It never happened. Ridiculous! Absurd! But let me impress upon you *that it has happened thousands of times on the Western Front.* It is happening right now and will repeat itself many times before this war is over.

This soldier has entered the Great Fight. He is a scoffer. To him there is no God, no Hereafter; when he is killed he is dead, it's all over, he doesn't give a damn. Anyway, *he's* not going to be killed, *he's* coming through all right. *He's* been out since Mons, gone through attack after attack; never got a scratch, while nearly all of his mates, especially the "churchy" ones, have "gone West." They are lying "somewhere in France," "pushing up the daisies," while he is here, alive, eating bully beef, smoking a fag, and "sweating on leave," —he starts for Blighty next Saturday,—'cause

there it is in orders, written on the Brigade typewriter. If there is a God, He's a pretty poor mate because He never saved the ones who believed in Him. They are in the ground, the worms are eating them. Let them pray what wants to. But he,—not likely!

"What's that? Bombing raid to-night,—all bombers report at once? Why in hell wasn't I a machine gunner? Rotten luck, that going on a trench raid when your name's posted in orders for leave. Offer up a prayer for my safe return? Just like Jones, always buttin' in with his soft soap religion stuff. Well, to my thinking, a 'tin hat' is more protection on a trench raid than a whimpering prayer.

"So long, boys, we'll be over the top in ten minutes."

(The trench raiders are now crawling back across No Man's Land to their own trenches.)

"Well, we busted up Fritz's tea party all right. Hot work while it lasted. I know my bomb got three out of that last bunch in the corner of the firebay—and a good job too!

"Ha! a star shell; there goes another, and another. Now for the music! (*Crack!*) Damned close, that one,—dirt got me in the face. (*Pup-*

pup-pup!) I'm thinking we'll be lucky to get back to our trench safely through this mess.

"I say, Pete, are you there? Pete—Pete! why in hell don't you answer? Cricky! it's black; wonder where Pete got to?

" 'Arry is that you? Down flat, don't move, —here comes a star shell. Keep your napper down till she burns out, you bloody fool. (*Crack! Crack!*)

"Oh! God!"

"Are you 'it, 'Arry? Answer, 'Arry, where'd it get you? (*Crack!*) 'Arry, answer me, mate. Down. Here comes a star shell; it's one of ours, —no it ain't either. I'm lost, I've been crawling toward the German lines. I'm a shaking all over —my nerve's going. I'm sick, I'm going to faint."

(*Crack! Pup-pup—Crack!*)

"They've spotted me. I'll make a run for it. More star shells, four of 'em,—to hell with 'em, I'll chance it running. (*Crack!*)

"Oh—oh—oh. My leg's smashed—I'm bleeding,—damn 'em; they won't get me, not while I can crawl. (*Crack! Crack!*) Shoot, damn you, shoot!

"A shell hole at last! None too soon either. Oh, my leg! Knee's shattered I bet,—means a

crutch in Blighty for me. A few seconds more an' I'll be safe from Fritz's strafeing.

"What! more star shells! Damn them! Shrapnel, too,—I'm in a pretty mess out here, I am. A few inches more an' I'll be in the shell hole an' out of danger. What's dragging on my leg? Another star shell,—parachute too; if they see me, my bacon's cooked. Curse that leg, I can't move it.

(*Crack! Crack!*)

"Oh! God, my shoulder. Oh—oh—oh, I'm dying—I'm wet with blood—(*Crack!*) Oh—oh—oh—it's—oh—oh——"

(Becomes unconscious. Later, he regains consciousness.)

"Where am I?—it's dark—my leg, I'm wet,—it's sticky—it's blood, I'm hit—(*Crack!*) Snipe, you blighters. It's your turn—I've had mine. I'm bleeding to death—Oh, Mother! Mother! Mother! (*Crack!*) I'm dying out here alone. I'm going crazy—I won't, *I won't die*,—oh my ribs are crushed——"

And then, his first prayer:

"Stretcher-bearers—stretcher-bearers! Where are you? Come and get me—Oh! God—God—(if there is one)—send me stretcher-bearers.

(*Pup-pup-pup*). Oh! God—stretcher-bearers! Oh! God—God—God——"

(In the trench, crouched on the fire step, covered with mud, are two stretcher-bearers.)

(*Crack! Pup-pup-pup! Crack!*)

"Blime me, Fritz is sure kicking up a row out in front. Hug her close, here comes a shrapnel. (*Whiz-z-z! Bang!*) Our raiding party is sure clicking it; they ought to have been back long before this. There'll be a lot go West this night—keep your head down, you can't see nothing that way. (*Crack! Zing!*) Gimme your handkerchief, me eyes are full o' dirt. Did you hear that? What is it? Sounds like someone moaning. Hell, it's one o' our boys—he's out in front, he's hit. Ask the sentry if he heard it."

(Very faintly from out of the blackness in front.) "Stretcher-bearers—Oh—God—God!"

(*Crack!*)

"Come on, Bill, it's over the top an' out in front to bring in the poor beggar."

(*Crack!*)

"'Sure death' you say; what in hell are you wearin' that red cross on your arm for, if you're afraid of going West?"

(*Pup-pup-pup.*)

"I ain't afraid, never quit yet, did I? Pass up the stretcher and don't waste so much time with that chin music, p'ra'ps the poor cuss is dyin'."

"'Ere you are, get a 'old on the end, and run low. Damn that barbed wire!"

(*Crack!*)

"Down on the ground—'ere comes a star shell. Now up an' a run for it."

"Hear him? That moanin' sound? To the right a little more. (*Crack!*) Right I say. Steady—a star shell——

"There he is Bill—don't move in this light—that black heap on the edge of the shell hole on your right. When she burns out we'll run for him—Now! work quick!"

"God, he's dead——"

But that black heap at the edge of the shell-hole speaks!

"Thank God! the stretcher-bearers."

"No he ain't, he's *alive*, Bill,—gently, his leg's broke—easy now—on he goes— Down flat, here's another light."

(*Crack! Crack-crack-crack.*)

"Down low; they see us—(*Zing!*)—when it's dark, back we go and trust to luck. Get ready—now! Gee, this bloke's heavy."

"We're near our wire! Watch out for the sentry——"

From the darkness comes the challenge:—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Stretcher-bearers—you blinking idiot—do you want to let every Fritz in France know it?"

(*Crack!*)

"What'd I tell you? See what you've done, they hear us.

"Mind that stretcher, Bill, you're dumping the bloke into the wire."

"Just a minute till I get this stretcher strap around my neck,—that last one got me in the arm."

"Hit hard?"

"Naw, but I reckon it's good for Blighty."

"Gee, you always was lucky, Bill. Here's the dressing station,—careful with him down those steps—they're slippery. You do the talkin', Bill, while they bind up your wing."

"Yes, sir, found him in a shell hole out in front — must be one of the raiding party. My arm bleedin'? So it is; that's funny, I didn't know it; must a' been a stray that got me.

"How did we get him? Just by luck, sir, we

was a roamin' around out in front and sort o' stumbled over him.

"What were we doing out in front? Well you see, sir,—you see—we just went out after him—nothin' to it at all,—sir. Think he'll live, sir?

"That's good, sir. I'm glad to hear that, 'cause he must 'a had a tough time out there all alone an' hit in three places. A little easy with that splint, Sergeant, it hurts some. Thanks.

"So long, Jim, old chum, I'll write to you from Blighty."

"Good-bye, Bill, you lucky bloke!"

Just Bill and Jim, a little red cross on their arms, the same kind of a cross you see in the shop windows; they get a shilling a day—twenty-four cents—a cent an hour for risking their lives under fire.

They are willing to risk their lives and go out in No Man's Land to save a wounded and bleeding soldier, while right here in the United States there are thousands of people who will not risk a dollar to help Bill and Jim and the Red Cross.

If, when contributing, you will realize that each bandage you buy binds up a poor wounded and bleeding soldier, I know you will dig deeper.

If you are a true American you will join the Red Cross, support it, and work for it. If your sympathies are elsewhere, the American Red Cross does not want your help.

Remember, Americans and our Allies, that the Red Cross needs and appreciates the widow's *mite* as well as the millionaire's *might*.

IN CLOSING

"FIRST CALL" may seem a Hungarian goulash of information but the reader would perhaps be tolerant if he would realize that most of it was written while trekking back and forth over this country, lecturing after my return from France.

The information given is not unusual. I am able to give it simply because I happened to be one of the first Americans on the ground. Any ordinary Yankee boy who keeps each of his senses sharp could do the same.

But the book comes sincerely from my heart and I will be happy if it helps one recruit over the rough road to Berlin.

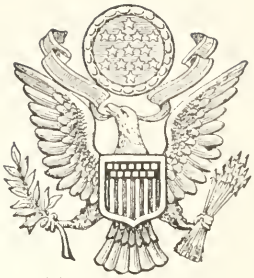
One thing more before I drop this fountain-pen.

A friend the other day made a remark that was very helpful to me and may be helpful to you. He is a shade under forty, healthy and vigorous, but he has a large family and many responsibilities and cannot go—and oh! how he wants to!

As he watched a few of the men in the office saying "Good-bye," the day before they were to leave for the training camps, he said: "No matter what we men who are left behind may do—those fellows will have it all over us."

Wasn't he right? Think it over as you close your desk and hang up the old office coat to don the khaki. Men may become rich or famous in other walks of life—but no matter what their achievements, they can be no greater than yours. You will have it "all over them." To have taken part in this great war, on the side of Right, to have been one of the struggling soldiers who have helped to bring back to the earth Freedom and all that makes life precious, is well worth while. The sacrifice may be great, but it will not have been in vain.

CAP DEVICE - U.S NAVY

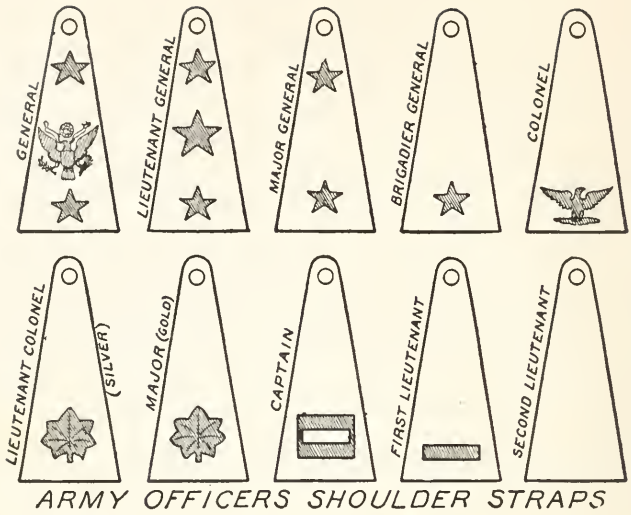


CAP DEVICE - U.S. ARMY

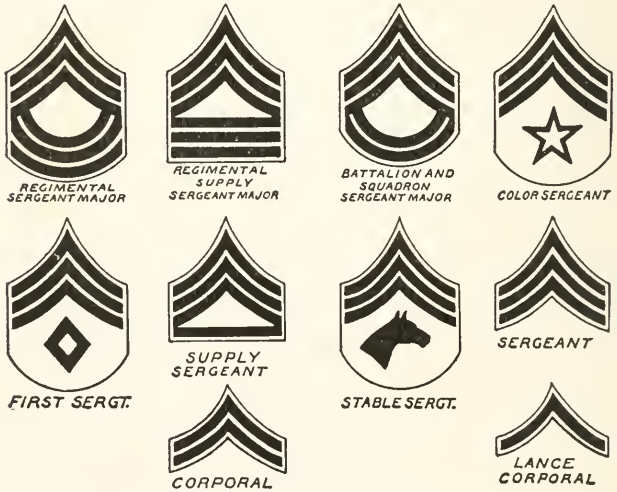
CAP DEVICE
MARINE CORPS

CAP DEVICE
CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

CAP DEVICES U. S. ARMY AND U. S. NAVY

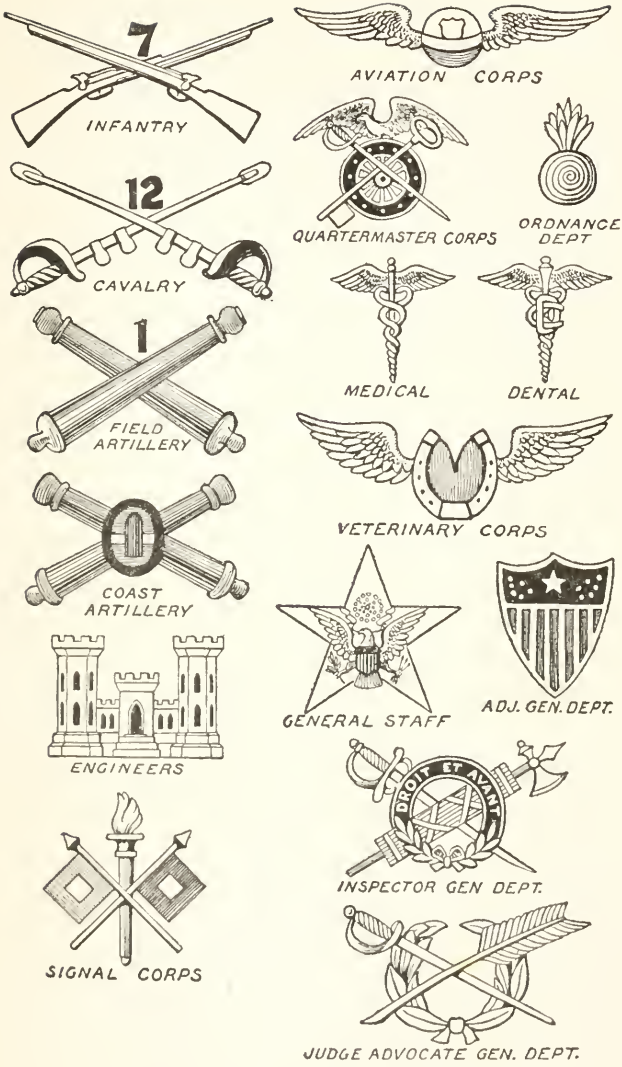


ARMY OFFICERS SHOULDER STRAPS

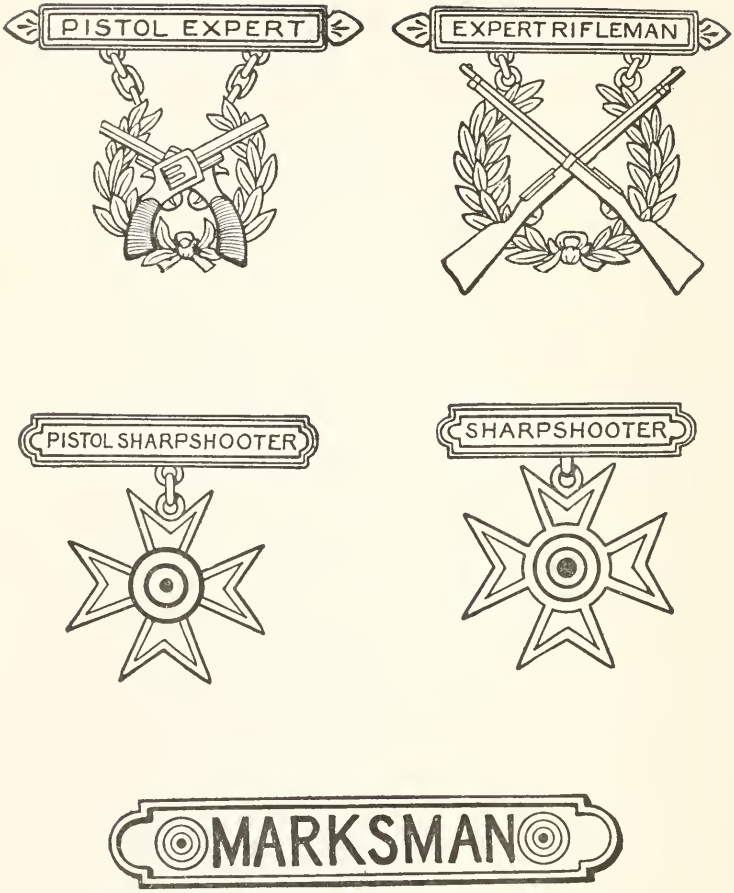


ARMY CHEVRONS

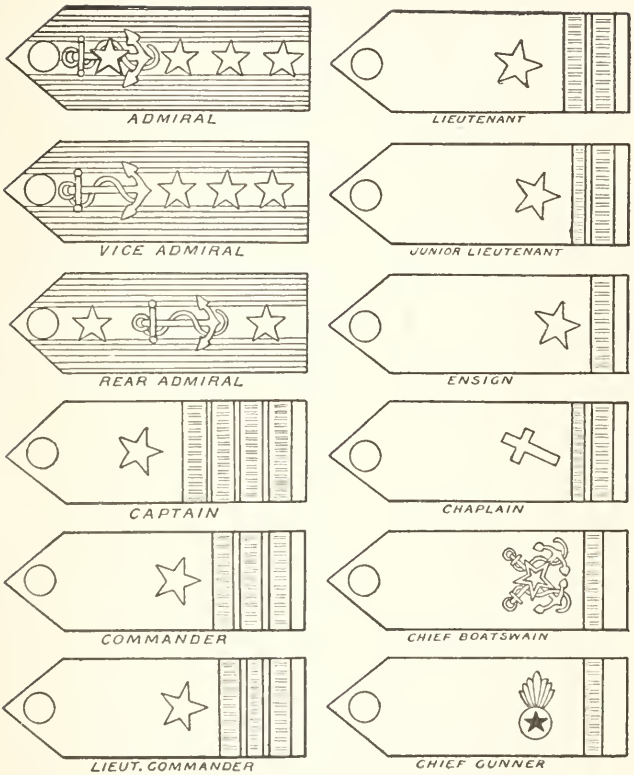
INSIGNIA U. S. ARMY



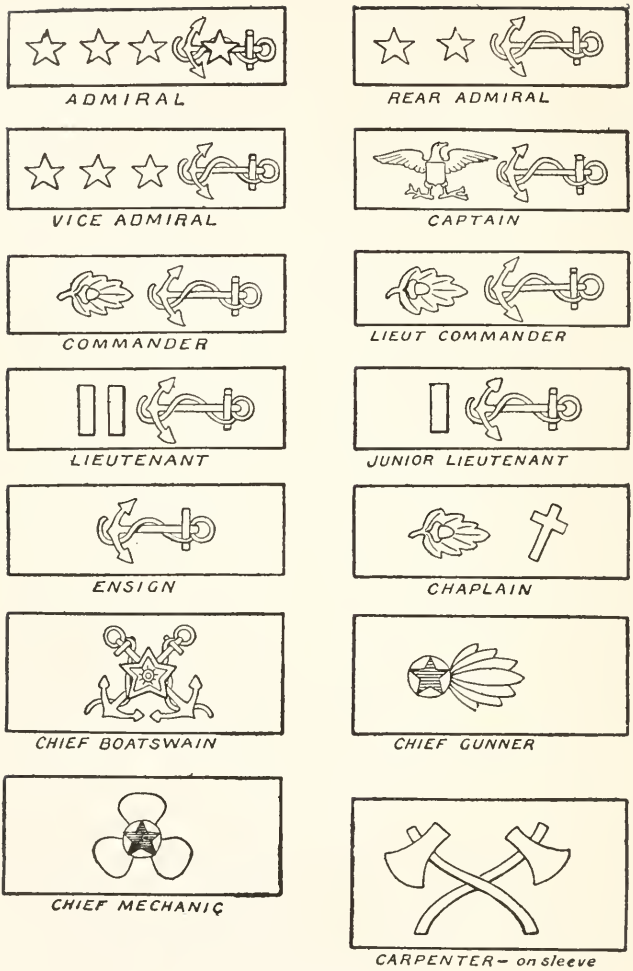
CAP AND COLLAR DEVICES U. S. ARMY



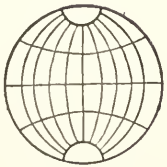
MARKSMANSHIP BADGES, U. S. ARMY

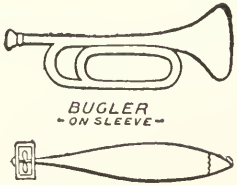


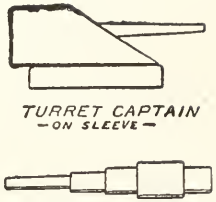
INSIGNIA, U. S. NAVY SHOULDER STRAPS



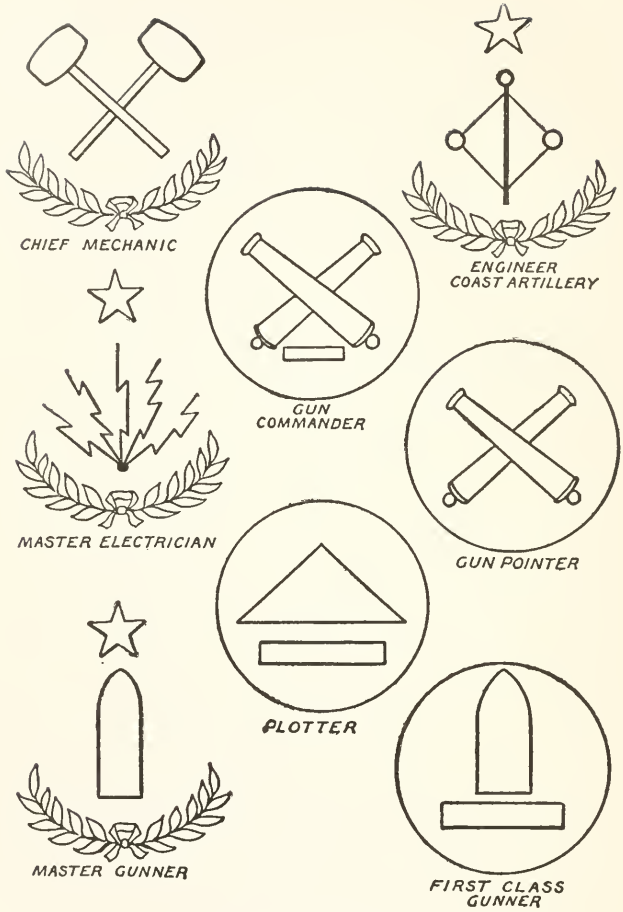
COLLAR DEVICES, U. S. NAVY







INSIGNIA, U. S. NAVY (WORN ON SLEEVE)



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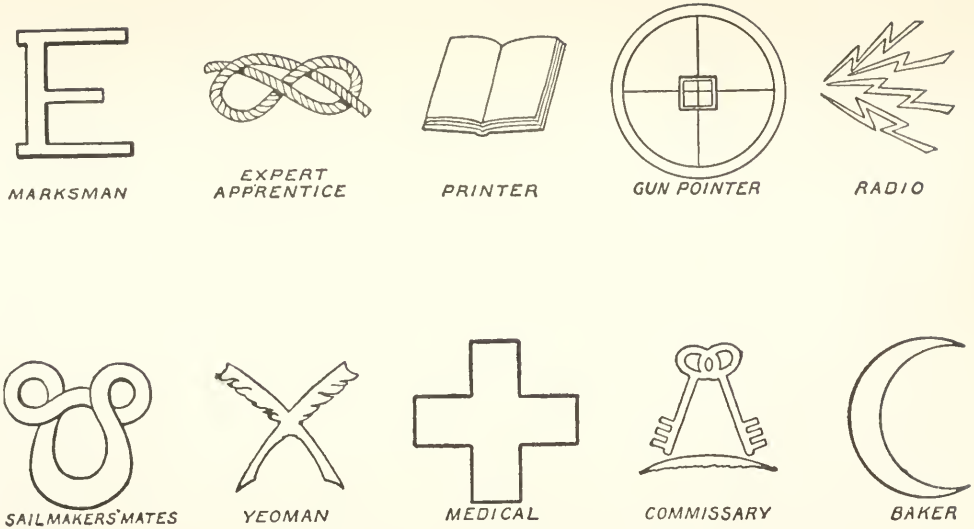

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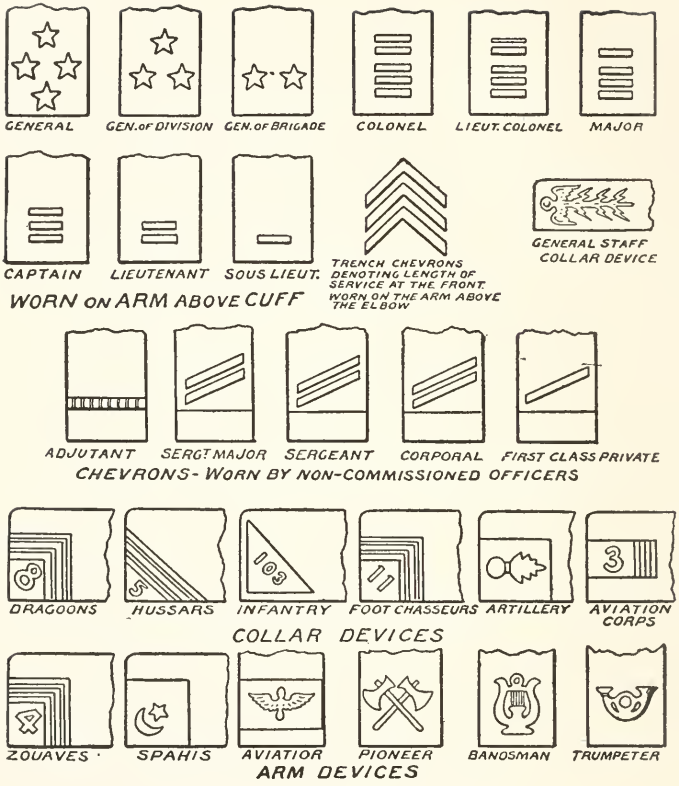
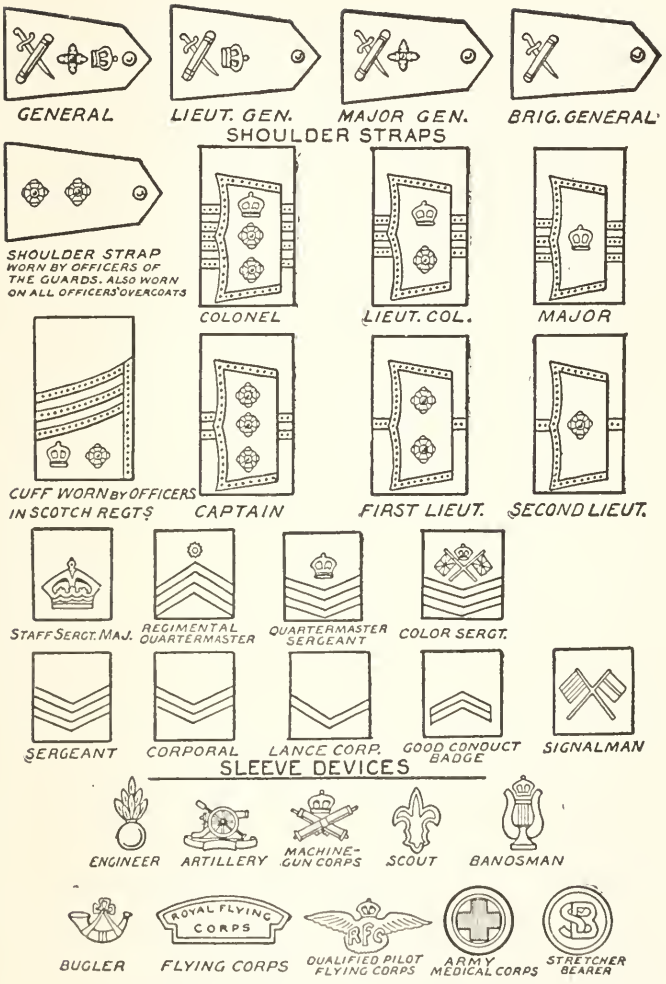
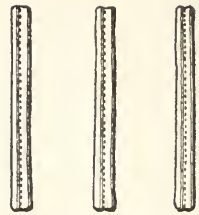


INSIGNIA AND DEVICES, FRENCH ARMY

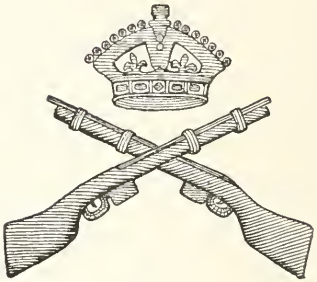


INSIGNIA AND DEVICES, BRITISH ARMY

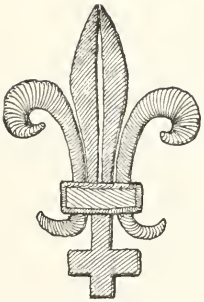
BOMBER



WOUNDED STRIPES



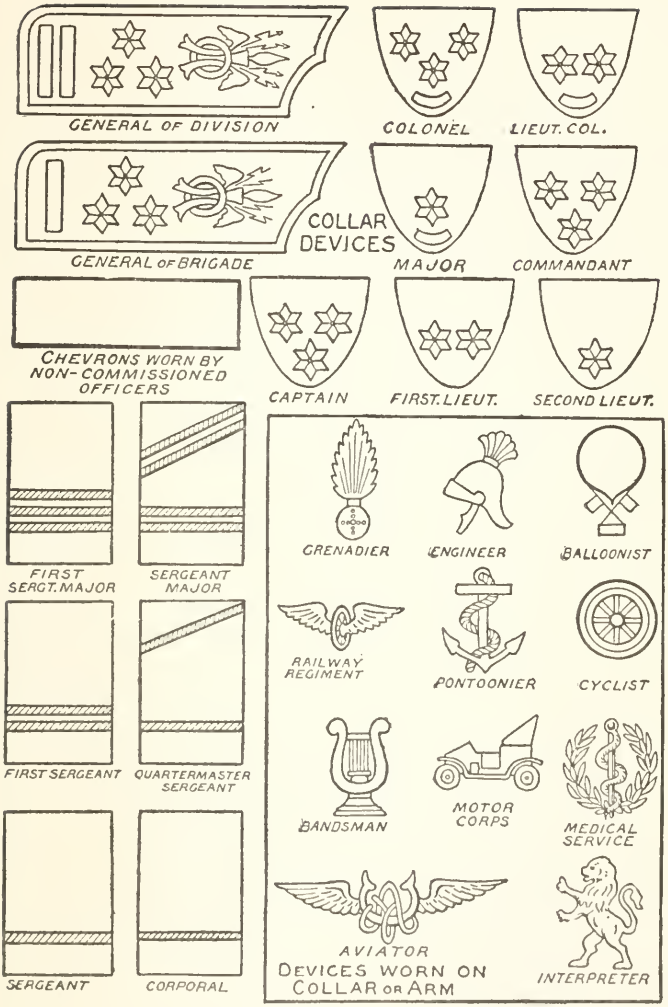
"BATTALION SHOT"



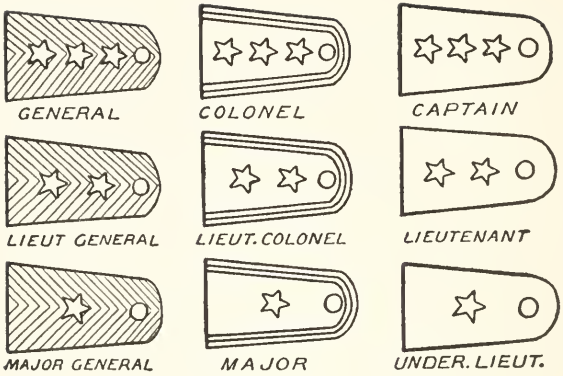
SCOUT

MACHINE GUNNER

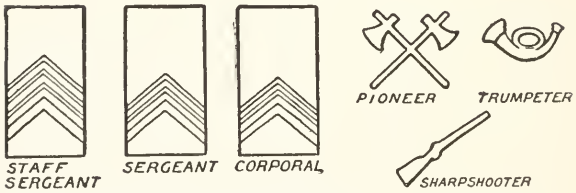
INSIGNIA, BRITISH ARMY



INSIGNIA AND DEVICES, BELGIAN ARMY

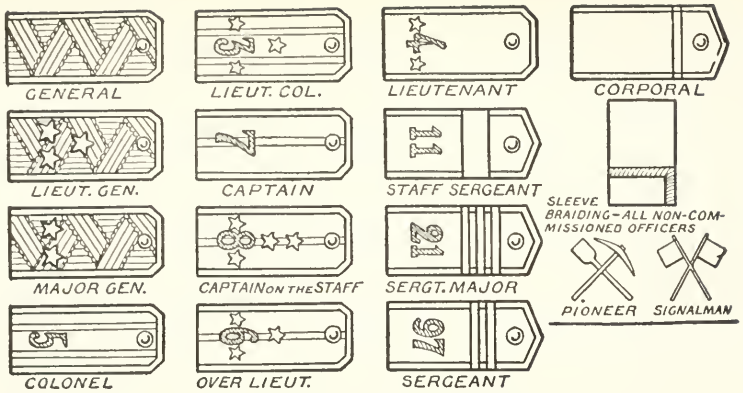


SHOULDER STRAPS

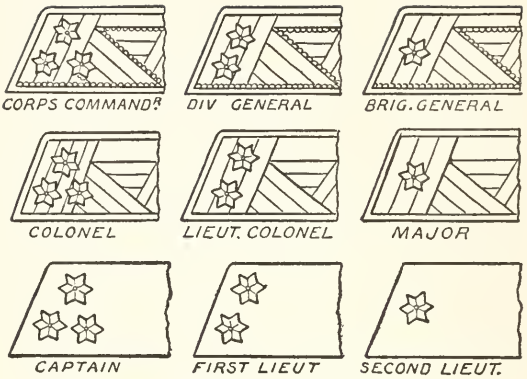


SLEEVE DEVICES-ENLISTED MEN ARM DEVICES

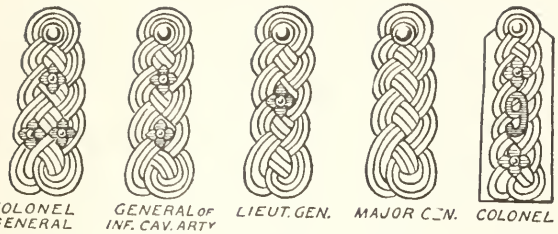
INSIGNIA AND DEVICES, ITALIAN ARMY

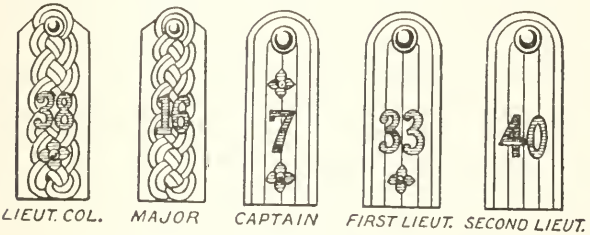


INSIGNIA AND DEVICES RUSSIAN ARMY

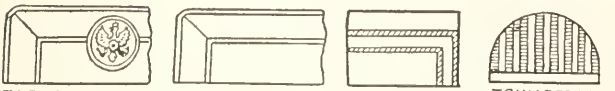


INSIGNIA, AUSTRIAN ARMY





OFFICERS' SHOULDER KNOTS



NON-COMMISSIONED OR UNDER OFFICERS' COLLAR DEVICES

INSIGNIA, GERMAN ARMY

APPENDICES

SAMMY'S "PINCH" DICTIONARY

A few French and German phrases that will help Sammy in a pinch.

ENGLISH	FRENCH
Which is the way to headquarters?	Ou est le quartier général?
Good-bye.	Au revoir.
How many miles?	Combien de kilométres?
How far is it to the next village?	Combien y a-t-il d'ici à la ville?
Please give me a drink of water.	Donnez-moi à boire, s. v. p. ("s. v. p." means: s'il vous plaît, or in English: Please.)
Will you sell me some milk?	Voulez-vous me vendre du lait?
Will you sell me some eggs?	Voulez-vous me vendre des œufs?
Will you sell me some bread?	Voulez-vous me vendre du pain?
How much is it?	Combien est-ce que je vous dois?
Is this road safe?	Cette route est-elle en bon état?
What is the name of this place?	Quel est le nom de cet endroit?
I am a sentry.	On m'a fait sentinelle.
We are a patrol.	Nous allons en patrouille.
I want to wash.	Il faut que je me lave.
All is well.	C'est bien.
Please post this for me.	Remettez le à la poste.

Please give me pencil and paper.	Donnez-moi un crayon et du papier, s. v. p.
Please give me an envelope.	Donnez-moi une enveloppe, s. v. p.
Will you sell or give me some straw to sleep on?	Voulez-vous me vendre ou me donner du foin ou de la paille pour faire une litière.
Thanks for your hospitality.	Je vous remercie pour votre hospitalité.
Have you an English or American paper?	Est-ce que vous vendez des journeaux anglais ou américains?
I want some gasoline(or petrol).	Il me faut du pétrole.
I want some candles.	Il me faut des bougies.
I want some soap.	Il me faut du savon.
What town is this?	Quel est le nom de cette ville?
What time is it?	Quelle heure est-il?
Which is the way to ——?	Quel est le chemin à ——?
I am in the American infantry.	Je suis Américain de l'Infanterie.
I am in the American cavalry.	Je suis Américain de la Cavallerie.
I am in the American artillery.	Je suis Américain de l'Artillerie.
I am in the American engineer corps.	Je suis Américain du Corps de Génie.
What is the latest news from the front?	Quoi de neuf du front?
We are good friends.	Nous sommes des bons amis.
I am glad to meet you.	Je suis charmé de vous voir.
Long live France!	Vive la France.
Long live America!	Vive l'Amérique.
Long live Belgium!	Vive la Belgique.
Long live England!	Vive l'Angleterre.
Long live Russia!	Vive la Russie.
Death to Germany!	À bas l'Allemagne.
Good-morning.	Bonjour, Monsieur, Madame, *or* Mademoiselle.
Good-evening.	Bonsoir, Monsieur, Madame, *or* Mademoiselle.

Good-night.	Bonne nuit.
Thank you.	Merci; merci bien, Monsieur, Madame, *or* Mademoiselle.
Yes, thank you.	Oui, Monsieur, je vous remercie.
No, thank you.	Non, Monsieur, je vous remercie.
Look out, a shell!	Prenez garde, *or* Faites attention, un obus.
Pardon me.	Je demande pardon, *or* Oh! Pardon.
Which is the way to the railroad station?	Où est le chemin pour aller à la gare?
Which is the way to our billets?	Où est le chemin pour aller à nos logements?
Is there anyone here who speaks English?	N'y a-t-il personne qui parle Anglais?
Do you understand?	Comprenez-vous?
I understand.	Je comprends.
I do not understand.	Je ne comprends pas.
Please give me a cigarette.	Donnez-moi une cigarette, s. v. p.
Please give me some tobacco.	Donnez-moi du tabac, s. v. p.
Please give me a match.	Donnez-moi du feu, s. v. p.
Keep quiet!	Silence!
Halt!	Halte!
Surrender!	Rendez-vous!
Hands up!	Mains hautes!
Drop your rifles.	À bas vos armes.
Lie down.	Couchez-vous.
Stand up.	Levez-vous.
No talking.	Taisez-vous.
Follow me.	Suivez-moi.
Go straight ahead, I will follow.	Allez tout droit, je suivrai.
Follow the trench.	Suivez cette tranchée.
Run.	Allez.
Faster.	Plus vite.
Slower.	Lentement.
Pay attention.	Attention.

Forward march.	Marchez.
Walk.	Au pas.
March single file.	Marchez par file.
March by twos.	Marchez à deux.
Who is your officer?	Qui est votre officier?
Who is your sergeant?	Qui est votre sergent?
Who is your corporal?	Qui est votre caporal?
What is your name?	Quel est votre nom?
Give me your identification disc.	Passez-moi votre plaque d'identité.
If you try to run away, I will shoot you.	Ne bougez pas ou je tire.
Bring that machine gun with you.	Portez cette mitrailleuse.
Are any of you wounded?	Y a-t-il des blessés?
Can you walk?	Pouvez-vous marcher?
Carry that wounded man.	Relevez cet homme blessé.
Are you hungry?	Avez-vous faim?
Are you thirsty?	Avez-vous soif?
Throw away your bombs.	Laissez tomber vos bombes.
To what regiment do you belong?	Quel est votre régiment?
I am wounded.	Je suis blessé.
It is serious.	Il est sérieux.
It is slight.	Une blessure légère.
Where is the doctor?	Où est le médecin?
Bandages.	Bandages.
Stop the bleeding.	Arrêter le sang.
The ambulance.	L'ambulance.
The stretcher.	Le brancard.
I am in great pain.	Je souffre beaucoup.
I am ill.	Je suis malade.
I am hit in the lungs.	Je suis blessé au poumon.
I am hit in the stomach.	Je suis blessé à l'estomac.
I am hit in the head.	Je suis blessé à la tête.
I am hit in the arm.	Je suis blessé au bras.
I am hit in the leg.	Je suis blessé au pied.
I am hit in the foot.	Je suis blessé à la jambe.
I am hit in the knee.	Je suis blessé au genoux.

I am cold.	Il fait froid.
I am too warm.	Il fait chaud.
Keep your head down.	Baissez la tête.
Keep to the right.	À droite.
More to the left.	À gauche.
A rifle.	Un fusil.
This is a spy.	C'est un espion.
Come!	Venez!
Keep silent.	Taisez-vous.
A Frenchman.	Un Français.
An American.	Un Américain.
A Belgian.	Un Belge.
A German.	Un Allemand.
An Austrian.	Un Autrichien.
A Russian.	Un Russe.
A Dutchman.	Un Hollandais.
A Scotsman.	Un Écossais.
An Irishman.	Un Irlandais.

ENGLISH	GERMAN
Who speaks English?	Wer spricht Englisch?
Do you understand?	Verstehen Sie?
I understand.	Ich verstehe.
I do not understand.	Ich verstehe nicht.
Please give me a cigarette.	Geben Sie mir bitte eine Zigarette.
Please give me some tobacco.	Geben Sie mir bitte ein wenig Tabak.
Please give me a match.	Geben Sie mir bitte ein Streichholz.
Halt!	Halt!
Surrender!	Übergebt Euch; Übergeben Sie sich!
Hands up!	Hände hoch!
Drop your rifles.	Werfen Sie Ihre Gewehre nieder.
Lie down.	Legen Sie sich nieder.
Stand up.	Steh auf.

No talking.	Ruhe.
Follow me.	Folgen Sie mir.
Go straight ahead, I will follow.	Gerade aus, ich folge Ihnen.
Follow the trench.	Gehen Sie den Graben entlang.
Run.	Laufen Sie.
Faster.	Schneller.
Slower.	Langsamer.
Pay attention.	Achtung.
Forward march.	Vorwärts, marsch.
Walk.	Im Schritt.
March in single file.	Im Gänseschritt.
March by twos.	Marsch, zwei Mann im Glied.
Who is your officer?	Wer ist Ihr Offizier?
What is your name?	Was ist Ihr Name?
Give me your identification disc.	Geben Sie mir Ihre Identifikationsmarke.
If you attempt to run away, I will shoot you.	Wenn Sie versuchen sich zu entfernen, schiesse ich.
Bring that machine-gun with you.	Tragen Sie das Maschinengewehr.
Are any of you wounded?	Wer unter Ihnen ist verwundet?
Can you walk?	Können Sie gehen?
Carry that wounded man.	Tragen Sie diesen Verwundeten.
Are you hungry?	Sind Sie hungerig?
Are you thirsty?	Sind Sie durstig?
Throw away your bombs.	Werfen Sie Ihre Bomben weg.
To what regiment do you belong?	Von welchem Regiment sind Sie?
I am wounded.	Ich bin verwundet.
I am badly wounded.	Ich bin schwer verwundet.
I am slightly wounded.	Ich bin leicht verwundet.
Where is the doctor?	Wo ist der Arzt?
Bandages.	Verbände.
Please bandage me.	Bitte verbinden Sie mich.
The ambulance.	Die Ambulanz.
The stretcher.	Die Bahre.
I am in great pain.	Ich habe grosse Schmerzen.
I am ill.	Ich bin krank.

I am hit in the lungs.	Ein Lungenschuss.
I am hit in the stomach.	Ein Magenschuss.
I am hit in the head.	Ein Kopfschuss.
I am hit in the arm.	Ein Armschuss.
I am hit in the leg.	Ein Beinschuss.
I am hit in the foot.	Ein Fusschuss.
I am hit in the knee.	Ein Knieschuss.
I am cold.	Ich bin kalt.
I am too warm.	Ich bin zu heiss.
Keep your head down.	Bücken Sie sich.
Move to the right.	Rechts um.
Move to the left.	Links um.
A rifle.	Ein Gewehr.
This is a spy.	Dies ist ein Spion.
Come.	Kommen Sie.
Keep silent.	Ruhe.
A Frenchman.	Ein Franzose.
An American.	Ein Amerikaner.
A Belgian.	Ein Belgier.
A German.	Ein Deutscher.
An Austrian.	Ein Oesterreicher.
A Russian.	Ein Russe.
A Dutchman.	Ein Holländer.
A Scotsman.	Ein Schotte.
An Irishman.	Ein Irländer.

AMERICAN ARMY TERMS

IN *Over the Top*, Tommy's Dictionary of the Trenches gave a list of the phrases, some official and some slang, which I picked up in service on the Western Front; it will not be necessary to repeat them here, but a similar list of the expressions used in our Army, gathered during my service in the United States Regular Army, may help the new recruit.

A

Adjutant. An officer, usually a captain, with office in headquarters, who is in charge of the detail work of a regiment; the mouthpiece of the Colonel. Officers and men must get permission from the Adjutant before they can speak to the Colonel. He also mounts the guard and is in command of the non-commissioned staff, Band and Headquarters Company. It is wise for everyone in the regiment below the rank of Colonel to keep on the right side of the Adjutant.

A. G. O. Abbreviation for Adjutant-General's Office.

Aide-de-Camp. An officer detailed to assist a General.

"All Night In." A member of the guard who does not have to walk post at night. Generally the orderly to the C. O. (commanding officer), or a man detailed as "Prison guard," who guards prisoners during the day and sleeps in quarters at night. The trumpeter of the guard has "all night in" but must sleep at the guardhouse.

Allotment. The sum of money allotted by a soldier, from his month's pay, to the people at home. The Government has established a routine by means of which a soldier may sign an agreement for the amount he wishes sent and it is forwarded regularly each month to the beneficiary. The draft man must remember that even though he is serving his country, his support has been taken from the folks at home, and they also are serving their country. It is up to him to make an allotment to his mother, wife, or other dependents, which will financially tide them over the time he is in Uncle Sam's service.

"A month and a month." Sentenced to one month's confinement, and the forfeiture of one month's pay.

"Arrest in Quarters." A soldier awaiting trial for a misdemeanor which is not serious enough to confine him in the guardhouse. He is not allowed to leave quarters except for drill, fatigues, etc.

Articles of War. Rules for the government of the army. The army abbreviation is A. W.

A. W. L. Absent with leave.

A. W. O. L. Absent without leave; the above is the more advisable way to visit your "sweetheart."

B

Bachelors' Mess. Name generally applied to the quarters of unmarried officers.

"Barndook." Nickname for rifle. Also used by Tommy Atkins.

Battalion. A command in the army consisting of four companies of infantry, in the American army comprising about 1000 men.

Bell mare. In every pack train in the army there is a bell mare,—a gray mare with a bell attached to her halter. One of the packers lead her, while the pack train is on the march, the bell jingling. The mules are trained to follow this sound. When the train halts the pack mules generally scatter into the fields on the sides of the road to graze. It would be a

hard task to round up these mules, so instead, a packer leads the bell mare down the road. The mules immediately fall in behind the mare and the march is resumed.

"Biscuit shooter." Slang term for a female servant or officer's cook. Old-time western expression.

"Black draught." Jollop.

"Black Jack." A strong physic. Generally jollop. Coffee is also called "Black Jack."

Blanco. A whitening for belts. Used several years ago when white belts were issued.

"Bobtailed." Dishonorably discharged or discharged without honor.

"Bootleg." Nickname for coffee.

"Bought another star." Term for being fined by court-martial. When a small fine is inflicted it is said that the man has bought another star for the flag. If a heavy fine, it is "bought another flag."

Brigade. A command of the army consisting of four regiments, including units of each corps.

"Bucking for Orderly." Cleaning up so that you will be the cleanest man at guard mounting. The cleanest man is picked by the adjutant to be orderly to the commanding officer for that special twenty-four hour tour of the guard.

"Bunkie." Term given the soldier who sleeps next you in barracks or camp; more often used in an endearing way,—your friend, "pal," or chum.

"Busted." American army slang meaning that a non-commissioned officer has been reduced by order, or court-martial, to the grade of a private.

Butts. The part of a rifle range from which targets are operated.

"Buzzy cot." A field stove. Generally a grating resting on stones or iron stakes. Looks good to Sammy after a twenty-mile hike.

C

"Canned Willie." Nickname for canned corned beef issued in the army ration.

Canteen. Water bottle. Also army store.

Canteen checks. Paper or metal money which will be honored for merchandise at the army canteen. A soldier, if he is not in debt to the Government, is allowed a certain percentage of his pay in canteen checks. The usual allowance is 20%. The soldier signs a printed form in the orderly room. These forms are in denominations of one dollar, two dollars, three dollars, and five dollars. The form is then signed by the company commander. It is presented at the canteen by the soldier and canteen checks of the amount on the form are issued to him. Gambling with canteen checks keeps many a soldier broke.

Cantonment. A large site upon which temporary buildings are erected for the quartering and training of troops. Many have been recently constructed for our National Army.

Challenge. A verbal warning from a sentry to a person or persons nearing his post. This warning takes the form of the question, "Halt! Who's there?" As a rule a sentry does not challenge until 11 P.M. or at nightfall.

"Challenging an orderly." At guard mounting the Adjutant picks out the cleanest man for orderly to the commanding officer. If you think you are cleaner and smarter you tell the Adjutant that you challenge him. When the new guard relieves the old, the men strip, piece for piece, and are closely inspected, the cleanest winning out. Sometimes there is no choice and a contest in the manual of arms and guard duty follows. The winner is orderly.

"Charge of Mess." A non-commissioned officer detailed by the company commander to take charge of the accounts and feeding of a company. Generally the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"Charge of Quarters." A non-commissioned officer who is detailed to look after the affairs of the company barracks. His tour of duty lasts twenty-four hours. He attends no drills, but he must answer sick call, see that the quarters are clean for morning inspection, get the men out in time for drills, notify men of any special details, sometimes mount the guard, confine men, take check, etc.

"Chasing prisoners." Guarding prisoners while at labor,—soft for those who like to see other people work.

Check. 11 P.M. inspection to see that all men not on pass or duty are in their bunks or cots.

Check pass. A pass given to a man which allows him to be absent from the 11 P.M. inspection of his outfit, but which does not excuse him from reveille.

Chino khaki. Khaki made in China. The finest grade obtainable.

C. O. General term for Commanding Officer.

"Coffee cooler." Slang used in the army for a soldier who is always looking for a soft job.

Colors. The national, State, or regimental flag carried by foot troops.

"Come and get it." Sammy never gets in the guardhouse for disobeying this call (used by the cook to announce that the meal is ready to be served).

Commissioned officer. An officer in the service of the United States whose commission is signed by the President, or Governor of a State; all grades from second lieutenant up.

"Cow." Slang for milk.

"Crazy with the heat." A common saying in the tropics and among troops who have served there. Generally used in an argument when you wish to tell the other fellow that he does not know what he is talking about; same as "talking through your hat."

Cuff leggins. Name given to the short canvas leggins, which replaced the old long leggin with the strap passing under the instep.

D

"Detached Service." A man detailed on some military duty away from the station of his unit.

"Dhobie itch." A very unpopular skin disease contracted in the Philippine Islands.

Diamond hitch. A certain way of tying a rope on the aparejo when packing a mule. It is a difficult knot and needs some studying, just like the animal on which it is tied.

Dining-room orderly. A man detailed to look after the dining-room, set the tables, cut bread, and wait on table.

Discharged without honor. A soldier is discharged without honor for inaptitude or disability not incurred in the line of duty. It does not entail the loss of citizenship.

"Dishonorably Discharged." A soldier who has received a dishonorable discharge from the Army. A dishonorable discharge entails the loss of your citizenship. The paper is appropriately yellow in color.

Division. A command of the army consisting of three brigades (twelve regiments).

"Dog robber." Nickname for a soldier who does menial work for an officer.

Dog tent. Nickname for shelter tent.

Doherty wagon. A four-wheeled covered wagon drawn by from four to six mules, used for transporting soldiers on duty to and from railroad stations, or points near a military post. Also used to convey the paymaster to and from a railroad station. It is more often used by the commanding officer, the officers and their wives, as a means of transportation to and from the town or city near the post.

"Do it again." Slang for reënlisting.

"Doughboys." Nickname for the infantry.

D. S. Army abbreviation for "Detached Service."

"Dust-Disturbers." Nickname for infantry; see "Doughboys," "Gravel-Agitators," and "Mud-Crunchers."

E

E. D. Abbreviation for Extra Duty.

"Elsie." Nickname given to a fine inflicted by a Summary Court-Martial. In using this expression the soldier usually prefixes it with the amount of the fine (a "$10 Elsie").

"Extra Duty." A soldier detailed on special work such as the duties of a clerk in the Quartermaster's Department, post carpenter, etc. Extra pay is allowed him by the Government for this work.

F

Fatigue. Army term for work.

Field Officer. An officer of a regiment with or above the rank of a Major.

"First and last chance." The nearest saloon to an army reservation. Going out it is the first chance to get a drink and coming in, the last.

"First Call." The first trumpet call starting the new day. It is sounded by the trumpeter of the guard and is intended to wake the garrison. (For other bugle calls see chapter on same—VIII.)

First Duty Sergeant. The ranking line sergeant of a company.

"First hitch." First enlistment.

"For the good of the service." A caption generally used by a commanding officer who issues an order and cannot justify it by any specific General Order or regulation. It covers a multitude of sins.

"French leave." Absent without permission.

Full pack. Heavy marching order. All equipment. — — — — x—x—xxx—!!! (representing verbal whizzbangs from the old soldier when he hears this order).

Funeral escort. Troops detailed on funeral duty in the army to show honor and respect to the deceased.

Furlough. Permission to be absent from military duties granted to enlisted men.

G

Garrison prisoner. A soldier who has received a sentence in the guardhouse,—from one to six months with corresponding loss of pay, but not entailing dishonorable discharge.

General Officer. A military term used in referring to an officer holding a General's rank.

General Orders. Standard orders issued by War Department, governing the conduct of men on guard.

"Ghost walks." Nickname for getting paid—pay day.

"Give the wind a chance." An expression used to "shut up" some boaster "blowing" about what he can do or has done. Very effective.

G. O. Abbreviation for General Order.

"Gold brick." Term for a soldier who beats the sick report, or one who is on special or extra duty and stands no formations with his troop, battery, or company. "Gold bricks" are not popular in the army.

"Gold lace candidate." A soldier who has passed the preliminary examination for a commission. He is entitled to a salute and fully realizes this.

"Got his buzzard." Received his discharge—suggested by the eagle on the discharge papers.

"Government bouquet." Name given to laundry soap issued by the Government.

"Government straight." The rations issued to soldiers by the Government.

"Grabbing leather." Cavalry term for a man who grabs his saddle to prevent himself from being thrown from an unruly horse. More enjoyable for the spectator than the principal.

"Gravel-Agitators." Nickname for the infantry; see "Doughboys," "Dust-Disturbers," and "Mud-Crunchers."

"Grease." Slang for butter.

"Growling." The right of an old soldier, but tabooed for recruits. It means grumbling. ("Grousing" in Tommy Atkins' language).

"Guardhouse lawyer." A prisoner in the guardhouse who imposes his advice on you, telling how to beat your coming court-martial. He never beats his own.

H

"Hand-shaker." A soldier who waits on a "non-com." in order to curry favor with him. (Synonym according to the rest of the company: worm.)

"Hardtack." Nickname for a very hard cracker issued in the army ration.

"Hard tail." Nickname for a mule.

"Hash marks." Slang for service or enlistment stripes worn

on the sleeves of the dress uniform of a soldier. Each stripe represents one enlistment in the army. The color of stripe designates the branch of the service in which he served.

Heliograph. Instrument used by the Signal Corps. It is equipped with mirrors and shutters. Signals, in a telegraphic code, are flashed by the sun's rays.

"High ball." Army slang for a salute.

"Hike." A route march.

"Holy Joe." Army chaplain. Also known as "Sky Pilot."

"Hooks." Cavalry nickname for spurs; the cavalryman would sooner lose his life than these spurs. He sleeps with 'em, eats with 'em, and dies with 'em.

I

Identification disc. A round disc about the size of a half dollar, made of red fiber or aluminum, which is worn around the neck. On this disc is stenciled the man's name, number, company, regiment, and brigade. It is used for identifying the man in case he is wounded or killed.

"In the mill." General term for "in the guardhouse."

"It didn't take an Act of Congress to make me a gentleman." A very weak expression a disgruntled soldier uses as soon as he is out of hearing of an officer who has just reprimanded him. It was derived from the phrase "an officer and a gentleman." It takes an Act of Congress to commission officers. When they receive their commissions they are officially gentlemen according to the army "sorehead."

J

"Jawbone." The army term for getting something on credit.

"Juniper." "Meat" for the old soldier,—a raw recruit.

K

Kitchen Police. Men detailed by roster to help the cook, wash dishes, wait on table during meals, etc.

"K. O." Army slang for Commanding Officer, generally used by officers.

"K. P." Kitchen Police.

L

"Lance Jack." Slang for Lance Corporal. A non-commissioned officer who wears one chevron on his arm.

Lead. The leading team on a caisson or limber in the field artillery.

"Lean-to." A shelter made out of limbs of trees, covered with branches, straw, grass, and ponchos.

Leave of absence. Permission to be absent from military duties, granted to officers.

"Letting out religion." A term for cursing, swearing, profanity. Generally used at drill, after pay day.

"Lights Out." Does not mean Taps, as the public generally thinks. It means Tattoo; this call is usually sounded at 9 P.M. and means that lights must be extinguished in squad rooms or sleeping quarters. (For other bugle calls, see chapter on same—VIII.)

Line officer. A commissioned officer of the army below the rank of Major,—a Captain, first or second Lieutenant.

"Loco." Another Spanish term for "crazy." Generally applied to horses or cattle affected by eating loco weed.

"Long Roll, the." A long roll on the kettledrum used before the fife and drum corps was abolished. It was a call to arms.

M

Malingerer. A soldier who tries to beat the sick report to escape his duties as a soldier. He is despised by all and generally gets caught and serves a long sentence at hard labor.

Mess kit. Mess tin, cover, knife, fork, spoon, and tin cup. Generally means mess tin only.

Military convict. A soldier who has been dishonorably discharged and who is serving his sentence of confinement. On his prison suit is stamped a large "P." There are three grades of P's—a white "P" meaning first class prisoner, a red "P" second class, while a yellow "P" means dangerous character. Privileges are given to prisoners according to the length of their unexpired sentence and conduct class.

Military Police. Soldiers detailed to enforce regulations, pre-

serve order, protect military stores, telephone, telegraph, and railway lines from damage. It is also their duty to arrest soldiers absent without leave, deserters, etc.

" Milk Squadron or Battalion." The third squadron in cavalry, third battalion in infantry. Taken from the letters of the troops or companies comprising it, *i. e.*, I. K. L. M.

" Mill." Army nickname for the guardhouse.

" Monkey drill." Rough riding in the cavalry.

Mounted pass. A three to four hour pass granted to a man in the cavalry, generally on a Sunday, to take his horse for exercise. He'd better not bring his horse in in poor condition or overheated, because the Stable Sergeant is laying for him and the pet aversion of said Sergeant is a mounted pass.

" Mud-Crunchers." Nickname for the infantry,—see "Dough-boys," "Dust-Disturbers," and "Gravel-Agitators," all pet nicknames for the foot soldier.

" Mule skinner." Wagoner; depends on the mule whether the job is soft or not. (It takes a von Bernstorff to handle a mule.)

Muster. In the army a regular monthly formation of an organization at which the men are accounted for and all equipment checked and inspected.

N

" Non-Com." Army term for Non-Commissioned officer.

O

Officer of the Day. An officer in the army in direct command of the guard, whose duty it is to see that the guard is properly conducted and that all orders of the commanding officer for guard duty are strictly enforced. His tour of duty is twenty-four hours.

" Officers' papers." Cigarette papers which you buy,—not the ones given away with tobacco.

Officers' Row. The line of officers' quarters in an Army Post.

" Old Army Game." Gambling game, "Under, Over and Even." The banker nearly always wins. Only recruits buck this game.

"Old Man." Nickname for the Captain of a company, also used when referring to the Colonel.

"On the mat or carpet." Haled before the Captain to answer for some dereliction of duty.

Orderly pass. A twenty-four hour pass given to the Orderly by the commanding officer, as soon as his tour of guard is finished. It generally covers the period between guard mounting and guard mounting. The pass is a reward or inducement for cleanliness when mounting guard. If the guard are not clean they generally "are thrown off guard," with a court-martial or extra fatigues staring them in the face.

Orderly Room. The Captain's office. Generally occupied by the First Sergeant and troop or company clerk.

"Outfit." Army term for a regiment.

"Outlaw." A cavalry term for a horse which is wicked and unmanageable.

P

Paroled prisoner. A garrison prisoner or military convict who only has a month or two "to do" and who has been given his parole on account of good conduct. He works around the post, generally for the commanding officer, without the honor of a sentry's escort.

Piece. Common name for rifle. This term is generally used at drill.

Police (as verb). A term used in the army, meaning to clean up, put in order.

"Politician." Nickname for a soldier who has a soft detail or job which excuses him from all calls.

Pontoon bridge. Temporary bridge across a river or stream constructed by the Engineer Corps, consisting of timbers and planks placed across boats or pontoons.

Post exchange. A military store under direct supervision of the Government established at an army post or camp for the sale of refreshments and articles required by soldiers. At these exchanges soldiers can buy articles almost at cost price.

Prison Guard. Men detailed for a period of ten days to guard prisoners in the daytime while out working. These men are excused from all drills, fatigues, and inspections while on this detail.

"Pronto." Often used by troops who have served in Cuba, the Philippines, or on the Mexican Border. It is Spanish for "hurry," "get a move on," "quickly," "in a short while." (Word often used but rarely practiced in said countries.)

Provost Sergeant. A sergeant detailed on extra or special duty to look after prisoners and the general enforcing of special and standing regulations of military posts and camps.

Pull-through. A stout piece of cord on one end of which is attached a weight; on the other is a loop through which you insert an oily rag. You drop the weighted end into the bore of the rifle at the breech; this pulls the cord through; the weighted end is then pulled and the oily rag drawn through the bore. This process effectively cleans it.

"Pulling his belt." Confining a sentry for some breach of the Guard Manual.

"Pump handle." Slang term for saluting.

"Punk." Slang for bread.

"Pup tent." Nickname for a shelter tent.

"Push and pull." Slang for "sighting and aiming" drill.

Q

Q. M. General army abbreviation for Quartermaster.

R

"Racker." Hard trotting horse.

"Rat tail." Army slang for mule.

"Rear." Toilet, latrine.

Regiment. A command of the army consisting of three battalions of infantry or three squadrons of cavalry. Each battalion or squadron consists of four companies or troops, each company or troop being designated by a letter namely, "A," "B," "C," "D," "E," "F," "G," "H," "I," "K," "L," "M."

"Re-up." Slang for reënlisting.

Review. A formation of the army held in honor of some high individual. The troops pass before him while marching.

"Rise and shine." Means turn out of your bunks, get up.

R. O. Abbreviation for Regimental Order.

"Roman nose." A horse with a Roman nose, looks like a Shylock.

"Rookie." A recruit.

Route march. A practice march for troops designed to keep them in condition.

S

"Sand rat." Nickname for a man detailed in the butts during target practice on the rifle range.

S. C. M. Abbreviation for Summary Court-Martial.

Scout. A specially trained man detailed in the army to gain information from the enemy without being seen by the enemy.

S. D. Abbreviation for Special Duty.

"Seconds." Nickname for an extra helping of food. Universally used.

"Shad belly." A horse whose belly sharply tapers toward the rear thereby causing the saddle and cinch to slide back. This may be prevented by the use of a martingale and breast straps. When none are at hand take the halter shank, pass it between the forelegs, and tie around cinch.

"Shave-tail." American army slang for an officer who has just been graduated from West Point (not used when he is in earshot).

"Shoestring Corporal." A lance corporal. He wears one stripe on his arm.

Sick in Quarters. What the doctor marks on the sick report when a man is too sick to perform his duties, but is not sick enough to enter the hospital. He is supposed to stay in quarters and only answer sick call.

"Single-footer." A horse which strikes the ground with its feet one after the other. A very easy gait. Single-footers are generally issued to trumpeters or buglers.

"Sinks." Toilets, latrines, rears.

"**Six for five.**" Means borrowing five dollars and paying six for it on pay day. This is a common practice in the army. There are generally two or three Shylocks in each company. They have to lie low as this usurious practice is against regulations and the officers are hot on their trail. These men when discharged generally have several thousand dollars saved up.

"**Six-sixty.**" Six months in the guardhouse and a fine of $60.

"**Sixty-Second, the.**" The Sixty-Second Article of War, the blanket article which covers all points not included in the other articles; also nickname for hash, which is supposed to contain everything.

"**Skee.**" A common nickname for whiskey or "booze."

"**Sky pilot.**" Army chaplain; see "Holy Joe."

Slacker. A parasite on the Star Spangled Banner.

Slicker. Rubber or oilskin coat, issued to mounted troops.

"**Slum.**" Nickname for army stew.

"**Slum, full pack.**" Stew with a dough crust baked over it, like a beefsteak pie.

"**Smoke wagons.**" Nickname for the guns of the field artillery.

S. O. Abbreviation for Special Order.

"**Sow belly.**" Army slang for bacon.

"**Special Duty.**" A soldier detailed by order, on some special work, such as company clerk, clerk in headquarters, etc. He is generally excused from all calls.

Special orders. Orders issued by the commanding officer of a company or post, instructing sentries as to their conduct and maintenance of order on certain specified posts of the guard.

Squadron. A command of the army consisting of four troops of cavalry.

Stable Police. A man detailed to help clean the stables, and feed and water the stock, etc.

Staff Officer. An officer who is doing duty on a General's staff, or in one of the Departments at Washington. A post very much coveted by officers.

Standards. The national, State, or regimental flags carried by mounted organizations of the army.

"**Straight Duty.**" A soldier who stands all calls, formations, and drills of his unit.

Striker. Official designation for a soldier who is an officer's servant. But the other soldiers call him "dog robber" (the reason is obvious).

Stripped Saddle. Term in the cavalry which means that nothing will be carried on the saddle for drill, except possibly the sword and rifle scabbard.

Summary Court. An officer specially designated or detailed by the commanding officer of an organization to try and to punish men for minor breaches of discipline.

"Sunfisher." A horse which has a peculiar turning movement when bucking. A voyage on a "sunfisher" is stormy.

"Sway-back." A horse with a trench where his back ought to be, because his backbone sags in the middle.

T

"Tailor made." Cigarettes bought ready made.

"Tell it to the marines." An old army phrase used when a man is trying to get away with a fishy statement. The marine is half soldier and half sailor. He generally receives his preliminary training on land, after that on a ship. Upon arriving on board the sailors tell him many impossible tales and he is supposed to believe them.

"Three-and-a-kick." Three months in the guardhouse and a discharge from the army without honor. Generally given for repeated minor offenses.

"Three-thirty." Term for sentence of S. C. M.,—means three months in guardhouse and thirty dollars' fine.

"Thrown off Guard." A soldier who at guard mounting has been rejected by the Adjutant because of dirty equipment. He is generally court-martialed or given extra fatigue. The supernumerary takes his place. The offender has to mount guard the next day.

"Top Cutter." Slang for First Sergeant.

"Top Sergeant." Slang for First Sergeant.

"Top Soldier." Slang for First Sergeant.

Troop or Company clerk. A soldier, generally a "non-com.," —although the regulations call for a private,—who helps the First Sergeant with the clerical work of the organization.

"Two and a butt." A term used when the enlistment period was three years. When a soldier is asked how long he has to do in the army he generally replies, "Two and a butt," "One and a butt," or "Just a butt" as the case may be. "Two and a butt" means two years and a fraction of a year; "One and a butt," a year and a fraction; "Just a butt," a few months.

"Two-twenty." Sentenced by S. C. M. to two months' confinement and fine of twenty dollars.

"Typewriter." The army nickname for a lawnmower.

V

Venereal List. A list of names of men suffering from venereal diseases. These men are not allowed to visit town until they are cured or until the doctor strikes their names from the list.

W

Wagon master. A civilian in the pay of the Government who is in charge of a regimental wagon train. The men under him are also civilians.

"Wagon Soldiers." Nickname for the field artillery.

"Walking Post." A sentry guarding his post.

War bridle. A bridle of rope used on horses which have a habit of bolting. The rope, in a half hitch, goes around the lower jaw, and is very effective for when the horse pulls against it he hurts himself and soon gives in. Would be good on a pacifist's jaw these days.

"W. D." Abbreviation for War Department.

Wheel team. Team of horses hitched nearest the artillery limber or caisson.

"White lightning." Corn whiskey. (See Guardhouse!)

Wig-wag. To signal with flags.

"Windjammer." Army slang for trumpeter or bugler.

"Working his ticket." A man who feigns stupidity or insanity, or one who constantly gets in the guardhouse for repeated minor offenses, in order to be discharged from the army under the caption "for the good of the service."

Y

"Yellow ticket." Dishonorable discharge. The paper is yellow in color.

"You'll find it on the pay roll." An expression used to a soldier when he tells of losing a part of his equipment. It means that the cost of the article will be entered against him on the next monthly pay roll and will be deducted from his pay.

THE INTERNATIONAL MORSE OR GENERAL SERVICE CODE

The International Morse Code is the General Service Code and is prescribed for use by the Army of the United States and between the Army and the Navy of the United States. It will be used on radio systems, submarine cables using siphon recorders, and with the heliograph, flash-lantern, and all visual signaling apparatus using the wig-wag.

Alphabet.

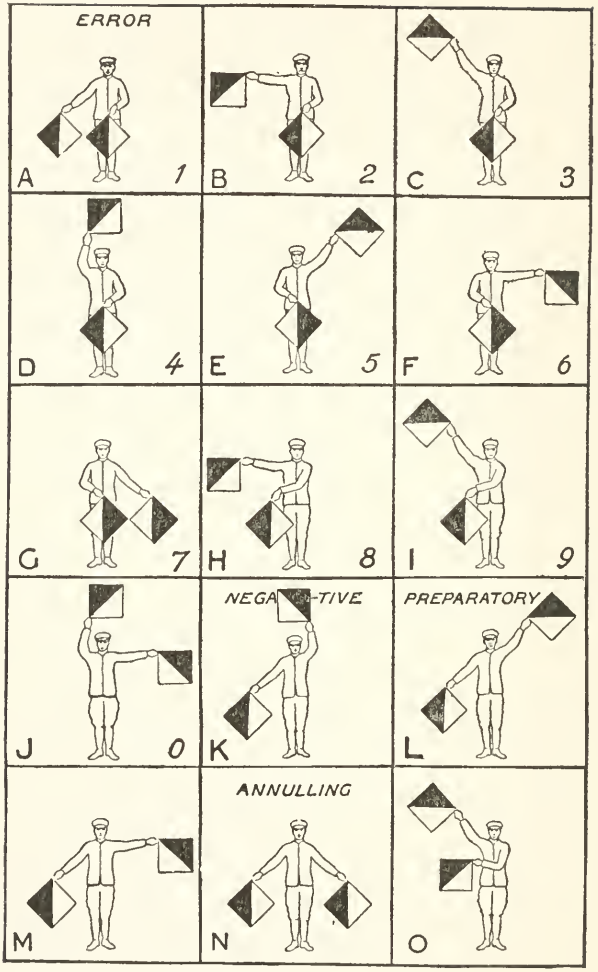
A · —	N — ·
B — · · ·	O — — —
C — · — ·	P · — — ·
D — · ·	Q — — · —
E ·	R · — ·
F · · — ·	S · · ·
G — — ·	T —
H · · · ·	U · · —
I · ·	V · · · —
J · — — —	W · — —
K — · —	X — · · —
L · — · ·	Y — · — —
M — —	Z — — · ·

Numerals.

1 · — — — —	6 — · · · ·
2 · · — — —	7 — — · · ·
3 · · · — —	8 — — — · ·
4 · · · · —	9 — — — — ·
5 · · · · ·	0 — — — — —

Punctuation.

Period	· · · · · ·
Comma	· — · — · —
Interrogation	· · — — · ·
Hyphen or dash	— · · · · —
Parentheses (before and after the words)	— · — — · —
Quotation mark (beginning and ending)	· — · · — ·
Exclamation	— — · · — —
Apostrophe	· — — — — ·
Semicolon	— · — · — ·
Colon	— — — · · ·
Bar indicating fraction	— · · — ·
Underline (before and after the word or words it is wished to underline)	· · — — · —
Double dash (between preamble and address, between address and body of message, between body of message and signature, and immediately before a fraction)	— · · · —
Cross	· — · — ·



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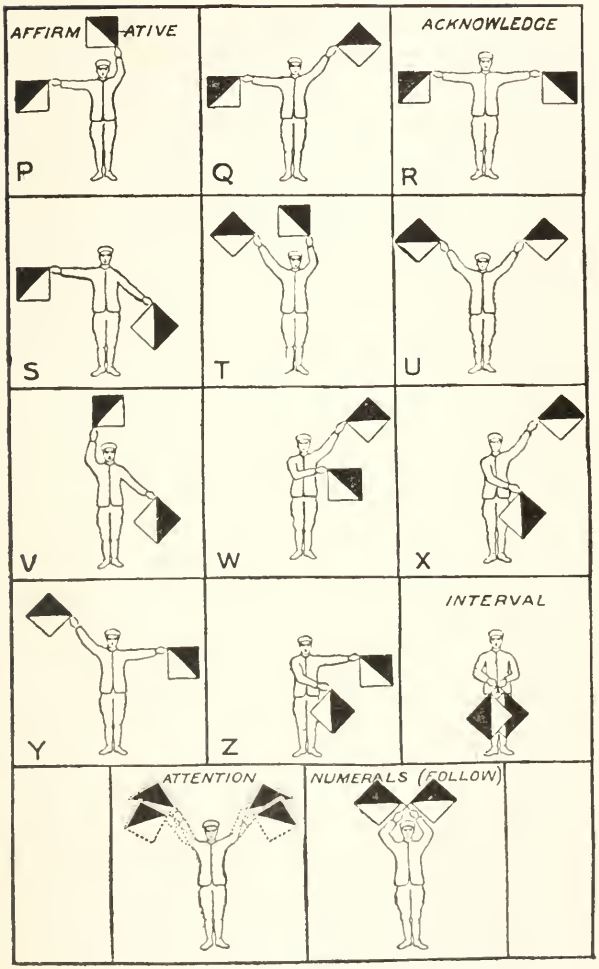

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